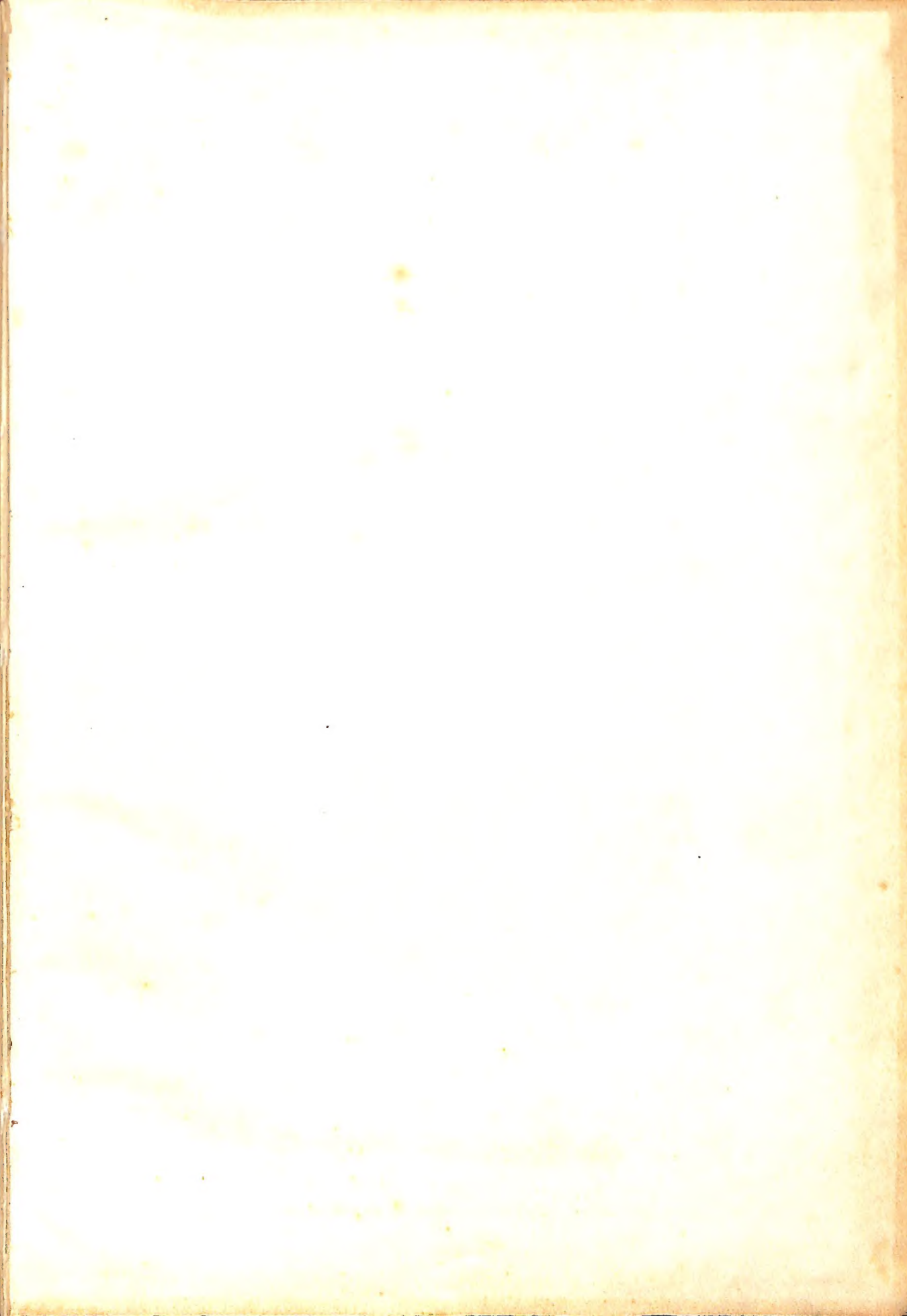


C. A. MOSHER.







ENGRAVED BY W. WELLS

THE

GUIDE TO HOLINESS.

BY
DR. AND MRS. PERCE PALMER.

NEW YORK.

WALTER C. PALMER, JR.

(Successor to FOSTER & PALMER, JR.)

No. 14 BIBLE HOUSE.

1868.



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Printed and Stereotyped at "The Guide" Press,
By A. S. MACDONALD & W. C. PALMER, JR.,
744 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

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Guide to Holiness.

JANUARY, 1868.

OUR ENGRAVING.

W. C. PALMER was born in New Jersey, February 9, 1804. While still an infant his parents removed to the City of New York, where the largest portion of his life has been spent. The most important event of life—the conversion of the soul to God—took place at the age of thirteen—a fact, from amongst thousands, which proves that the Divine and saving influences of the Holy Spirit on the hearts of children are not, as many erroneously suppose, ephemeral. Why so? when youth is the time, beyond all others, when the mind is most susceptible to religious influences—the period which the Creator has appointed when He should be remembered, and His favor sought. But the Lord works by means.

Thousands of parents mourn the profitless course of wayward children, who might have had their offspring walking hand in hand with them in the paths of usefulness and piety had they pursued the course which Dr. PALMER'S parents did with their son. These parents first gave themselves to God, and then trained their infant charge for immortality and eternal life. To the glory of grace it is due to say that he was, from a very early age, under the restraining, guiding influence of the all-gracious Spirit. He was particularly the companion of his pious parents. With them he walked to the house of God in company, and talked of the blessed ways of Zion; and from an early age he learned experimentally that,

"The ways of Zion yield
A thousands sacred sweets,
Before we reach the heavenly hills,
Or walk the golden streets."

He said all along through his early childhood he had one standing wish, and that was that he might know that he was truly born of the Spirit, and that his sins were all blotted out. This happy privilege was awarded him on his thirteenth birthday. His young heart had long been in an inquiring state whether it was the privilege of children young as himself to enjoy experimental realizations of adopting grace, and he had now come to the conclusion that youth was the time, above all others, when the heart should be given up to God, and the outgoings of life established, by being made conformable to the Divine will.

Though so young, his desire for usefulness had already developed itself, and he stood one among a noble band of Sabbath-school teachers. All the week prior to the Sabbath which was to usher his thirteenth birthday he had been thinking, "What a blessed birthday would it be for me if I might know on Sabbath that this long unsettled question in regard to my adoption could be decided by my being consciously born into the kingdom of grace!" According to the faith of his youthful heart it was done unto him. On that eventful Sabbath, in the large room where the Sabbath-school was held, an opportunity was given for all who desired to confess their need of an interest in Jesus to manifest it, when young Walter nobly came forward to confess openly, in gratitude to his Saviour, the desire for salvation that had so long been the moving principle of his heart.

Amid a company of sorrowing penitents he knelt, and from the outgoings of

his inmost heart began to cry, "*My Saviour, save me, me!*" As he thus began and continued to plead, unmindful of the presence of any but the Saviour, at whose feet he was now casting himself, the superintendent of the Sabbath-school, who greatly loved the work of directing lambs to the fold, knelt down by him and began to whisper, in loving, assuring terms, "My little son, and is not Jesus your Saviour? You are saying '*My Saviour*' my Saviour!' and is he *your* Saviour?" "Yes He is my Saviour, *my* Saviour!" exclaimed the youthful believer, and in a moment the oil of joy was given for mourning, and the garment of praise for the spirit of heaviness.

The subject of our sketch, from his youthful days, felt that he was called to work in the vineyard of the Lord. His mind was seriously impressed with the question whether it might not be his duty to give up his favorite project—the study of medicine—and enter upon the specific work of preparing for the holy ministry. But after considerations convinced him that no calling on earth could be more Christlike, in its aims and purposes than that of the pious physician. To be scientifically acquainted with the mechanism of the human body, built by an Almighty hand, and redeemed at an infinite price for the purpose of being a habitation for God on earth,—what an ennobling science! And to possess a correct knowledge of the healing art, so as to know how to go about doing good, not only to the souls of the redeemed family, but to their bodies, how like treading in the footsteps of the Heavenly Healer when on earth!

After completing his academic studies, in which he so succeeded as to meet the approval of his preceptors, and the abiding love of his fellow-students, frequently bearing off the palm where patient, manly investigation was most required, he entered the College of Physicians and Surgeons of New York.

He passed through all the required gradations of study in medicine and surgery with honor, unscathed by the blighting influence of irreligion and scepticism by which he was often sur-

rounded. Often has he been heard to adore the riches of grace, in reviewing the dangers to which he was exposed from sceptical surroundings during this critical period of his life, declaring that had it not been for the strong girdings of piety thrown around him in his youthful days, he must have fallen into some of the many snares laid for his feet.

As a medical man he soon became master of a large and lucrative practice. As years rolled on the pressure increased, and few have known more of the toils and pleasures of the successful physician. That there are toils and solitudes in the career of the faithful physician, of which other professional men may know but little, is true; but there is also satisfaction in the life of the successful, pious physician, of which few can partake.

Nothing is more sure than that there is a point beyond which human science or skill, however mature, may not reach. "It is appointed to man once to die," and to witness the dissolving tabernacle and weeping friends is sad; but even amid these dissevering ties how grateful the presence of the pious, sympathizing physician must be to the patient.

But, though Dr. Palmer adopted medicine as a calling, and has been favored with success above not a few of his fellows, it has been a settled conviction with him that his secular business as a medical man should ever be manifestly subservient to the duties of his religious calling. If the toils of his profession have been financially encouraging, these earthly gains have not been heaped up in coffers. It is his belief that the Christian man is as truly called to do a business for God, as the missionary among cannibals, or in unhealthy climes is called to minister for God. One is called to the less sacrificing work of the ministry with his open purse and prayers, and well-concerted plans, and the other to present the sacrifice of home comforts and friends, time, health, and often of life—"In the great cause of man's salvation greatly valorous." More than one prosperous mission owes its origin to plans with which he has stood connected,

and to which his ever open purse has offered the first instalment.

His name long stood as one of the able board of managers of the Missionary Society of the Methodist Episcopal Church of America; and when the philanthropists of America began their first mighty movements against the monster Intemperance, he was chosen president of the Young Men's Total Abstinence Society. He has ever been a lover of the young, and a sustainer of Sabbath-schools. So long as the arduous duties of his calling would admit, he retained his place as superintendent of a large Sabbath-school. However pressing the duties of his medical profession, he has, perhaps, succeeded in not permitting the demands of the outer life to trespass on the inner life. This, blended with the early training of grace, has had much to do with the promotion of that vigorous, winning, symmetrical piety, with which his life has been characterized.

His natural tendencies are hopeful and humorous; but these having been brought early under the control of grace, have admirably fitted him to enliven the depressed sufferer, and not only give a joyous, hopeful tone to homes of the physically diseased, but have also rendered him a well known comforter to the morally and spiritually depressed,—so that the beloved physician and the son of consolation have blended.

Few have had more ample opportunities of entertaining the wise and good of various sects. A bishop and his lady having made a visit sufficiently protracted at his hospitable residence to observe his vivacious yet peaceful piety, diffusing itself in loving, cheerful streams on all around, the lady of the bishop exclaimed, "How is it, Doctor, that you always seem to be happy? We never hear you speak of trials. We all seem to have our trials and temptations, and we talk of them, but you never speak of trials and temptations; do you ever have any?"

The Doctor looked thoughtful, and then gave an answer so characteristic of the man that our sketch could scarcely be complete without it. The reply was about thus—"Really, Mrs. H., I have

so much to do in sympathy with the trials and afflictions of others, being so constantly about among the sick, that I find no time to parley with the enemy. Satan, you know, is a conquered foe, and Christ is his conqueror. So when he comes I say, Glory be to Jesus, glory be to Jesus, my Saviour! And the more he tempts the more I say, Glory be to Jesus! There is nothing Satan hates so much as to hear the name of his conqueror praised. You know nothing could be more disagreeable to a conquered foe than to be compelled to remain within hearing distance while the name of his conqueror is being praised; and, therefore, Satan does not stay with me long."

Among the more important traits of Dr. PALMER's life has been the marked catholicity of his spirit. Though from his boyhood a member of the Methodist Episcopal Church in America, the boundaries of his love and labor have not been circumscribed by denominational barriers.

It is now almost a quarter of a century since his drawing-rooms were thrown open on Tuesday afternoon of every week for Christian people, irrespective of sect. Here it is not unusual to see ministers and people of four or five denominations mingling together for gracious converse as one, on the common platform of Bible-Christianity—entire devotion to God. Of these blessed weekly convocations it may be said—

"Here names and sects and parties fall,
And Christ alone is all in all."

So great has been the attendance that the three capacious drawing-rooms have, within the past few years, been thrown into one, making a room of seventy feet deep, and still, at times, the place is too strait. These meetings have often been spoken of as furnishing the precedent for the many "Union Meetings" which have latterly been so eminently owned of God.

During the past three or four years calls from near and remote regions, demanding his time as a lay laborer, have been so abundant and imperative, and Providence having favored him

with a competency, he has given himself wholly up to the work of the lay Evangelist.—*From the Christian Cabinet, London, Jan. 9, 1861.*

For the Guide.

THE NEW YEAR.

MRS. HELEN M. BRADLEY.

Father at thy footstool bending,
Low we bow this solemn hour,
Praise with adoration blending,
Thine the glory, Thine the power.

Thanks for mercies Thou hast given,
Hearts and home Thy love hath blessed,
Praise we now thy wondrous goodness,
Let its richness on us rest.

Not in gifts of worldly treasure,
Not in gold or priceless gem,
All earth's riches may not purchase
Love's most royal diadem.

But we plead, O gracious Father,
For the Spirit's quickening power
Let it fall on all thy people
In a wide refreshing shower.

And the year that lies before us,
Hidden from our feeble sight—
Make it luminous with glory
Year of years, forever bright.

Bid Thy saints awake, and listen
For the swiftly coming hour,
When among earth's myriad nations
Thou shalt move with mighty power.

When all sin shall flee before Thee,
And all peoples crown Thee King,
Then shall earth and heaven harmonious,
Grandest hallelujahs sing.

Speed the coming tide of glory!
God of grace! O bid it roll
Wave on wave—a world's "Bethesda,"
Healing, cleansing every soul.

January 1st, 1868.

Until men consent to make heaven, as it were, the background of all their earthly vista, their views—in history, and in science, and in law, and in freedom—must all be partial and fallacious.

For the Guide.

PREACHING FROM EXPERIENCE.

REV. F. G. HIBBARD, D. D.

"We will add—not so much for his memory's sake, as for the good of Christ's living ministers—that Bishop Roberts preached from experience; not that he spoke of himself, but *from himself*; that is, he testified what he had felt and therefore knew."

These are the words of the late lamented Bishop Hamline, in his graphic sketch of the character and life of Bishop Roberts—that excellent man and bishop. I remember him well. By the imposition of his hands I was ordained deacon in the Greene Street Church, New York, June 12, 1832. The description of Bishop Roberts is true. His soul flowed out through his words, and his guileless sincerity, his transparent simplicity and purity were obvious to all. The distinction, too, in the above quotation, is one of those characteristic touches from the pen of Bishop Hamline, which every where sparkle in his writings, often startling the reader with an agreeable surprise, like the sudden burst of a landscape upon the view of the traveler, opening new scenes of beauty, and more extended knowledge of the country. "Not that he spoke of himself, but *from himself*." Just here let us pause. Here is a distinction which throws apart, in a single word, wide as the poles from each other, the two different methods of preaching and speaking the truths of Jesus. Here is erected, suddenly, an observatory, from which we may survey the whole field of Christian experience and duty, and trace the clear line along which every Christian, and every Christian minister must walk, who would reach the highest proprieties and noblest ends of his calling. Himself must be in his words, not as the theme, but, as I may say, the stand point of his discourse. He must speak "*from himself*"—from the depths of his own consciousness. The truths of God as coming forth from him must come tinged with the hues of his own experiences. Is it not so?

The principle is illustrated in what may be called the psychological history of Revelation.

Each writer of Holy Scripture wrote "as he was moved by the Holy Ghost,"

yet each writer displays his own individual intellectuality, his own peculiar method of thinking, feeling, and relating, so that each is distinguishable by his style, and the impress of his mental qualities. In conveying divine truth through human organs, it must be first cast into the human mould, brought within the human intellect, and impressed upon the human sensibilities, and then uttered in human language, according to the capacity, education, and mental peculiarities of the recipient. The truth was first made, in a sense, the mental property of the inspired man, and without losing its divine entity or vigor, took its human fashion from the person uttering it. He first understood, believed, and if it related to experience, he experienced the thing to be set forth, then he spoke it. Never was this method omitted. It was a divine order. How otherwise could human beings be intelligently and responsibly employed to convey divine revelations to man? The intellectual and moral consciousness of those truths must precede and give form to their utterance.

I stated that, if the truth to be announced related to conscious religious experience, then it was the order of God to first bring holy men into that same conscious experience preparatory to the announcement. There is no departure from this rule. The prophet Balaam would have made but a poor figure in attempting to announce the sublime truths recorded in the first epistle of John. The Old Testament descriptions of the interior life—the life of God in the soul—occupy generally a level below the plane of New Testament experience, and for the reason that “the Holy Ghost was not yet given, because Jesus was not yet glorified.” Even in the New Testament, and among the Apostles themselves, a marked difference appears, whether from varied degrees of spiritual knowledge and experience, or peculiarities of mental structure and capacity, or both, we are not able to say, but they certainly serve distinct ends and supply various offices in the great instrumentality of the world’s conversion. How different, for instance, is John from the other evangelists, and how incomplete our

knowledge of Jesus and his doctrine would have been without the profound, subjective and spiritual developments of John’s Gospel. The epistle to the Philippians, or that to the Colosians, or the Ephesians, could not have emanated from the same mind, in the same spiritual states and relations, as that which gave birth to the stern and essenetic epistle of James. Paul and James both wrote from the heart, and their epistles must be accepted as the exponents and symbolization of their spiritual states—spiritual, I mean, in the sense of personal consciousness of, and communion with, the deep things of God. Yet how differently do they write, even on the same theme. I doubt that the difference is purely psychological or educational. Was there not a difference in their Christian experiences, also? Certain it is that God has always chosen men as the mediums of his revelation, with reference to their subjective fitness, preparation, and aptitude for the particular truth or class of truths to be revealed, so that their enunciations have come forth as the spontaneous emanations of their inner life. They have spoken “*from themselves*.” “We also *believe*, and THEREFORE speak.”

I have spoken of the divine order in calling men to enunciate truth; but I wish more particularly to say that this order or method is founded on a law of moral fitness. God not only does, as a matter of fact, choose men to proclaim his truth according to the effect which that truth has already produced in their own hearts and character, but (with reverence we speak it) He could not do otherwise without violence to the laws of our mental being. Unless the human mind is made to operate mechanically in receiving and transmitting truth, the ground we have taken must be true. But the subject deserves a little farther illustration. In the nature of the case how can it be otherwise?

First, suppose the subject to be taught is a matter of pure intellection? that is having no moral bearing on abstract truth, like a system of school geography or arithmetic. Now, according to the

laws of the human mind, such truth must first be learned or understood by the person who is to teach it. It first becomes a part of his own mental furniture, is comprehended in its nature and relations, and its evidences impress his own mind. Then, in teaching it, the truth comes forth clothed with such language and illustration as the teacher may be able to command, and with vividness or languor according to the interest or want of appreciation which the mind has in the subject. In short, the enunciation of the truth is simply impossible until the mind has first received and comprehended it; and the form, clearness, and force of the enunciation will not depend alone on the objective importance of the truth, but on the clearness of the mind's conception of it, and the effect which it has there produced. No one questions the force of these statements in all matters of pure intellection. A science must be *learned* before it can be *taught*.

But, instead of a matter of pure intellection, let us suppose a truth which relates jointly to the *understanding* and the *feelings*. The question then arises, can that which relates to the feelings be learned in any other way but by the feelings? And if it is to be taught, can the mind be prepared to teach it in any other way than by first feeling it? Pure reason is not feeling, and can no more judge of the nature or qualities of pain and pleasure, than the ear can discern colors, or the eye sounds.

The affectional and emotional nature of man has its distinct sphere, into which the logical reason has no more interference, or capacity of interference, functionally, than the human stomach has with the office of respiration. The intellect was not constituted to *feel*, nor the sensibility to *reason*. How long will men be in learning these primary and unalterable laws of the mental constitution? How long will Christians, aye, theologians even, be in coming to the humble confession of the application of these truths to the doctrine of entire sanctification? If sanctification be like regeneration, a work wrought upon the

affectional nature of man, and not a mere change of theoretic opinions and external practices, then it follows that we know just so much of sanctification as we have *felt* of its power—no more. Religion, whether considered metaphysically or evangelically, when reduced to its primary element, is a *feeling*. A feeling, indeed, arising from a *conception*. A motion and a condition of the affectional being, the "*heart*" of man, wrought by the Holy Spirit through an antecedent state of the intellective conceptions and beliefs. But the intellective faculty, apart from the feelings, can never comprehend the nature, blessedness, power, and evidences of regeneration and sanctification.

"The fruits of the spirit are love, joy, peace," &c. What does a man know of love or joy farther than he has *felt* them? What can he say of them, how describe, and especially how impress their excellency upon others, but from experience, and by words and acts which flow from a conscious experience of their divine and ineffable beauty? He must speak "*from himself*" if he would speak to practical edification.

I know that there is an intellective element which correlates with religion, but it is not religion. The reason must apprehend truth, and assent to doctrine, but these intellectual apprehensions and assents are not religion. Religion is not an *idea*, but an *experience*, not an objective truth apprehended by the reason, but a subjective truth received into the heart. The perceptions and faith of devils, intellectually, are no doubt in advance of those of any unrenowned human heart, but how much religion have they? Faith must spring from the moral and affectional nature of man, as well as from his reason, "for with the *heart* man believeth unto righteousness." And it is this *heart* wherein the religion of Jesus has its seat. We never cross the threshold of religion, much less advance to its "holy of holies," till faith absorbs the whole *consent*, and the whole *affection*, as well as the whole *reason*, and Christ rides in triumph into the capitol of the heart, "God is love, and he that dwelleth in

love dwelleth in God, and God in him." "He that loveth not, knoweth not God."

O that I could write words of light and fire! But though my heart overflows, and would fain indite a "good matter," and "speak of the things of the king," yet my pen is not like David's, "as the pen of a ready scribe." Psalms xlv. 1. I love the religion of feeling. I thank God for a religion that moves, directs, and sanctifies the deepest sensibility and strongest affections of our nature; yea, that plants and roots itself in those affections. I say, there is no religion without feeling. And there is no preaching Christ without feeling. Discussions, dissertations, logical arguments, if they carry not the *heart* with them, never attain the dignity of preaching. It is not the office of reason to *persuade*, but to *convict*. Reason lays the track, but if you would propel the car over it you must have *desire*, *sensibility*. Reason is not a propelling power, but a guiding, a directive rule. How can men preach the Gospel from the simple resources of reason, however educated and furnished by the schools? We repeat it, it is not the office of simple reason to teach the deep things of God. Reason teaches us the word of doctrine in its grammatical, logical, ethical, and to an extent, its psychological nature, relations, and evidences. But all this is but the vestibule of the divine mystery. Beyond this the Holy Ghost must take the humble, believing soul, and bring it through changes, into depths and heights of conscious experience, of the fact of which it is sensible, and of the fruits of which reason may, indeed, judge, but of the method of which the reason has no comprehension, and the blessedness of which cannot be compared to any human analogies, nor expressed in any human words. What can a man know of the meaning, force, and divine excellency of *regeneration* by studying the Greek words? Of course he should get the literal and figurative idea so far as philology can shed light. But when all human language and learning are exhausted on the word, and reason has labored to exhaustion at induction, speculation,

and discovery, has he yet obtained a correct idea, not to say impression of spiritual regeneration? No. You might as well attempt to comprehend the attributes of God, and the mystery of his subsistence by philology.

Human language is the exponent and repository of human thoughts and ideas. Human language can explain nothing above the level of human discovery and conception. It can give *names* to things mysterious and incomprehensible, but cannot *explain* them. The Greeks were heathen. They knew nothing of the mysteries of God and spiritual religion. And for this same reason they never could express them. Their language has no words, nor tropes, nor forms, nor idioms to express any thing beyond the sensible analogues, the faint shadows of the awful and blessed mystery of the life of God in the soul. Their philosophy and metaphysics never reached it, and their language cannot explain it. All language is marked by the same imperfection. The things of God are taught only by the Holy Spirit who takes of the things of Christ, and shows them unto us; and they are received and learned only by experience.

We are often called to notice, and forced to confess, the inadequacy of language, or of reason, to teach us those very things to which language gives names, and yet we often deceive ourselves by supposing we know the *thing* when we have only learned the *name*. For instance, take the word *death*. What do you know of it? You know the word, you know some of the accidents, evidences, accompaniments, and consequences of it, but what is it? How can you know it till it is brought home to your sensibility? It is known fully only by experience. Were you ever brought down to the gate of death, to look into that eternal state with an expectation of soon becoming an inhabitant there? I had preached a great many funeral sermons of dear children, and had often felt strong sympathy, and had tried to comfort the afflicted. But when death entered my family, and laid low all of earth that I loved, I entered into

new views of death. My former words of comfort to others now seemed like mockery, and I wondered that I had ever dared to preach a funeral sermon.

O, this shallow theology, which goes only to the depth of human words and disputatious doctrine, which can be fathomed by the sounding line of the logical reason, and made all plain without a mystery to each modern Nicodemus, so that the natural mind has now no occasion to pause and poize over the anxious question, "How can these things be!" I tremble at the prospect of the account men must give at the Judgment Day! I tremble at the prospect of my own account, when with the Bible, and the ever precious "promise of the Father,"—the Holy Ghost—and the awful commission and injunction of the Master, I still fail so much in bringing out the precious things of the Spirit before the people. How little we know of God! We seem to be word-mongers, dealing in words whose awful import we have never comprehended. Regeneration, sanctification, the witness of the Spirit, communion with God, the peace of God which passeth all understanding, the love of God which passeth knowledge, the fullness of God, joy unspeakable, and full of glory, hope like an anchor, victory that overcometh the world, grace sufficient for us, deadness to the world, crucifixion with Christ, counting all things loss for the excellency of the knowledge of Christ Jesus our Lord. What a galaxy of glory! What a "starry way" spanning the whole arch of Christian experience!

And yet, my brother, have you entered into the meaning of these divine words? Beyond the literal, have you plunged into the depths of the spiritual meaning? Are these, and a hundred kindred forms the nomenclature of your experience? When the Master says to you, "Hast thou understood all these things?" can you, from the depths of a grateful heart, answer, "Yea, Lord." Then happy for thee, my brother. And happy for us, when we speak for Jesus, if we be so identified with these truths, and in such love and fellowship with them, that we

speak *felt* truths, speak "*from ourselves*" and thus "glorify the grace of God in us,"—that we be able to say to every inquiring, guileless Nathaniel, like the ardent Phillip, "*We have found him of whom Moses in the law and the prophets did write.*" So let it be. And so, when men shall hear us, and shall perceive that we come not to them with "excellency of speech, or of wisdom," but that we depend on the force and merit of the truths we utter, rather than on the ornament and accidents of delivery, speaking boldly like men of experience, what "we do know, and testifying what we have seen," shall they not "take knowledge of us that we have been with Jesus?"

RUSHVILLE, N. Y., 1867.

For the Guide.

THE PEARL OF GREAT PRICE.

REV. F. H. WHEELER.

The "pearl of great price" is perfect happiness. This all men seek, yet none will ever find, save those who come to Christ, since He alone can furnish this precious jewel. But some want it at a cheap rate and on their own terms. Let such beware—Jesus will accept no selfish or divided heart—nor will He make a market-place of His Father's temple. Remember that in the parable it is said, "He who bought the 'pearl of great price,' gave for it *all that he had.*" So must it be with us. The price is yet the same. The gem is still as precious now as then—and unless we give all that we have, which is but a trifle at the best, compared to the tremendous cost, we cannot be certain of our treasure. But let us freely give to God the service of our lives and the homage of our hearts, keeping back no part of the price, and then may we always read our titles clear to "mansions in the skies."

ERIE, Pa., 1867.

Life is a fading tint and a fleeting form. It is the blue on the grape, the blush on the rose, the foam on the wave, the beam on the cloud, the smoke in the wind, or arrow in the air.

For the Guide.

THE ANGELIC GUARD.

BY A. T. ALLIS.

"The angels of the Lord encamp round about them that fear him."

Oh! how divinely sweet appears
The Father's thoughtful loving care
For those who, in their journeying,
His honor and His armor bear.

Not by the councils of His word!
Not by the riches of His grace!
Not by the precious Comforter;
Or the unvailings of His face!

Not by His own Almighty power;
Or by His presence sweetly near:
No! not alone by all of these
Does His paternal love appear.

But summoned by His Sov'reign will,
From out the willing hosts above,
Angels, commissioned to fulfill
The grateful purpose of His love.

Are sent to us—his lowly ones—
Not merely for a transient stay;
A heavenly escort, to encamp
Around us all along our way.

Though through the vale of poverty,
Or by the lowly couch of pain:
In perils by a foeman's hand,
Or perils on the rolling main.

Or where the powers of hell combine
To gain a soul, or spread dismay;
These messengers of Heaven's will
Are swift and strong to guard our way.

And who shall undertake to tell
How much—how very much we owe
Our safety and prosperity
Through all our journeying below,

To these angelic sentinels
The Father has so kindly sent
To guard—to watch and wait around,
Our steps to shield—our foes prevent!

Wake, then, our sweetest notes of praise,
And tune our hearts to grateful songs,
And raise to Him our melody,
To whom all gratitude belongs.

STEPHEN'S MILLS, N. Y.

For the Guide.

GRACIOUS RESOLVES.

(Continued from Page 137 November Guide.)

T. C. U.

11. Resolved, In conversation with others to check *undue vivacity*; and to this end to recollect myself every few minutes in God, and to practice silent prayer.

12. Resolved, Never to indulge in any disquieting or inordinate solicitude to *know*; first, because it strengthens self; second, because it shuts out God; third, because God's *time* of knowing, which will come to us when He sees best, is as God's time of doing and suffering.

13. Resolved, At all times and under all circumstances, by the grace of God, to maintain the inestimable blessing of INTERIOR PEACE.

14. Resolved, As dangers are apt to approach in the direction of *intimate* friendships, even those of the purest kind, to guard against and avoid them. [Remarks, This resolution was founded on the discouraging experience, that intimate friendships were not unfrequently found to stand in the way, and to perplex the discharge of claims and duties of a general nature.]

15. Resolved, Never to go out of my *centre*, namely, my heavenly Father; in other words, to seek nothing, converse with nothing, love nothing, not even his own sanctified people, but in and for God.

16. Resolved, That two things, in particular, are to be guarded against in all the variety of their forms, namely, creature love, and self-will; in other words, dependence upon self and dependence upon my fellow men.

17. Resolved, When called in the Providence of God to discharge any active and outward duties, ever to remember, that there is an antecedent and inward duty, without which the outward one cannot be acceptable, namely, to possess a meek, quiet, and resigned state of mind.

18. Resolved, To ask wisdom from God and God only. That is to say, whatever knowledge I may obtain from my fellow men or elsewhere, never to

come to any decision, without first laying it before God, and receiving His guidance.

19. Resolved, That I will yield myself up to the guidance of two things, namely God's grace and God's providences;—the former being the inspiring principle, and the latter indicating the mode of its operation in the discharge of duty.

20. Resolved, So long as I retain the evidence of assurance of faith and of sanctification, to believe that God is, in a very special sense, within me, "*DEUS AGENS INTER*," the actuating and moving principle of the heart, to the exclusion of the former inward life of natural activity and self.

21. Resolved, In all time to come, never to think of self in an interested manner; but to leave both life and death, salvation and destruction, in the hands of God; and to attach myself exclusively to the one great idea of God's glory, and to consider the life and essence of my happiness as placed in this alone.

22. Resolved, Never to give any outward expression, either by words or action, to displeasure or anger, except so far as it may be done with good reasons, and in the spirit of meekness and love, of deliberation and prayer.

NOTE.—The resolves in this number of the "Guide" are not given in their precise order, but are selected from others. The initials of the writer in the November "Guide" should have been T. C. U. They are published chiefly as showing the struggles of an individual mind, in contending with the various obstacles, which stand in the way of a truly holy life. They may not be found so necessary for others.

EXCITEMENT AMONG THE JEWS.

The *Indian Portugera*, a Portugese journal published at Goa, says a great excitement has been caused among the Jews at Bombay by the issue by their pontiff, H. B. Koyn, who has lately arrived from Jerusalem, of a pamphlet entitled, "*The Voice of the Vigilant*"—the object of this voice being to persuade the Jews that it is useless waiting longer for the promised Messiah, as this is Jesus Christ himself, "whose doctrines have been spread all over the world without sound or force. Compare," says the pontiff, "the Old and New Testaments, and the truth will be seen." He says that he was born in the old law, and under it was elevated to the pontificate, but the light had already penetrated with its rays into the deep recesses of his mind, and he is therefore persuaded, and with well-founded reasons, that it is in vain that the Messiah is now looked for.

'TIS ALL THE SAME TO ME.

DR. THOMAS C. UPHAM.

'Tis all the same to me,—

Sorrow, and strife, and pining want and pain!

What e'er it is, it cometh all from Thee;

And 'tis not mine to doubt Thee or complain.

Thou knowest what is best;

And who but Thee, O God, hath power to know?

In Thy great will my trusting heart shall rest;

Beneath that will my humbled head shall bow.

Then what Thou pleasest, send;

To order all my destiny is Thine,

With Thee, in all Thy purposes to blend,

For unity of heart, let that be mine.

No questions will I ask,

Do what Thou wilt, my Father and my God,

Obedience is my consecrated task,

Though it should lead me, where Thy martyrs trod.

Alike, all pleases well,

Since living faith hath made it understood,

Within the shadowy folds of sorrow dwell

The seeds of life and everlasting good.

From the Congregationalist.

For the Guide.

HOW TO BE HOLY.

H. W. SMITH.

The child of God is called upon to live a life of practical holiness and separation from all evil, and the longing of every renewed heart is to realize this in their own experience. Yet many, whose desires after entire conformity to the will of God are very fervent, seem unable, from some cause, to attain in any great degree to the standard they see set before them.

And this is true even of some who understand clearly the only starting-point from which such a life is possible, and whose own feet are firmly planted upon Christ Jesus, the one sure foundation. They know that, in order to live, a soul must first be born, and that in order to act as a child, it is necessary to

possess beforehand the spirit of a child. They see clearly that every exhortation to holiness in the Scriptures is based upon the ground of acceptance and reconciliation already accomplished. And they rejoice in God's glorious "there-fores," which, resting on the assured knowledge of His love, and the thankful reception of His gifts, find no limit to the possibilities of a heart-whole abandonment of all else.

Over and over these words echo in their hearts—"Having, therefore, these promises, dearly beloved, let us cleanse ourselves from all filthiness of the flesh and spirit, perfecting holiness in the fear of God." They *have* the promises, and their souls yearn to accomplish the cleansing, and will not be satisfied with out it. But *how* to accomplish it—this is the difficulty. They strive, and pray, and resolve and struggle, but all in vain. The race they are running seems to grow only more and more wearisome, and the end less and less possible to reach.

To such as these this present paper is addressed, and the writer speaks from a heart which knew for years all the bitterness of this weary striving, but at last found rest and peace. Therefore, weigh carefully, I beseech you, the blessed truth about to be set before you, and do not be satisfied until your own hearts can echo the same wondrous story.

The answer to this perplexing question, *How* to be holy, is to be found in one word only, and that word is—JESUS! He is the way!

Many Christians discover this very early in their course, and, walking in Him, their lives are full of the triumphs of faith, and their peace flows continually. We, strugglers after holiness, have seen such, it may be, and have wondered what it could be that has made them so different from ourselves. We have asked them, perhaps, the secret of their conquering power, but their answer, that their only secret was faith, has seemed to us so incomprehensible, that we have concluded it must be their greater devotedness and earnestness, their more fervent prayers, and their stricter watchfulness. And we have gone to work

again, therefore, with a stern determination to lash ourselves up to the necessary fervency. But how worse than vain we have always found this. Resolutions, efforts, conflicts, prayers, all have been alike unavailing, and the end has been almost utter despair.

Do I not speak to the experience of some? Are there not agonies of effort, which no human eye has witnessed, and which have burned themselves into your memories, because of their disastrous and disheartening defeats? Have you not urged yourselves up to your work by every motive your conscience-stricken hearts could devise; telling yourselves that continued health, or temporal blessings, or even the life of a beloved one depended upon your faithfulness? And yet has it not all alike proved futile? Your souls refused to be satisfied with the result of your efforts, and you have felt—you feel to day, that you are very far from being what God would have you to be!

Again, I say to you that the remedy for all this is Jesus, and Jesus only. All that striving, all those conflicts, all those resolutions, and all those prayers, are the result of legality and unbelief. Instead of helping they only "frustrate" the grace of God. And, "following after righteousness," as you truly are, you yet cannot attain to righteousness, because you seek it not by faith, but as it were by the works of the law. Like the Jews of old, you are stumbling at that stumbling-stone, and do not see that "Christ is the end of the law for righteousness to every one that believeth."

You may start at this comparison, and at the accusation of legality and unbelief—the two things, perhaps, from which you have believed yourselves to be entirely free. And truly, as regards the forgiveness of your sins, and the gift of eternal life, you may have been enabled to lay them aside entirely. But look back at your experience when God first awakened your soul. Was it not hard then to give up all legal striving? Did it not seem impossible to you that you could be saved without something done on your part? Was not the language of

your heart then, "If I do so and so, God will receive me, but not without?" And then, after this point was settled, and you had seen your own absolute powerlessness to do anything, was it not hard to believe that Jesus would do it all for you?

You can see now clearly how legality and unbelief hindered you then, and frustrated the grace of God, making the death of Christ of none effect. But you cannot see that it is the very same thing that hinders you now. And yet such is in very truth the case. Your own doings, and your want of faith in Christ are your only hindrances to the life of practical holiness for which your soul longs. Lay them aside just as you did at the time of your conversion; and come to Jesus as trustingly as you did then, and the work will be accomplished. You will be able at once to walk in the way of holiness, for Jesus is that way, as well as the entrance to it. His death purchased for believers, not only deliverance from the *guilt*, but also from the *power* of sin; and the one must be just as much a free gift of His love as the other; and we are equally helpless in either case.

Exactly as we could do nothing towards our redemption in the first place, just so, being redeemed, can we do nothing towards conforming our lives to the standard set before the redeemed ones. Jesus must do it all—all the work from beginning to end; and at every step of our journey we can only tell over and over again the one story;

"I'm a poor sinner, and nothing at all,
But Jesus Christ is my all in all."

Our only remedy, then, in either case, is to abandon ourselves to the Lord Jesus, and to trust Him to do *for us* all we need. We must commit not only the saving of our souls to Him, but the keeping of them also; and in both cases there must be a like conviction of our own utter and absolute helplessness, and a like confidence in His power and willingness to do all for us. "As we have received Christ Jesus the Lord, so must we walk in Him;" that is by simple faith, with a perfect distrust of ourselves, and a perfect trust in Him; and

thus walking in Him, we shall learn to know what it is to be one with Him, and shall be able practically to reckon ourselves dead indeed unto sin, but alive unto God through Jesus Christ our Lord.

Come then to Jesus now, you who have been vainly going about to establish your own righteousness, come and submit yourselves to the righteousness of God. By faith abandon yourselves, and, as it were, plunge into Christ, and abide in Him. By faith put off the old man, and by faith put on the new. By faith reckon yourselves to be dead indeed unto sin, and alive unto God,—as truly dead as alive. And according to your faith it shall be done unto you. You will find very soon, to your unspeakable joy, that, having by faith plunged into Christ, you *are* actually in Him; that the old man is indeed put off and the new man put on;—that you *are* in very truth actually dead to sin, and actually alive to God. This, this is your wondrous privilege, and it is your privilege *now*!

Then you must go on from faith to faith. Moment by moment you must thus hang upon Jesus. When temptations arise you must not try to conquer them yourselves; you must not meet them with your own efforts, your own resolves, your own prayers. You must meet them simply with Jesus. You must hide in Him, as within the walls of your Gibraltar, and make Him your "strong refuge." In the language of an old writer you must say to Him, "Lord, thou hast declared that sin shall not have dominion over thy people. I believe this word of thine cannot be broken; and therefore, helpless in myself, I rely upon thy faithfulness to save me from the dominion of the sins which now tempt me. Put forth thy power, O Lord Christ, and get thyself great glory in subduing my flesh with its affections and lusts." Then you must believe that your prayer will be answered, and you must leave your sins in His care. And you will find to your unutterable rejoicing that He *does* deliver. Jesus will fight for you, and Jesus will conquer, and you can do nothing but abandon it all to Him.

This, beloved friends, is the true and only secret of victory, and this, also, is the true and only secret of living. Our whole lives we must commit to the Lord Jesus, as well as our sins. Our service, our thoughts, our words, our walk, our down-sitting and our uprising. By faith we realize that our only life is Christ living in us, ceasing from our own works, we suffer *Him* to work in us to will and to do of *His* good pleasure. It is no longer truth about *Him* that fills our hearts, but it is *Himself*—the living, loving, glorious Christ, who has in very deed made us *His* dwelling-place, and who reigns and rules within us and subdues all things unto *Himself*. And who can express the joy, and peace, and blessedness, and power which will accompany the life thus hid with Christ in God? Surely here is the supply for all our needs. Here are continual victory and triumph. And to those who by faith have been enabled to enter here, there is truly no condemnation, but the righteousness of the law is fulfilled in them, because they walk not after the flesh but after the Spirit.

To be *one with Christ*! This is our high calling, beloveds. Oh! who can measure the height and depth of a love that could make such a calling ours? Shall we dare to think lightly of it then, or fail to apprehend its practical power? Thank God! it is not only a judicial truth, but an actual one, and we, who are so vile, and weak, and miserable, may yet by faith realize it in our own experience, and may live daily and hourly in its mighty power!

Oh, for the faith of little children to trust Christ; to rest in *Him*; to lose ourselves in *Him*; to live only in *Him*! Then should our peace flow as a river, and our righteousness should shine forth as the noon-day. Then should we *run* in the way of his commandments, and our delight should be in the law of our God. Then should we enter fully into that land of rest that remaineth for the people of God, and go no more out from henceforth even forever!

MILLVILLE, N. J.

For the Guide.

THE OLD PILGRIM NEARING HOME.

B. D. REYNOLDS.

I've seen my young days flying,
My mid age pass away,
Time marks my brow with furrows,
And checks my hair with gray.

The world sinks in the distance,
It has few charms for me;
But in the blessed future
Immortal bliss I see.

Firm on the Rock of Ages
I stand amid the gale,
The whirlwind and the tempest
Do oft my bark assail.

While storms without are raging,
Still Jesus smiles in love,
And O, I see a future
Of endless rest above.

I linger on the hill side
That leads me to the tomb,
I see the turfed valley,
But do not dread its gloom.

Though Jordan's waves roll o'er me,
In death I will not fear,
I see the crown before me
God will be with me there.

And when I've passed o'er Jordan
I'll sing my conflicts o'er,
And through eternal ages
Will praise forever more.

I'll bathe in the great fountain
Of God's eternal love,
And join in blissful worship
With seraphim's above.

* * * *

Dear "Guide," I love to meet you
You point to realms divine,
Where all the good and holy
As stars forever shine.

Many have lazy desires after Christ,
that are never satisfied, and they are none
the better for them—like beggars wishing
they were rich.

For the Guide.

"GO WORK TO-DAY IN MY VINEYARD."

Standing on the high table-land of entire consecration, this divine command speaks forcibly to the heart of every believer. I have given myself wholly to the Lord, what shall I do? Immediately the voice is heard, "go work." Be not content with keeping thy own heart, speak to thy neighbor. Who is thy neighbor? Every one who comes within the circle of thy influence. Tell what the Lord has done for thee; speak of the precious blood of Jesus, which cleanses from all sin; tell others what a dear Saviour thou hast found; point out the way of salvation; urge them upward, onward.

Says one, I cannot *go* and work, I cannot even leave my room. A prisoner of the Lord art thou? Still the voice says, work. The Lord has promised great and glorious blessings to His church, but says, "I will yet for this be inquired of." Oh! there is need for earnest, fervent prayer. Alone with God, make thy quiet room a place of wrestling, and it may become a birthplace of souls.

But the command is "Work to-day;" and here is a point where many fail; looking, hoping for some great work to do; forgetting that the present only is ours. The lowly work of love is overlooked, the present trifling (how dare we call the smallest duty *trifling*, viewed in the light of eternity!) claims are disregarded, waiting special indications from the Lord,

"Never delay

To do the duty which the hour brings,
Whether it be in great or smaller things;

For who doth know

What he shall do the coming day?

This moment is for thee;

The next, perhaps, thou wilt not see."

"In my vineyard;" our Lord's vineyard, "He who gave himself for us, that He might redeem us from all iniquity, and purify unto Himself a peculiar people, zealous of good works." How many of our Father's little one's are asking, *can* I be wholly sanctified, is it possible? Art thou zealous? Be faithful to these little ones; show to them the

wonderful work of the Spirit; talk of Jesus till their hearts burn within them. Raised by the power of the Holy Ghost to a higher life, the Master says to each of us, "feed my lambs;" "support the weak;" "edify one another;" "let your light *so shine* before men, that they may see your good works and glorify your Father which is in Heaven."

"So let our lips and lives express
The holy Gospel we profess;
So let our works and virtues shine,
To prove the doctrine all divine."

For the Guide.

MY EXPERIENCE.

REV. OTIS E. THAYER.

Under the impression that a few leaves, or rather, as they have been to me, *choice apples* from the tree of my Christian experience, may prove a source of spiritual profit to many readers of the royal "Guide," I now send them enclosed. My dear parents were members of the Society of Friends, my mother being a "Speaker" among them. My father also felt frequently "moved" by the Spirit to "hold forth" in their meetings. My mother very often "attended" the funerals of nearly all classes for miles around our home. I was a "birth-right" member of the Friends' Society for over fifteen years, in fact until I cast in my happy lot with those *Christians in earnest*, called Methodists. When the "Friendly Elders" learned that I had so done, one of them, as I was passing his house one day, pleasantly called me to him and said very mildly, addressing me by my "given" name, as they always do, "Otis Ellwood, I hear thee has joined the Methodists." "I have," said I. "Did thee do it from a sense of duty and with the divine approbation, as thee trusts?" "I did," I unhesitatingly answered. "Then," added the aged Friend, with much feeling,—his gentle look and tone I shall ever cherish,—"if thee thinks thee can do more good among them than thou could'st among us *may God bless thee!*"

Why are these few words, spoken over twelve years ago, so fresh, aye, and so

precious too, in my mind to-day? *Because they breathe the celestial fragrance of the infinitely beautiful Spirit of the precious Crucified!* To my new heart they were as "ointment poured forth," and also as "apples of gold set in pictures of silver." But to go back. From my earliest remembrance my now sainted mother taught me to believe and love the blessed Bible—God's Own Book—striving constantly to deeply instil into my young soul its priceless truths, especially that chiefest of them all, that Christ Jesus alone can save, *His blood alone can cleanse*, "only Jesus, only Jesus, can do helpless sinners good." O, I shall eternally bless God for such a mother. *I know I shall!*

My father, who is still living, at the advanced age of seventy-nine (I was their "Benjamin!") although he has dropped the "plain language" and now sits on "first days" beneath the droppings of a Methodist sanctuary, always endeavored earnestly to co-operate with mother in striving to fill my mind with a deathless love for the Holy Scriptures and "*the Word*." Who, although He "was with God and *was God*," yet, because of His great love toward us, freely shed His own blood, that we, perishing sinners, might become God's exalted sons and daughters. "Thanks be unto God for His *unspeakable gift!*"

Consequent upon this faithful instruction on the part of my parents, imparted under the enlightening and strengthening influences of the ever blessed Holy Spirit, from earliest boyhood I prayed daily, each time pleading Jesus' merits, often not daring to close my eyes in sleep until after a lengthened season of prayer, the sweet confidence was mine that if I died before morning, our dear Heavenly Father would receive my freed spirit to Himself. Still, strange as it may seem to some, the "turning-point" I had not reached. I was not yet justified, as, I think, an incident most closely connected with my experience, which I will here relate, cannot fail clearly to indicate to all who can discern things spiritual. When about fifteen years of age I attended a Methodist Grove-meeting held

in my native town (Mendon, Mass.) Only fifteen or twenty persons present, I am sorry to say. Of these all were professing Christians excepting myself and another "large child," who was generally supposed to be older in sin than were many gray-headed and Christian men. When about closing the meeting, Bro. Day (may our God abundantly bless him always!—my spiritual father), said impressively, "Let all who are on the Lord's side arise." Immediately all arose, *excepting myself and the godless one!* O, reader of "*The Guide!*" How quickly then the scales fell from my eyes. Ashamed to own Jesus before men I *classed myself* with the godless! In this connection Christ's own words occur to you, I need not now write them. But, blessed be God, He enabled me to *cherish* the influences of His tender, loving, condescending Spirit!

I went home from that meeting, and as I went on an errand that night, O, how gently and yet powerfully the Holy Spirit strove with me! I continued to attend the meetings; soon asked the prayers of Christians, and then followed a never-to-be-forgotten night! *No sleep that night, because of the strong wrestlings until midnight, and the rejoicings full of glory from midnight until morning?*

But have I any acquaintance with our Jesus as a *present whole* Saviour? Since I "*knew my sins forgiven*," and was made so happy "*in the Lord*." I *have* been led to believe with *living* faith that "*if we confess our sins God is*" not only "*faithful and just to forgive us our sins*," but also "*to cleanse us from all unrighteousness*." At Williamantic Camp-meeting, one year ago this autumn, I endeavored believingly to make the consecration entire, and then and there I humbly trust, my poor unworthy heart experienced the glorious cleansing power divine. My peace "*flowed as a river*," my soul's one desire was to do God's will, and, to the travelers Zionward I need not say the possession of THE HOLY PEARL was inexpressibly precious. Since that glad hour my prayer has been, "Father, keep me truly and entirely Thine; ever be Thou mine, and may my

light shine always." Sometimes, even since then my confidence has been fearfully shaken by the wily foe. But again have I believingly asked in the name of our adorable Advocate, and by keeping a steady eye on Him the priceless blessing has been regained. And to-day, as one of the Master's watchmen, although among the least worthy of those who have heard "the woe" if we preach not the Gospel, I would most solemnly state it was one of the deepest conviction of my saved soul, that no man is made ready to "turn many to righteousness," who has not himself "plunged beneath the purple flood," and arisen "in all the life of God." "This is the *will of God*, even our sanctification." O, may we all be truly wise, winning many souls from sin unto holiness. Amen!

HOPEVILLE, Conn.

For the Guide,

ACROSTIC.

REV. W. AVERY RICHARDS.

G o forth! God prosper thee! thy pure
U nnumbered gifts to all the "Sons of God,"
I n bounteous hands, 'tis your
D elightful work to bear abroad,
E nriched from many a heart-wrought mine.

T o bless the world, lift up thy voice!
O prove thy mission all divine!

H ow many sad'ning hearts rejoice
O 'er thy return, O Visitant
L ong blessed, yet ever blessing still!
I ntent on blessing all, the faint
N o longer pine; thou com'st to fill
E very desponding soul with joy; shines in,
S o soon, Thy light, that gloom, and unbelief,
and sin,
S wift disappear, and "Perfect Love," and
bliss begin.

SPIRIT LAKE, Iowa, 1867.

Man, without a knowledge of the Holy Scriptures, is a soldier without weapons, a horse without a bridle, a ship without a rudder, a writer without a pen.

THE CHRISTIAN SABBATH AT THE EXPOSITION.

A correspondent of the *N. Y. Evangelist* gives the following satisfactory account of the observance of the Christian Sabbath by the Protestant exhibitors at the Great Fair.

"In the department of these two great Protestant nations, not a machine is in motion, not an exposant is to be seen. Everything is covered or left as at night, and the French and German workmen, as well as the visitors from all parts of Europe, coming out of noisy dusty streets of the other departments ask, 'Why is it so different here?' As they walk through the streets and alleys, silent save for their own voices and foot steps, they inquire of one another, 'What is the meaning of this?' No one answers, unless it be the watchman, who, perhaps, points to the cards placed in the different sections, and on which is printed, in French, German, Italian and English, 'Remember the Sabbath Day, to keep it holy.'

"Thus the American and English departments are closed in a far more effectual way than if the gates of the Exposition were shut, or the streets of the sections barricaded; for they are so closed as to be preaching to millions of Europeans a sermon they so much need on the advantages of Sabbath observances. Were the Exposition entirely shut, there would be no opportunity of teaching this lesson to such multitudes of people every Sunday, as they would be scattered about all the villages and restaurants in the vicinity, or attending the horse races, where there would be nothing calculated to remind them of the obligations of the Fourth Commandment. Were the streets of our sections barricaded, the lesson could not be continued so long nor made so effectual. All the day the covered machines and the absent exposants are preaching, and so long as the visitors are in the streets they are compelled to listen to the sermon. They cannot get away from it until they have passed through the entire length or breadth of both departments.

"As I passed, in the course of my exam-

ination, I overheard a gentleman, well known both in England and America, saying to his companion: 'This sight makes me proud of the Anglo-Saxon race.' While a Frenchman, not far from the previous speaker, made the observation that, 'These Protestant heretics keep the Catholic Commandments better than the orthodox Catholics themselves.'

"Now what is the influence of this Sabbath observance on the French and German exposants? Just what might have been expected, and what the enlightened minds of the gentlemen who inaugurated the Sunday movement foresaw and hoped for. The workmen in the other departments are already agitating the Sunday question for themselves, but the influence has not stopped here. It has extended beyond the building, and the tailors of Paris, in their strike for higher wages, have insisted on double pay, or no work for Sundays. Most French employers will rather hire an extra workman or two during the week, when labor is at the ordinary rate, than pay double for it on Sunday.

"There is, I am sorry to say, one American firm whose agent seems determined, in spite of all remonstrances, to keep open shop on Sunday. This is the agent of A. B. Howe, sewing machine manufacturer—not to be confounded with Silas Howe, Jr. I am sure that Mr. A. B. Howe will, for the credit of America, put a stop to this as soon as it is brought to his notice, which I hope it will be by some one of the numerous readers of the *Evangelist*. It is unfair to the other exposants, for these machines to be open when the others are closed, and it brings discredit on one of our dearest institutions."

For the Guide.

SUBDUED AT LAST.

(Continued from Page 165 December Guide.)

REV. D. DAILY.

At the end of seven months I again returned to Canada. Soon after my return I got married, and then commenced business in the world—determined if possible to get rich. For several years I thought of little else than getting rich, seldom calling to mind my sacred calling.

Driving business hard for a time, things seemed to prosper. I made property very fast, and became what the world calls comfortable, financially speaking. But in the midst of all this so-called prosperity, in a worldly sense, the Holy Spirit came again, and oh! how powerfully. Again I was led to seek and taste the pardoning love of God, and then, oh! then the awful agitated state of my mind. Oh! what feelings of remorse at my wanderings from God. Still I felt to rejoice in God My Saviour. I at times stifled my feelings and would not give vent to them.

At this junction of affairs, my brethern were determined that I should work for God. I was placed on the plan as an exhorter. I tried to speak a few times and then gave it up. Again I was placed on the plan, and again I gave it up and worked none. It may seem very strange that I opposed the teachings of God's goodness so much, and stranger still, that I would resist the divine call to be an ambassador of Jehovah! after so many clear and positive evidences of that call been given me. But so it was! Again my mind became agitated, my spirit became troubled, almost more than I could bear, but in a prayer-meeting I had my case made so plain once more, my awful state made clear. It seemed as if the bottomless pit was opened up to my full view, and I heard lost souls cry out against me, saying, if you had done your duty we would not have been here. Immediately after this I was called to attend a "local preacher's meeting," when it was decided by my brethern that I should go out as a local preacher, and urged me if possible to go into the work. Still my stubborn will refused, but they still urging and pressing the claims the church had on me, at last I consented to the proposal. I thought my brethren were the best judges in this matter, and as they had taken so much trouble with me, I went to work in good earnest, and the good Lord blessed my feeble labors to a considerable extent in the conversion of poor sinners.

My troubles only increased more rapidly than ever, for the more success I had in the conversion of precious souls,

my convictions became more plain, that I ought to work in a more extended field of labor. Two of my brethren (both traveling preachers), and the chairman of the district, urged me very pressingly, and used every argument to convince me of that duty required at my hands, that *that* was the only sure road for me to travel, to secure my salvation through Jesus Christ. It was this desire and effort to prove to me that it was my duty to go forth as a traveling preacher, recognized by the church and conference. But my plea was that I had mills and other property, which to leave was, as I thought, too much for one to do. And here again God stepped in, but I was too blind to perceive it.

While these very thoughts were harassing me, a stranger called to see me regarding my mills. He came for the purpose of renting the property, and offered to take them for ten years at the rate of \$170 per annum, paid yearly in advance, and was prepared to pay the first year's rent at that moment, providing I was willing to accept his offer. I sent him away. I would not accept his offer. Then in a few hours after this occurrence I was led to see this was an anticipation of God, but I saw it not till it was too late, and oh! my feelings. Oh! how awfully did my conscience burn my very soul, no tongue can tell, no pen describe. I saw now how plainly the good Lord had in his goodness opened the way for me, and yet I was so blind as to shut it up against myself. I felt then as if I was forever doomed to eternal despair. And now for three long years the heavens seemed as brass over my head, and there was no peace, no freedom, no salvation for me.

Night after night came and passed, yet there was no sleep, no rest, no peace of mind, no comforting influence, no beauty in nature, everything seemed dead to me now, and that I was now sunk deep in the mire of despondency. Oh! how often have I wished I could be transformed into anything, no matter how insignificant, if I could only temper as I thought, the frowns of an angry God. During all this ordeal I held my stand-

ing in the church as a local preacher, and sometimes tried to preach. However, I was soon led to see that the Lord's ways are not man's ways, for the Lord saw fit to deprive me of every vestige of property I possessed, and was left without one dollar to call my own. And once more I was thrown upon a cold world, with a family of nine helpless children, none of whom were able to help themselves. None to help me in my hour of trouble—only my hands and a kind Providence to obtain bread for them.

(To be Continued.)

For the Guide.

THE LAST IDOL.

BY MRS. E. R. WELLS.

It is said, in one of the ancient wars, the conquering army had orders to demolish every idol throughout the land. They marched on in triumph, casting down the idols of temple, grove, and household, so that, as they advanced, the rightful sway of the conqueror was everywhere apparent and acknowledged. At length, in their triumphal march, they came to one, massive, towering in strength, around which gathered the priests and people in beseeching tones, pleading this should be preserved. "Prostrate every other, demolish our temples, cast down all our sacred things else, but spare this one," was the universal cry.

But the orders were demolish *all*, utterly destroy every vestige of idolatry throughout the land. And, as with sturdy blow and resolute will, the conquerors laid low this cherished idol, out rolled from beneath it treasures vast and wonderful, gold and diamonds and pearls and costly things, beyond all conception in richness, and all computation in vastness and worth.

Jesus, the conqueror of human hearts, has issued orders to demolish every idol, to cast down every thing that exalts itself! He has come to us, to you and me, and has said, "Give me thine heart." He will not share it with another god. Perhaps we have tried to yield Him all, until He does reign over a limited territory within. To conquer

us thus much, He has been forced by His Providences to lay low those idols we would not yield; or, through slow and painful discipline, we have ourselves cast them at His feet, a trophy of His grace.

But, perchance, to this hour He has not full possession. The order to-day is, demolish every idol; there may be but one remaining, and that the chiefest, to us the costliest offering we can ever bring to the feet of the Redeemer. But His voice rings out clear and strong above all our pleadings, and demands the gift. Shall we yield willingly, or compel Him to deal sturdily, yea, terrible blows before our idol falls. Oh; if we will consent to its demolition, as it falls, from beneath will roll out treasures of which we had no conception. Beneath that last idol in our heart lies hidden the richest things of the kingdom, treasures, wondrous and vast, treasures of grace, treasures of influence, treasures of usefulness, treasures of power.

The treasures of *grace* how inexhaustible! The riches of the kingdom how vast! Who can compute with any arithmetic the treasures God has in reserve for his saints! All worlds are laid in contribution to add to their wealth; all intelligences wait the bidding of God to minister unto them. He notes the falling of the hairs of their head, and would dispatch a seraph from the throne to prevent the tripping of their feet in their upward way. The costly things of grace; the blessed fruits of the Spirit; the communion of the Father and His Son, Jesus Christ; the fellowship of saints; the victory over death, and the robe, the palm and the crown, are all hidden beneath that last idol, and through its fall will all be revealed.

Treasures of *influence*! We have no conception of the amount of influence the feeblest of us can exert for God and His cause. To be influential as a *saint* does not require wealth, social position, high intelligence, or extended fame. None of these are essential. Many professed Christians have these, and little or no influence for God. The treasures of

a holy influence are open to the men of deepest poverty, of a low grade of intellect. He can rival St. Paul in holy living, and St. John in purity and love. The secret things of the kingdom are revealed to those who fear God and keep his commandments, and he can equal Abraham in obedience, and any saint in devout fear. The wisdom that is given liberally is open to his draft, and he is God's chosen one to be rich in faith and heir of the kingdom. An influence holy and all potent lies hidden beneath that last idol. Shall it fall, that the grace of God be not frustrated in you?

The casting down of that last idol is the perfect enthronement of Christ. On its ruins is built up a throne of power, from beneath which flows streams of blessedness and wondrous life. The fountain pure, the streams are life-giving; the fountain inexhaustible, the streams ever flow. The most powerful influence is not that which we exert with a purpose, but that which is unconscious. That which flows forth from character, rather than positive act. Not so much what we do, as what we are, is the measurement of our influence. Oh! if Christ is throned and sceptred within, who shall tell the wonderful results of life! Who shall measure the good accomplished by the feeblest saint? or who count the stars in the Redeemer's crown, placed there by a holy life. Let that idol fall; deal lusty blows right speedily! Delay not, that your treasure of influence henceforth be for God and souls!

Treasures of *usefulness*! How incalculable the amount of good accomplished by one saved soul. To be useful does not imply great deeds, splendid talents, and varied acquirements. The humblest may be of untold service, the weakest may bear burdens for others. Opportunities are everywhere—the field is wide, seed may be sown broadcast, seeds of kindness, benevolence and love; seeds of warning, reproof and instruction, and more than all, seeds of holy living. The world is perishing for the lack of laborers. Night will soon be upon us and work will cease.

For the Guide.

Life is inexorably real—eternity is a great practical fact; destiny unalterable, and eternity is the result of life. O! let the idols fall that keep Christ from His throne, and you from your work! Enter the vineyard without delay; cast aside all that interferes with earnest labor; with a will seize on the first implement at hand; make resolute and persistent effort, and sure as you sow you shall reap; and, as you go, the harvest will be gathering thick around you; the reaper shall follow hard after the sower, and the ripened sheaves in the garner shall prove you worthy the “Well-done” of the Master.

Treasures of power! The dethronement of all that opposes God is the establishment of His kingdom. Henceforth His laws are obeyed, His work performed. He speaks and acts through us, His will is done by us, His glory manifest in us.

The saint is humble, humility is strength; he is gentle, gentleness has made him great; he is weak in his impotency, Christ is manifest in power. In provocation he answers not again, silence is his defence. Under injury he is patient; patience is his stronghold. In affliction he murmurs not—his silent tears are the eloquence of love. In poverty he is submissive—his resigned soul feasts on the manna of the kingdom. In tribulation he rejoices—his joy is the miracle of Christ’s religion. In death he triumphs—his victory is the astonishment of the universe.

Oh! what power has a saint of God! Power over sin within, and Satan and the world without. Power with God to prevail, and with man to persuade. Power to call down blessings, and to hold back judgments. Power to add to the number of the elect, and diminish the count of the lost. Power to heighten the song of seraphs, and decrease the wail of the banished. Power to add glory to the crown of the Saviour, and take dominion from the sceptre of Satan. Oh! who will not prostrate that last idol that keeps back such omnipotence of grace.

Little children cleanse yourselves from idols.

IS THERE A NECESSITY OF A DISTINCT WORK IN THE SOUL AFTER CONVERSION?

WM. WESLEY TOTHEROH.

[Boston Theological Seminary.]

Methodism, as has often been said, has many things which serve to mark it, as a distinct ecclesiastical organization, but the doctrine which has grandly distinguished its theological literature, which has been powerfully proclaimed from its pulpits, and illustrated in the lives of many of its members, is that of entire sanctification. In writing or speaking on this subject we are accustomed to use the terms, “holiness,” “perfection,” “purity of heart,” yet theologically, we regard all as referring to the same thing.

The question, however, is, “Is there a necessity of a distinct work in the soul after conversion?” It is well to bear in mind, at the outset, that it is admitted on all hands, that the work of holiness must be completed before we are fully prepared for Heaven. Some say that it is completed when we are justified, others again hold that it is not, nor can it be completed until death; that just before the soul leaves the body, the work is “cut short in righteousness.” Thus two things are admitted: First, That this work must be completed before the soul has a meetness for heaven; and, second, that in all cases this is done instantaneously.

The question may be asked of those who believe that the work is cut short in death. What is it, in the hour of dying, which produces this transformation? Is the blood of Christ more available? Is the Holy Spirit nearer or more powerful? Is the command to be holy, any more urgent? If the entire sanctification of the believer is by the inworking of the Holy Ghost, then He is just as great and benevolent now as He ever can or will be. What, then, is that agent which is present, and is efficacious under the circumstance of death, that this work is then wrought, and not previous? Is it death itself? What power has he to do the work for the Christian? If it is death that performs this work, then it is not the blood of Jesus, then it is not the Holy

Spirit, then death is more powerful than either. But it is evident from analogy and revelation, that death produces no moral change in the soul; all the evidence would seem to be to the contrary. It is morally certain that we enter eternity as far as our moral or spiritual state is concerned, precisely in the same condition as we leave the body, if it is done previous to the soul leaving the body, it is done before death actually takes place.

Let us now return to the other belief, viz.: That the work of sanctification takes place when we are justified. Wesley says: "We allow that at the very moment of justification we are born again; in that instant we experience that inward change from "darkness into marvelous light," from the image of the brute and the devil into the image of God; from the earthly, sensual, devilish mind, to the mind which was in Christ Jesus. But are we then entirely changed? are we wholly transformed into the image of Him who created us? Far from it, we still retain a depth of sin, and it is the consciousness of this which constrains us to groan for a full deliverance to Him who is mighty to save." Again, he says, "From what has been said we may easily learn the mischievousness of the opinion that we are wholly sanctified when we are justified; that our hearts are then cleansed from all sin." Justification is an act of God's free grace, wherein He pardoneth all our sins, and accepteth us as righteous in His sight. Sanctification is the work of God's free grace, whereby we are renewed in the whole man after the image of God, and are enabled more and more to die unto sin, and live unto righteousness. Justification and sanctification are two things, the former relates to a regenerate state, the latter to a state of entire and perfect holiness. What more proof need we have to show that there is a necessity of a distinct work after conversion; *which is holiness.*

The Apostles, in addressing the body of believers in the churches, to whom they wrote their epistles, set before them, both in the prayers they offer in their behalf, and in the exhortations they ad-

minister, "a still higher degree of deliverance from sin, as well as a higher growth in Christian virtues." Paul bowed his knees, and prayed, "That the members of the Ephesian Church might be 'filled with all the fullness of God.'" No one has ever proven that justification and sanctification can take place at the same moment. Mr. Wesley says: "We do not know a *single instance* in any place of a person receiving in one and the same moment, a remission of sins, the abiding witness of the Spirit, and a new, clean heart."

Sanctification begins the moment a man is justified; from that moment on, man gradually grows up in Him who is our living Head. According to God's command, "be ye holy," this point must be gained ere we can be admitted into the enjoyments of Heaven, this is admitted not only by Methodists, but by Calvinists and others. But is this work only gradual; must we ever be moving gradually toward this mark, or may we suddenly and instantaneously reach it by faith. To the latter we answer affirmatively. It is possible now, at the present time, instantaneously to believe, and enter into this joy, this perfect love. It is the office of the justifier to set us right on the point of past disloyalty before the Lord, the King. It is the office of the sanctifier to cleanse us from all impurity and iniquity.

For the Guide,

DEPRESSION.

BY M. ANNESLEY.

There is no state of grace this side of heaven, which exempts the believer from temptation. It is true, we may open the door to it through neglect or ignorance of duty. Yet, the most faithful will at times feel the arrow of the enemy suddenly strike at his heart.

And one method to which he often resorts with some temperaments and states of body is, an *unexpected, sudden pang of depression*, arising from no cause mentally or outwardly, but it comes immediately from the spiritual foe.

In such emergencies of the afflicted

spirit let the eye fall upon a promise or a portion of Scripture, and it will be a foil to the distress, and stay the progress of sadness.

Again, a change of scene will defeat the adversary, and to show there was no real cause for the sorrow, it will be entirely forgotten in the occupation of the mind with a new subject—or some one's real trouble will awaken our sympathy and break the spell, and pass it off in oblivion.

There is no use in striving to reason one's-self out of it—only flee to Jesus, in His word, or in praise and thanksgiving for blessings already possessed through His love. Ever keep gratitude in lively exercise, for Satan dislikes to be within sound of praise to Christ. The grateful soul lives at the King's gate—and there the banner is love.

Loved One's Gone Before.

For the Guide.

"Every Man that hath this Hope in Him purifieth himself, even as he is pure."

MRS. ESTHER P. DOTY.

For several years a subscriber of the "Guide," died in Poughkeepsie, Oct. 29, 1867, aged about 40.

Her parents being members of the Society of Friends, all of her moral and religious training was after their manner of life. In the fall of 1859, the writer became more especially interested in her spiritual welfare, and found her almost totally ignorant of the Bible, and the mere ordinary duties of a Christian. Yet building her hopes of Heaven on a strict moral life, and a universally exercised spirit of kindness and benevolence towards her neighbor.

At a series of meetings held at this time, the Spirit of the Lord so awakened her attention by the power of evangelical truth, that she was forced to acknowledge that whatever she was or was not, "One thing *she* lacked," that was, a *living Christ within*. An earnest, obedient and believing penitent at the foot of the cross—soon brought her out into the sunlight of God's smiles, and she was

enabled to testify, "that though morality did not give *peace* with God, *faith* in the *blood of Jesus did*," and she now carried within, the blessed "witness of the Spirit, bearing testimony with her spirit, that she was a child of God."

Sister Doty entered upon this new and better life with a resolution to be a true and humble Christian, in the conscientious discharge of all her religious duties in every sphere of life. Being blessed with a child-like, confiding spirit, and ever anxious to learn, she made the most rapid developments of Christian character.

By the study of God's word and the lessons of your excellent Magazine, she soon discovered a *higher life*, and immediately decided to go up and possess the *land of perfect love*—the rest from *inbred sin*. Here she found a wondrous element of *power for active and efficient labor and sacrifice* for Christ.

Our Sister was a striking illustration of the Scripture, "Whom the Lord loveth he chasteneth." For it pleased the Master to lead her through great personal trials and sufferings—often depriving her for weeks and even months, the privilege of visiting the house of God.

But religion to her was the *imperial idea*, as well as a *fixed principle*. It was her *support*, her *comfort*, her *all-in-all*. In sickness and health, at home or abroad, in the class-room or prayer-circle, in making or receiving calls—though hardly conscious of it herself—the Sun of righteousness, that shone so bright within, was reflected upon all without, making it unmistakably *manifest*, she lived *near the cross*; a *life of faith on the Son of God*.

When the grim messenger came it was sudden and unexpected, but it found her in perfect readiness; grace triumphed over the last trial. After lingering a short time in the most intense pain, without a murmur, but earnestly beseeching her "husband and daughter to meet her in Heaven," she sweetly fell asleep in Jesus, and entered into the joy of her Lord.

REV. A. HUNT.

POUGHQUAG, Dec. 2, 1867.

Editorial.

NEW YEAR.

Again, on this first day of the New Year, 1868, we assemble in thought, our many thousands of readers scattered over the land, and present our heart's best salutations. Ever active, swift-winged memory flies abroad, gathering within its compass many from near and remote distances, in the United States and Canada, and from far beyond the seas, Australia, India, Africa, England, Ireland, Scotland and Wales, with whom we have engaged in gracious converse through the medium of "The Guide to Holiness" during the months of the past year. How precious have been our communings, and how our hearts have burned, as Jesus Himself has come near and made one of our company, as we have discoursed about the great salvation accomplished by His death and sufferings.

And now we meet at the opening of another year, to encourage each other's heart in the Lord, and unite in one grand jubilee of praise to the Triune Deity.

The march of truth is onward. It is our belief that the precious cause we advocate, "Holiness to the Lord," has never achieved greater victories than during the past year. As the result, gracious revivals are in progress in many parts of the land. O, for a gust of praise to go through the earth! So said the sainted Fletcher. With him and with all the saints terrestrial and celestial let us unite in one grand anthem of praise to God the Father, Son, and Holy Spirit.

Let us also resolve on increased diligence in the service of the High and Holy. Years are made up of days. Many who began the year with us are ending it in the abodes of immortality. Let us

BEGIN AND END EACH DAY RIGHT.

And then, if life's journey should be prolonged, so that we again hail each other at the opening of the year 1869, it will find us far nearer to God, and with many more stars to place in the crown of our Redeemer's diadem.

"I think you could not have taken time to pray this morning." These words were said

by my own dear friend to a little girl she had taken to perform light services in the household. On the day referred to, the child had been unusually neglectful, and things connected with her little every-day duties seemed to have taken a disastrous turn, and as the hours of the day were thus wearing away, amid childish petulances, my friend thus kindly reproved her youthful charge by saying, "I think you could not have taken time to pray this morning."

The child looked embarrassed, and then frankly acknowledged that such had been her hurry that really she had not. The next day, as the hours flew swiftly and pleasantly by, unusual prosperity seemed to mark all the ways and doings of the child. The change was too manifest to escape the observation of the Christian lady. Toward evening the little girl exclaimed,

"Mrs. B. have you noticed how nicely everything has gone on to-day?"

My friend had with grateful feelings noted the difference, and was glad to say, "Yes, indeed."

"Well, I took time to pray to-day," said the child.

May not some of our readers, who long since passed the days of childhood, thus account for some unprosperous, unhappy days, when both spiritual and temporal prosperity seemed wanting?

Instead of commencing the day in a spirit of sacrifice, and devoting its first hour in devotion to God, by offering that which costs something in ease, the hour has been sacrificed to the indulgence of the flesh, unmindful of the command, "Seek first the kingdom of God and His righteousness." That is, give the service of God, and the homage due to Him as your King and Lawgiver, the prior claim on your *time*. Show Him how much you honor Him, by sacrificing the first fruits of each new day. And then, after having all things adjusted, and all your redeemed powers afresh presented to the Lord of the universe, through the blood of the everlasting covenant, you may expect that all needful for life and godliness will be added.

O take time to pray! Don't let the world and the flesh get such a mastery over you that you cannot get the choicest part of the day for uninterrupted fellowship with God.

You need strength with every new day, for new and untried emergencies. Your entire Christian course ought to be onward and upward. Each day you may be passing a way that you have not passed heretofore. New tests of faith and new experiences in the Divine life is just what you ought to expect, and every day you will need a fresh supply of grace to glorify God in your body and spirit by serving your generation according to His will.

Never, unless physical disabilities prevent, partake of temporal food until your spiritual nature has first been refreshed with the bread of life. It is written, "Man shall not live by bread alone, but by every word that proceedeth out of the mouth of God." Honor the God of the Bible by making it your first book in the morning and your last book at night. If possible read at least a chapter on your bended knees each morning, pleading, that the same Spirit that moved holy men to write the mind of the Spirit may be given to open the Scriptures to your understanding. Thus may you be enabled to begin each day in getting nearer to God, knowing more of the mind of the Spirit, and better fitted to walk worthy of Him unto all pleasing.

Luther, in his most pressing labors, felt that the time spent in communion with God was greatly important. When most pressed with his gigantic toils for the heavenly Master he would say, "I have so much to do that I cannot get on without three hours a day of praying."

Gen. Havelock would rise at four, if the hour for marching was six, rather than lose the precious privilege of communing with God before setting out.

Daniel, though a man of great business, being charged with the concerns of a mighty realm, found time to retire three times, at least, daily, for prayer and fellowship with the King of kings.

David, amid all his diversified cares, found time to get alone with God at morning, noon and night. On another occasion he says, "Seven times a day do I praise thee."

Sir Matthew Hale says, "If I omit praying and reading God's word in the morning, nothing goes well all day." Alas! how many who desire to please God and live holily before Him, serving their generation according

to His will, make many failures by not beginning the day right, or in other words, "*taking time to pray.*"

PIOUS NOVELISTS AND PIOUS AMUSEMENTS.

OUR opinion, in regard to "*pious (?) amusements,*" "*Pious novels*" and kindred subjects, has long been before the public. Years since, when "Uncle Tom's Cabin" first made its appearance, and rapidly heralded its way through the sanction of pious (?) authorship, we sadly presaged its future, and said to a devoted literary friend, "Who can tell to what results the popularity of this work will lead?" We then expressed our belief that its tendency would be to flood the market with pious (?) fictitious literature, so that not only a taste for fictitious literature would be begotten in hundreds of religious families where novels had hitherto been prohibited, and also inflict an irreparable wrong on the cause of truth, by so bewildering the public mind, by an admixture of truth and error, as to render it well nigh impossible to know whether one was reading truth or fiction. Seriously and strongly did we protest, citing our friends that stood on the defensive, to the mongrel religion of the Samaritans, who "Feared the Lord and served their own Gods."

The sad presagings of over a decade since, have become facts too notorious to need comment. Evil consequences, even far more diffusive and irreparable than could have been imagined, have come as an avalanche, destroying the old landmarks, and blending in chaotic masses truth and error, so that the feeble minded are every where being stumbled.

Said a church-member, who had actually spoken to us, with apparent interest, on the subject of holiness, "I went to see Uncle Tom's Cabin played last night." You don't mean to say that you went to the theatre last night? "Certainly I do." was the reply. "Why, the morality of the play was excellent, and it teaches such beautiful lessons, and Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe, you know, is a very pious lady." As nearly as I can remember I give the words of this feeble-minded lady, who, though a professed Christian, had stumbled so far out of the path of rectitude, as to imagine that her professed interest on the precious theme of holiness,

was actually quite in keeping with attendance on the theatre, because the daughter of a noted minister, who had in her better days discoursed wisely with her pen on the subject of holiness, had now furnished an exquisitely wrought plot that has been used for the stage.

I verily believe that thousands in the families of professedly pious parents have been induced to attend the theatre for the first time, who never would have entered one, but that the matter had been rendered seemingly tame by the fact that she who had conceived the plot, had once been known as an earnest Christian. Who would ever have thought that the name of the author of an excellent tract on practical holiness, would one day be emblazoned in large letters on theatrical posters, by way of luring men to perdition.

And then, that the minister occupying the pulpit of Plymouth Church, for the paltry sum of \$10,000, should sell his extensive influence to quicken the trade of novel-mongers! Publish it not in Gath! Tell it not in Askelon! And now comes another rush to the theatre to witness a new play. The tale "NORWOOD" is dramatized, to allure the eye of those who would patronize "Pious Amusements." The name of Henry Ward Beecher is announced all over the land on large theatrical bills. Alas! what would ten thousand or ten millions be toward compensating for the loss of *one*, out of the hundreds of deathless spirits which we fear the revealings of eternity will prove *lost*—lost eternally through these attempts to blend the world and religion. But the end is not yet. Lo! the power of example! Already two more clerical novelists are in the field. Rev. (?) Robert Colyer of Chicago, and Rev. (?) Dr. Bellows, are announced as hastily employed in getting out new tales, which we may infer will also be dramatized. Think of the name of a REV. DR. OF DIVINITY, and perhaps in time a host of other REVERENDS, connected with theatrical announcements all over the land!

If we had no other evidence that we were in the last days, this state of things might suggest most solemn contemplations. Was not Paul with a prophetic eye looking through the vista, when he wrote, "This know, that in the last days, perilous times shall come, for men shall be lovers of their own selves,

covetous, boasters, proud, unthankful, unholy, despisers of those that are good, heady, high-minded, lovers of pleasure more than God, having the form of Godliness, but denying the power thereof, from such turn away." The Lord grant that there may be not only a most hearty turning away from all these worse than frivolities on the part of individual professors, but that the truly Christian press, all over the land, may raise the warning cry. How emphatic is the voice of the Holy Scriptures in regard to all these attempted amalgamations. "Ye cannot serve God and Mammon." "If any man love the world, the love of the Father is not in him." "Ye adulterers and adulteresses, know ye not that the friendship of the world is enmity with God; whosoever therefore will be a friend of the world is the enemy of God."

In regard to a pious amusement recently announced, L. Eastwood, a writer in the *Northern Christian Advocate*, says—"The query made by Dr. Lore on the occasion of his visit to 'Pilgrim Hall,' is pertinent, 'Where will these things lead?' As we judge, another important principle is involved, viz., the competency of religion to satisfy the aspirations of the soul. If we possess the 'peace which passeth all understanding,' and joy in the Holy Ghost, do we need any modification of the card-table, the whirling dance, or the voluptuous theatre, as tributaries to our happiness? Are not our efforts to introduce them a mortifying confession to the world, of the mental and spiritual weakness of the Church? What more delightful work do we desire than doing good, glorying in the cross, 'counting all things loss for the excellence of the knowledge of Christ our Lord?'

"I claim to have no superior wisdom or piety; but for my own part, I view these things with alarm. History *does* repeat itself. Samson was shorn of his strength in the lap of Delilah. A purer Church than that of the apostles, fathers, and martyrs, the world has never seen; yet it was ruined by compromise; not by giant strides, but little by little. In the heyday of youth, when amusements were as dear to us as life itself, we sought and found the Lord; since then, we have never been opposed to any diversions that could be taken in the name of the Lord Jesus, nor to the

most careful training in esthetic culture. But we have and do feel that, 'One day in his courts is better than a thousand;' that we would rather be a doorkeeper in God's house, than to dwell in the gambling saloon, the ball-room, the theatre, or any of their refined shadows. Our Nehemiahs must not come down from their great work, to parley with the enemy, or attempt to destroy his works by making pictures of them, but Grant-like, move on them at once. What we as a Church need, is the baptism of God; the Holy Ghost to give us a gladder heart, a brighter smile, a deeper joy, than the world can give or take away; then we shall no more desire these 'Pious Amusements,' than the millionaire does the poor pay and hard fare of the organ-grinder. We then shall have the joys of salvation, and can teach transgressors God's ways, and sinners shall be converted to him."

ORIGINAL ARTICLES.

A gracious Providence has favored us with a host of contributors. Many of whom are of the most devout and gifted minds in the Christian community. Sometimes our contributors do not receive credit for the originality of their articles. It is due to Rev. Dr. Roy, and also to ourselves to say, that the "LETTER ADDRESSED TO THE JEWS," in our last was written expressly for the "Guide." Also the beautiful verses, "CHRIST OUR TEACHER," by Rev. James Mudge, though neither, through an inadvertency, were marked as original.

Rebibal Miscellany.

OUR WORK FOR JESUS.

LETTER FROM SENIOR EDITOR.

WASHINGTON, D. C., Nov. 29th, 1867.

We are witnessing wonderful manifestations of saving, sanctifying power here. Every night, the Master of Assemblies is showing forth His glory and repeating His miracles of grace before the wondering multitude.

The minister in charge, Rev. Dr. Aims, is a man of faith and power, a living witness of

full salvation, and earnest in his desires to see his membership living in the inner sanctuary of the Divine presence. Our short stay, as pilgrims and sojourners, is with the family of Wm. Woodward, Esq., a Christian lawyer, whose praise is in the churches, as one from among the few lawyers who make the service of the world most manifestly subservient to the service of the Divine Lawgiver.

If you have been at Wesley Chapel, situated in the heart of the city, you may remember that it is large and pleasant for situation. We are told that it will hold from a thousand to fifteen hundred. Well, every night multitudes throng the house and crowd the altar. Seekers of purity come forward readily and mingle with seekers of pardon. Many find, and every night the sublime Doxology of praise to the Triune Deity—Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, is many times repeated, as one repentant sinner after another is in rapid succession translated out of the kingdom of darkness into the kingdom of God's dear Son.

Some little concern has been felt on the part of the few, that the physical phenomena accompanying the work may detract from its dignity, and make it less influential in the eyes of the world. But we have long been settled in our convictions that He who is infinite in Wisdom, Love, and Power, knows how to take care of His own cause. His work is all honorable and glorious. Uzzah, of course, was not *insincere* when he stretched forth his hand and touched the ark, but the result proved that the interference was an egregious error.

Several have sunk down in speechless awe, overwhelmed under the manifestations of saving power. On Sabbath evening, the moment Dr. P. gave the invitation for seekers to surround the altar, an interesting-looking young man came with a hurried step down the middle aisle and knelt in front of the altar. Many followed, and the commodious altar was quickly sarrounded. I went immediately to the one who was the first to yield.

He had been suddenly arrested by the Divine Convincer, and was so convulsed with grief that it seemed in vain that I tried to direct his eye to the Lamb of God. I was about to leave him, but paused a moment to say, that those Israelites bitten in the wilderness, might have shed tears of blood in their

anxieties to be healed, but if they had not looked up at the brazen serpent, though they had shed rivers of tears, all would have been in vain. "Oh!" said he, "I am such a sinner!"

"But Christ is *such* a Saviour," said I, "and are you a greater sinner than Christ is a Saviour?" I asked. His faith began to take hold, and shortly after, he calmly, deliberately, yet *surely* believed. In the meantime several others had also believed, as the Son of Man was lifted up to their spiritual vision. Those that had been blest were asked to rise, and while heaven and earth were uniting in acclamations of praise over the newly saved. This young man fell suddenly to the floor, and it was sometime before he was able to rise. Shortly after another sunk down under the overpowering weight of love and praise; while another just born into the kingdom of grace, leaped and praised God, after the same fashion, I presume, that the lame man did, who was healed at the gate of the temple called Beautiful. And such are the scenes of saving power being witnessed in the fashionable city of Washington, within a few minutes walk of our beautiful National Capitol.

Our meetings held every morning at ten o'clock, are well attended, and most graciously owned of God in the sanctification of believers. Special subjects of prayer are here presented, to which some signal answers have been received. Yesterday was our National Thanksgiving. I need not tell you that in our morning meeting, prayer was lost in praise. It was a season of wondrous grace and power. The afternoon was spent at the Hamline Church, under the pastorate of Rev. Mr. Hoover. Minister and people love the doctrine and experience of holiness, and God is with them in power. This evening we have our closing service at Wesley Chapel. To-morrow we leave for Baltimore where we expect to labor one week.

BALTIMORE, Md., Dec. 7.

On our arrival at this city on Saturday evening, we were affectionately welcomed at the railroad station by Rev. J. S. Deal, pastor of the people with whom we had been invited to labor, and Levi Perry, Esq., at whose pleasant residence on the outskirts of the city we are delightfully entertained. The work be-

gan in power on Sabbath morning and continued through the day. At each service, morning, afternoon, and evening, the altar was crowded with earnest seekers from various parts of the city. Several received the blessing of a clean heart, and others were raised up to testify that the Son of Man hath power on earth to forgive sins.

On Monday morning we visited Rev. Dr. Roberts. For months past he has been the Lord's prisoner, confined to the room and much of his time to the couch, by severe physical suffering. But the Holy Comforter is very near, and though the outward man perisheth, the inner man is gloriously strengthened and blest. He was suffering greatly in body when we saw him, so that he was able to converse but little, yet Heaven's exceeding comforts were delighting his soul. Said he, "O, it is all peace; I am filled with Glory and with God!" &c.

Dr. Roberts is known by hundreds as a champion of the truth in Baltimore. In this city he has kept the banner "HOLINESS TO THE LORD," unfurled nobly to the breezes of heaven, lo! these many years. His name has been, and long will be, as ointment poured forth. Human probabilities would suggest that his "latest sun is sinking fast," but if so, his soul is yet more rapidly rising to enjoy the splendors of high eternal day, where there is no night, and the inhabitants shall no more say, I am sick.

Calls from both at home and abroad are so imperative, that our stay here must be confined to a very few days. We have completed nearly one week, holding afternoon and evening meetings daily, which are largely attended. Many have come from near and distant points in the city, seeking the full baptism of the Holy Ghost, and occasionally wonderful effusions of the Spirit have been given. Not a day, I think, has passed but we have witnessed

"The overwhelming power of saving grace,
The sight that vails the seraph's face."

"Where are the nine?" said the grieved Incarnate Son of God, after he had spoken the cleansing word to ten, and but one returned to give the glory due to His name. Not alike, among the missing nine, have been the newly cleansed people. Out of about fifty who have proved Christ's cleansing pow-

er here during the week, many, as they have plunged into the cleansing fountain and proved its efficacy, have returned to glorify God with a loud voice. Often have we been reminded while witnessing the remarkable manifestations of saving power, during the past few days, of the company on whom the Spirit fell, when it was said, "These men are full of new wine." But "wisdom is justified of her children."

One very interesting young man seeking the baptism of fire last evening, was so amazingly blest that, in bewilderment of joy, he cried out, "O my soul is on fire! My soul is on fire!" Ah that is it. Not only do we need that the tongue of fire descend on the head, inflaming the intellect, but that it descend deep down into all the inner caverns of the being, inflaming the whole being. Yes, it is men and women, with souls on fire, that the world now needs.

Seekers of pardon have, also, at all the services, intermingled their pleadings with seekers of purity. The number converted I do not know, only that several have each evening been born into the kingdom, and earth and heaven have blended in glad Alleluias.—
"The dead is alive, the lost is found!"

For the Guide.

"SOUL-SAVING MINISTER."

Since the camp meeting I have been engaged almost incessantly in active labors for the salvation of souls. And I am sure that you will be delighted when I tell you that our labors are being abundantly owned of God. Since parting with you at Grimsby, one scene of glorious revival power has been followed by another in quick succession.

In September we spent part of four days with dear Brother Laird, at Drummondville, in a meeting which was continued only two weeks; and as the result, over fifty persons have been received within the Church, "on trial." One old man, over seventy years, was saved, and has since died triumphant, with his dying breath exclaiming, "*Just saved in time!*" At one afternoon service upwards of twelve persons received the blessing of "perfect love," amid a scene of triumph and joy seldom witnessed.

In October, with fear and trembling, and yet with simple faith in God, we commenced a special service at Allanburg, on our own Circuit, and since that have held two others; none lasting more than two weeks; the last only five days; and to the praise and glory of God we are able to tell you that more than eighty persons have openly sought salvation, and upwards of sixty have united with us in church fellowship. The work, so thorough and glorious, is, we believe, only the beginning of a more mighty display of the power of God in the sanctification of believers and the salvation of souls. Some of the conversions are most extraordinary in their character. One young man, manly in his character, and noble in his mien, fell prostrate under the influence of the saving power; and filled with the Holy Ghost went home, shouting aloud the praises of God. One dear friend, the first on my "praying list," occupying an influential position in society, was delightfully saved the first time he opened his mouth to pray at the newly reared family altar.

You will remember in my former letter the expressed anxiety to be a *soul-saving minister*. O, dear friends, my Heavenly Father, in His great mercy and love, has taught me sooner than I dared to hope, has powerfully taught me, to some extent at least, what is meant by that Scripture, "He that winneth souls is wise."

O what sweet moments have been mine recently in communion with God! O what power in prayer! O may I never trifle with a thing so sacred as the consecration of my all to God! O may I never live for any less object than the salvation of souls! To say that I am happy in the love of Jesus, hardly expresses the true nature of my experience. Christ is inexpressibly precious; and the love of Jesus in my heart is a pure and holy rapture.

You will be gratified to know that in the Grimsby Circuit, Brother Wakefield has received some sixty persons on trial. In our district the first sheaves of a glorious harvest of souls have been already reaped for the harvest!

I. HERBERT STARR.

THOROLD, Ontario, Dec. 9, 1867.

ONEIDA CONFERENCE SEMINARY.—An extensive revival of religion is in progress in this school. Within a few days some twenty-five students have professed faith in Christ. The interest is becoming general in the Institution. More than half of those who were unconverted at the beginning of the term have manifested a desire for religion.

A WIDESPREAD revival spirit is prevailing in the Genesee Wesleyan Seminary at Lima, N. Y. As many as fifty have expressed a desire for salvation.

A MOST gracious work is prevailing in Rochester, under the pastoral labors of Rev. D. Payne. Meetings of great power, moving forward without much apparent dependence on human agency, are conducted nightly. Many weep over their sins, and find comfort. Within a week or two some sixty persons have bowed at the altar, and about forty-five have tasted the joys of redeeming love. God is with His people in power. The Holy Spirit is moving upon the hearts of the people. A love feast on last Sabbath was an occasion of great power. So intent were the people assembled to say "a word for Jesus" that two or three were seeking opportunity to speak at the same time.

Correspondence.

ONE STEP MORE; OR, LINGERING BETWEEN FAITH AND CONFESSION.

* * * Give your experience. Perhaps you are saying, mine till of late has been so indefinite. But is this not a reason why you should wish to give it? I will explain. Are there not many dear, devoted ministers, who, alike with yourself, have long desired above all things to be men of clean hands and a pure heart? They hear the voice of the Head of the Church saying unto them, "Ye that bear the vessels of the Lord be holy." But they linger at the threshold, perhaps month after month, just as you have done, almost believing with the heart, but not quite confident enough to confess with their mouth. Thus the church is being robbed of their testimony. You will remember that

the people are divinely admonished to follow the faith of those over them in the Lord. But how can they do this unless the faith of the ministry be professed.

And is there not danger that hundreds of the people are being kept back, because these professions of faith in the all-cleansing blood on the part of the ministry is wanting?

I think I have met with scores of ministers who might have been strong influential witnesses of the power of Christ to cleanse from all sin, had they not lingered between the two points—believing with the heart and confessing with the mouth. And yet the work cannot go on unless this be done. Why? Because *confession with the mouth* is the next step most plainly set forth in the Divine chart—it is God's order, and, therefore, cannot be overleaped, for the steps in grace must be *continuous*.

Now if you had been willing to rest on the bare word alone, irrespective of emotion, exercising as the holy Fletcher says, "Naked faith in a naked promise, might you not long since have been sanctified through the belief of the truth." *Please give your experience on this subject*, for the benefit of those who have been alike hindered, and it will doubtless glorify Christ and brighten your crown in heaven. And you may thereby also do much toward *redeeming the time*, because long since you ought to have stood forth before the people an unflinching witness of the power of Jesus to save to the uttermost.—*Extract of a Letter to a Minister.*—ED.

THE NATIONAL CAMP MEETING.

The Committee appointed to locate the next National Camp Meeting for the promotion of holiness, met in Philadelphia, on Monday, December 2d. It was determined, after looking over the whole ground, to hold it in Lancaster County, Pa., probably in the vicinity of Manheim, under the direction of Rev. W. L. Gray, Presiding Elder of the South Philadelphia District, Philadelphia Conference. The ground will be very accessible from New York by two lines of railroad direct, viz., Central New Jersey and Morris & Essex, and at less cost than to Vineland. The time is second week in July next.

G. HUGHES.

The Tuesday Meeting.

The meetings for the promotion of holiness, held in New York for many years past at the house of Dr. Palmer, Rivington Street, have been removed to his new residence,

23 SAINT MARK'S PLACE,
near the Bible House. The meetings are held at 2½ o'clock every Tuesday afternoon.

NEW things are here always on hand. And things new and old are given from treasures which God has filled. Even if they tell the same kind of experience very frequently, it always comes with a freshness found nowhere else than in such places.

The leader was deeply impressed with the truth of the doctrine which is so fully taught in their standards and in the Bible. He had tried the doctrine, and it was not found wanting.

Two brethren followed, speaking of the spreading influence of this experience. It was particularly mentioned for special praise, that a number of ministers of their own Church had recently entered this land of Beulah.

A sister testified, especially to seekers present, that spotless love and peace were promised blessings of the new covenant, the privilege of every one to enjoy. And she called upon the saints to proclaim it on every hand. "Let the redeemed of the Lord say so." She might say that her only trial and perplexity was from the fact that the Church do not see the truth, and do not enjoy the grace. They do not see, because they will not. But how much they lose, seeing that this life of faith is a constant triumph.

Another sister gave, with much feeling and power, her views concerning the life of one truly possessing this grace. What a warfare is this! Holiness is being led to the thick of the battle. It is a ceaseless activity. It is a blessed rest indeed; but it is a rest *in*, not from conflict. It is an earnest contending for the faith. It is not unceasingly marked by the flush of victory. There is no sham fighting. We come where we will suffer, do, or endure all things for Jesus' sake. God give us an army of those who will not be ashamed to go anywhere after the lost.

In closing, this sister referred to two points, which we considered of prime importance in the experience of perfect love:

1. It is a holiness that will bear contradiction, without answering back, and without the accompaniment of a hasty spirit.

2. It is a holiness that will not let us bear sin in our neighbor. If we see it in him, we shall be compelled to speak of it to him, and bring him away from it, whatever it be, or whatever his position.

This sister was followed by a minister who insisted on faith as the only mode of obtaining and keeping this experience—and faith is victory in every conflict. A thousand conflicts would bring a thousand victories.

A very pleasant illustration of the spirit of faith in conflict was given in the case of a soldier who suffered gladly for his country. Love bears us up as we go forth to victory, however severe the conflict.

Of these last two witnesses, the one presented the hand which takes the gift of God, and the other, the action of the body in the continual living out of the grace. The one spoke of the victory, the other of the severity of the conflict which often engaged the strength of the whole being.

The leader exhorted the meeting to present the victory to the world, its joyfulness, and our triumph in Christ; and upheld, in those who sought the joy of full salvation, the yielding of every point to God, with unreasoning confidence and subjection. For when we desire this great thing of God, we are to let him do as He pleaseth with us. We make no bargains with Him that the case may be thus or so when we shall have yielded our all to Him. We simply submit to His will, and trust His own promise.

May the whole Church enter this gracious rest! We pray that they may all receive holiness alone through the blood of the Lamb, and that the character of it may be as the sister described it—full of activity, full of good fruits, full of complete separation from the spirit of this world, full of unselfishness, and of unconceit as to our own position before God. We want a holiness which is transparent; not seeking its own interest, not speaking hasty words, and without even the appearance of worldliness; a holiness which goes down into the pocket to empty it for God, and reaches to "gold pearls and costly array" to put them off.

Children's Corner.

For the Guide.

EXPERIENCE OF A YOUTHFUL DISCIPLE.

"HE LEADS ME."

I was taught to pray and to reverence God as my Creator. When quite small I would go to Jesus with my little troubles, and find comfort.

And when nine years of age I was convinced of my danger as a sinner; and I took up my cross and followed Jesus, feeling that this was the only way to be saved. I do not remember of experiencing any particular change at this time, but I was determined to try and do right.

I knew but little of the narrow way, and the tempter often told me that I could not walk in it, but I trusted in Jesus, and He led me.

Many times I would be tempted that I was not a Christian, then I would go to Jesus and ask Him to make me one, and lead me in the right way, then I would find peace and comfort.

When I was eleven years old I joined the M. E. Church. Sometimes I would give way to wrong passions and desires, and even confess my Saviour more to be seen of men than to glorify God.

At times, when mourning over "sin committed while conscience slept and promises made but never kept," I would ask myself must it be always so? Is there no other way? Then the tempter would tell me all Christians do so, only keep a good outward appearance, and all will be right.

But there was a hungering and thirsting after righteousness, which none but God could satisfy. I longed to be free from the bondage of sin.

I saw by the light of the Holy Spirit that if I would find that which I sought for, and so much needed, I would yield myself to God for He only could keep me from sin.

Gladly, willingly, I gave myself to Him, and said, use me as Thou seest best, only cleanse and keep me from all unrighteousness.

I believed that the offering was accepted, but was I now freed from sin? Does the blood of Jesus now cleanse me? Were ques-

tions which arose in my mind, and seemed unanswerable.

But, I thought, I am doubting the word of God, and I said Lord I doubt Thee no longer. I believe, help Thou mine unbelief. Still there was a little fear, a little wavering, and I did not receive a clear witness that the great work was done until the next day while confessing Jesus. Then how precious were these words, "Daughter thy faith hath made thee whole go in peace and sin no more."

Now the tempter came and said, only fourteen years of age, and professing this great blessing, you surely cannot keep it, you will fall by some great temptation.

Since then more than a year has passed, and it has been the happiest year of my life, and though I have been assailed by the severest temptations I ever experienced, they have only brought me nearer my Saviour. All the glory be given to Him who has kept me. When I feel my doubts or fears I go to Jesus. He leads me.

My peace is like a river, simply trusting in Him.

Book Notices.

All books noticed may be ordered of W. C. Palmer, Jr.,
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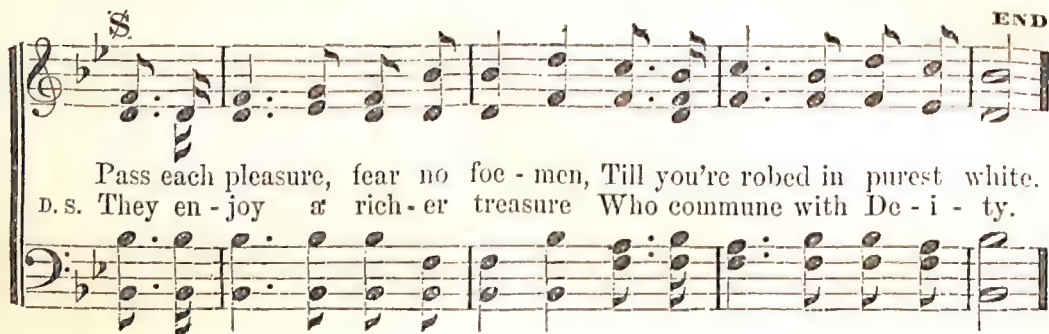
For the Guide.

OUR PILGRIM HOPE.

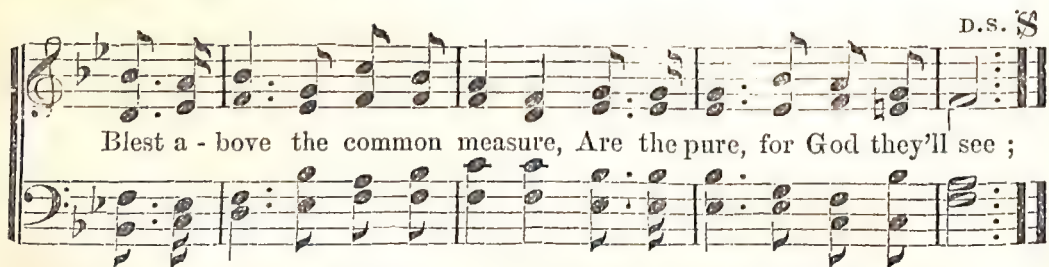
WORDS AND MUSIC BY REV. L. HARTSOUGH.



1. Christian Pilgrim nearing Beulah, Mark its beauty, seek its light,



Pass each pleasure, fear no foe - men, Till you're robed in purest white.
D.S. They en - joy a rich - er treasure Who commune with De - i - ty.



Blest a - bove the common measure, Are the pure, for God they'll see ;

2. Wand'rer from the Cross of Jesus,
Why in darkness will you dwell?
Hasten to the opened fountain
That you once did love so well.
Christ is power, why should you perish?
Christ is love, why will you die?
He can break the wild temptation,
If you at His feet will lie.

4. God's dear grace is compensating,
What He asks, rejoice to give :
If He take us from the vineyard,
Let us neither weep nor grieve ;
If He give us pain and sorrow,
Let us make them our delight ;
Hope proclaims a glad to-morrow ;
Weeping lasts but for the night.

3. Pilgrim suffering for Jesus,
Shrink not though 'tis yours to bear,
Glorify the World's Redeemer
Till He wipes away each tear.
For each pain, there is a rapture ;
For each night, there is a day ;
When the clouds pass, then the sunshine,
All the brighter marks the way.

5. Dying saint with well-plumed pinion,
Poised now for your upward flight,
Stands ajar the Heavenly portal,
For your coming to its light.
Soon you'll tread the gold-paved city,
With the Eternal there to dwell ;
And forever robed in beauty,
You may Jesus' praises tell.

Entered according to Act of Congress, A. D. 1868, by Rev. L. HARTSOUGH, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

Guide to Holiness.

FEBRUARY, 1868.

For the Guide.

MINISTER'S EXPERIENCE.

REV. J. POTTS.

IN the month of August, 1856, I was seated in the house of a friend, on the afternoon of Sabbath the 17th; the evening before, this friend invited me to attend a love feast on the following morning. I declined, on the ground of unfitness, supposing that none but converted persons should attend such a service, but was deeply impressed with the kindness of the invitation. On the Sabbath afternoon, while engaged in reading the "Guide to Holiness," the following thoughts passed through my mind: Here I am, a fatherless boy, a stranger in a strange land; I ought to seek and serve the Lord. I will serve the Lord, by His help and grace. With these impressions and convictions I went to church in the evening. The preacher was the Rev. C. Lavell, M. A. The text was Rev. iii. 20, "Behold, I stand at the door and knock: if any man hear my voice, and open the door, I will come into him, and will sup with him, and he with me." The Gospel message was faithful and affectionate; it was Christ, through His ambassador, speaking to me. At the close of the preaching there followed a prayer meeting, when an invitation was given to any who desired salvation to present themselves as seekers. During the entire service my convictions and emotions were indescribably strong, and, under the preaching of the Word, I sincerely attempted to give up all, and believe on Christ; but was tempted to

wait until the prayer meeting. After the invitation was given, the congregation turned and bowed before the Lord. I turned to bow also, but a sudden trembling took possession of me, and under the strongly impelling power of the Holy Ghost, I went forward and fell before the Lord. The minister and praying friends gathered around me; my anxiety became intense, and my determination to obtain mercy was unalterably fixed. The congregation was dismissed, but the lonely penitent still groaned the sinner's only plea, "God be merciful to me." A few devoted souls continued with me, and struggled in prayer on my behalf. After some time they urged me to rise from my knees. They sang what has been since to me the most touching and beautiful of verses:

"My God is reconciled,
His pardoning voice I hear;
He owns me for His child,
I can no longer fear:
With confidence I now draw nigh,
And Father, Abba, Father, cry."

While these words were being sung, my heart became the subject of the experience therein expressed. I went home calm and peaceful. On the following morning, when I went out to business, the face of creation seemed changed. To me all things appeared to praise the Lord, and I praised the God of my salvation. On the following Thursday evening I went to the weekly prayer-meeting, and prayed in public. Daily I sought to win souls to Christ, and, through the indwelling and abounding grace of God, was not unsuccessful.

Liquor was sold in the store in which I was engaged as a clerk; my conscience prompted me to withdraw from a business which required me to sell what was doing so deadly a work. My employer, shortly after, was induced, from the same motives, to take the same steps. I sought the advice of the minister stationed on the circuit on the subject. This brought my case before the leading men of the church. All this time I had a burning desire to work for Christ; but do not remember that it took the form of a call to the ministry. It was intimated that several had the impression that I was called to preach the Gospel, and the offer was made me of the privilege of attending Victoria College, which would relieve me from the trouble in business, and afford an opportunity of ascertaining what my providential work might be. I went to college, and found there a band of holy young men preparing for the work of the Christian ministry. I look back, and thank God for the spiritual help afforded me at college. There I was enabled to grow in knowledge and in grace, and became firmly persuaded that it was my duty, and would be my great life-work, to preach Christ, and serve the Church. All secular business became distasteful, and my mind was turned completely to the absorbing and glorious work of saving souls.

The last day of the session came—a day of joy and gladness to most of the students. Expectation ran high, as they thought of home, and the pleasure of meeting loved ones; but I had no such prospects, and, therefore, no such joy. On that last day I felt sad and lonely. It was to me a day of trouble. I went to my room, locked the door, knelt before the Lord, and opened my Bible at the 121st Psalm. When I reached the seventh verse, a flood of light and comfort was poured into my soul, as the Spirit applied those beautiful words to me, "The Lord shall preserve thee from all evil: He shall preserve thy soul. The Lord shall preserve thy going out, and thy coming in, from this time forth, and even for evermore." I was comforted, and satisfied that all would be right, and

from that hour to the present the gracious assurance then given has been fulfilled.

In June, 1857, I was directed, a youth of 19 years, to go to the Markham circuit. My experience, during all this time, had been varied. My views of holiness has not changed. I believed in it; I desired it, and sometimes enjoyed it. My experience in relation to it has been more definite during the past few years. Two years ago, I went to the Grimsby Camp-meeting, purposely to plead with God for a baptism of the Holy Ghost. Dr. and Mrs. Palmer were at the meeting. I found their teaching to accord with the Holy Scriptures, and was accompanied to my heart with power by the Holy Ghost. Since then I have lived nearer to God, and feel greater delight in the work of my calling. Since the last Conference I have been pastor of the church in which I was converted, in which I joined the Church, in which I was a Sabbath-school teacher, and in which I first prayed in public. To-day, through the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, I can say,

"Lord, I am thine, entirely thine,
Purchased and saved by blood divine.
With full consent thine would I be,
And own thy sovereign right in me."

My determination is, to preach and live "Holiness unto the Lord." We have commenced a special weekly meeting for the promotion of Holiness, and already we find many thirsting for God.

"Lo! the promise of a shower,
Drops already from above;
But the Lord will shortly pour
All the Spirit of His love."

For the Guide.

MORNING MEDITATIONS.

REV. JAMES MUDGE.

PRIDE.

Satan is a master of strategy. He arrays his hideous emissaries in garments that look like the livery of heaven, gives fair sounding names to things which would frighten us if called rightly, and carefully covers with goodly cloaks the real nature of his wily schemes. By what artifices, with what insidious approaches, he insinuates pride into unwary souls! When

he finds that our virtues are not to be torn from us he persuades us to take pride in those virtues; not ostentatiously, but if he can get us to plume ourselves ever so little on our consistency, or to consider our good reputation quite creditable to ourselves, he is well satisfied. He has cast dead flies into our precious ointment, and it sends up no longer an acceptable savor to God. He is the father of much false humility largely current in community, having the appearance of genuineness, so well is it executed; but, when closely tested, found to be counterfeit. It is false humility, not to be willing to *seem* to lack humility, when the occasion calls for it. The Master expects in us a readiness to be something as well as nothing when it is the demand of duty. "Let your light shine," says God. "No," says Satan, "it is not modest, keep back, be very lowly." There is great danger in thinking much about ourselves, that is, in wondering what kind of figure we are cutting in the eyes of others. We should learn to do duty simply and bravely, content with God's favor, happy in that alone. With what earnestness should we pray for wisdom from on high, that we may not be ignorant of Satan's devices.

SIMPLE THINGS.

It would seem a very simple thing to believe God, who has never deceived us, and to distrust self that has always been treacherous; to lean upon infinite strength rather than on impotent weakness. But do we find it so?

It does not seem so very difficult, each day to make some little spiritual progress, to confirm some good habit, strengthen a right resolution, do a benevolent deed, speak a faithful word, and thus, with each advancing month or year of Christian experience, find a great increase of religious power. But is there one in a hundred who does it?

PERSONAL PRONOUNS.

We lose a great deal if we fail to underscore and emphasize these little words all through the Bible. How delightful to say, "Thou God of *my* salvation," "The God of Jacob is *our* refuge." It is only by thus individualizing and appropriating,

as though we had a peculiar ownership in the promises, that we can really enjoy them. The rich treasures of *our* Father are, in practice, as wholly for each of us as though no one else could share.

EPISTLES OF CHRIST.

So Paul calls the Corinthians, and, by implication, all true believers. Does it not mean that, as an ordinary letter is an index of its writer's character, a miniature of his mind, disclosing his sentiments and portraying his feelings, so we are to be copies of Christ, with his mind in us, manifesting itself to the world by means of us? It is at least a thought full of admonition and instruction.

ONE THING.

"One thing is needful" Jesus has told us, and it would be well if we remembered it. We can do but one thing at a time if we do it thoroughly and successfully, and blessed are we if it is the "needful one" which we have chosen for an absorbing life work, to engage every energy. Paul's "one thing" was *pressing toward the mark*; the "one thing" which David desired was, always to dwell in the Lord's house and behold His beauty.

If we would have our influence tell effectively for God, we must be a unit in His cause, with no division of the soul's forces, part pulling one way and part another, in angry conflict. We must join with the Psalmist, while he prays, "*Unite my heart to fear thy name.*"

GOD'S CAMP.

We read, "The angel of the Lord *encampeth* round about them that fear Him." It should encourage and sustain us to think that the Lord of hosts is encamped about us and will protect from all the foes that can possibly assail. His conquering bands intervene between us and our enemies, so that they cannot touch us, however much they may threaten. He is a strong bulwark and a high tower.

FIXEDNESS.

David tells us that the wicked man "Hath said in his heart, I shall not be moved, *for I shall never be in adversity.*" His own experience he gives in this wise: "I have set the Lord always before me,

because he is at my right hand I shall not be moved." It is needless to ask which of the two has safe ground of confidence to hope for stability. To all men afflictions and reverses come, and he alone who has God beside him in his travels is proof against their power. He has a firm foundation who has learned to meet all attacks with his eye on Jehovah, and not on the number of the enemy.

For the Guide.

LOOKING BACK.

A. MILLS.

The wrath of the Lord is kindled against every one who looks back to the Egypt of bondage to sin, from which he has been brought by Divine power, if connected with that looking there is a desire to return. Yet we are commanded to remember all the way which the Lord has led us, and so, with much profit we may recall the time when our pardon was sealed, and sing,

"Happy day, when Jesus washed my sins away."

But one says, "True it was a happy day, but it soon seemed to me that I was but half converted. There was a felt want in my soul unsatisfied. Often since then I have cried, 'O that my heart was pure; must this warfare with inbred sin continue until death?'"

The Israelites, brought out of Egypt with power, were not at once to find themselves happy inhabitants of the land of Canaan. The sea and the wilderness intervened, yet the way was not a long one. Why, then, that forty years of wandering?

It was not because the Lord was not able and willing to bring them sooner to the land filled with milk and honey. Disobedience and unbelief caused them to wander, amid unfruitful deserts, in want and weariness.

And how has it been with you? When you felt that want after pardon, you doubtless read the rich promises of the Gospel, but some were ready with an evil report of the land of rest from inbred sin, saying that you was not able to go up and possess it. Unbelief listened to that report, and you cried, "I am not

able to destroy my giant foes now, I must wait until I am stronger." But, alas! though you have been fed with manna in the desert, and the Lord has wonderfully preserved you, because of His great love to you, yet how poor a place you have found this wilderness to grow in. And to-day your soul is afflicted because of conscious lack of strength, and you are crying, "When shall my enemies be subdued?" "When shall I rest in the land of Beulah?"

But look now! See there One with garments dyed in blood, who hath conquered for you, and waits to save you *now*. 'Tis finished, full redemption is offered you if you will but trust in Jesus.

You may do it now. That petition for holiness has been standing long enough. Will you trust in Jesus, and *trust* Him now? Do you do it *now*? Ah, then, just now He is bringing your feet within the borders of the promised land. Now as you trust Him, moment by moment, begin the song, "Unto Him that loved us, and washed us from our sins in His own blood, and hath made us kings and priests unto God and His Father: to Him be glory and dominion forever." See! the dainties of the Lord are set before you. Eat, drink, and sing with more joyful strain, "He *wills* that I should holy be." Praise the Lord! Having no strength, no merit, I have found all by trusting in Him. The void is filled; the want satisfied; the Spirit tells me I am His, wholly the Lord's. O! why did I wander so long in doubt and darkness.

I look back with grief now, because I so long refused to hearken to the voice of my Redeemer. O! wondrous grace! O! boundless love that has waited for me these years, ever ready to receive me, and I—what have I been doing? Clinging to the lusts of the flesh, afraid to trust the Word of Him who cannot lie.

How great a salvation! Looking back to the hour of pardon, we may well rejoice, but how the notes of praise swell into an unending song when full redemption is the theme. Eternity is too short to utter all the praise due to Him whose blood cleanseth from all unrighteousness.

MT. CARROLL, Ill.

For the Guide.

THE REPORT OF THE SPIES.

P. J. OWENS.

"Let us go up at once and possess it, for we are well able to overcome it."—NUMBERS XIII. 30.

Back came the spies, with weary feet
And fearful hearts, their tidings telling ;
"A land of precious things and sweet,
A goodly land to make our dwelling.
But strongly walled its cities rise,
Fierce giants there, we did discover ;
We seemed as nothing in their eyes,
O no ! we dare not venture over."

Then boldly spoke the faithful two,
Who held God's truth with hearts undaunted,
"The land," they said, "is fair to view,
Our heritage by God appointed.
He led us through the wilderness,
His strength our feebleness shall cover,
Let us at once the land possess,
We are well able to go over."

But all the timid, trembling host,
Listened, dismayed and unbelieving,
Backward along the dreary coast
They turned, their faithful leader grieving,
And in the wilderness they fell.
Their graves the desert caverns cover,
The mournful fate, its shadows tell
Of those, who dared not venture over.

We linger in earth's wilderness,
Dismayed and faint, a feeble nation,
We fail the promise to possess,
The peace of God, a full salvation.
With trembling hearts, with tearful eyes,
Upon its verge, we mournful hover,
And say, "What glory lights those skies,
But ah ! we fear to venture over."

"It is a goodly land," we say,
"A land all precious gifts bestowing ;
But O the giants in our way,
And Jordan's waters wide o'erflowing."
Yet when our heavenly Joshua leads,
The raging floods a path uncover,
The gracious hand that guards and feeds,
Shall safely guide His people over.

Look back along the desert way,
Then lift to God our joyful chorus,
The hand that keeps from day to day
Bids the walled cities fall before us.

He saves us to the uttermost
His righteousness our guilt shall cover,
Press onward then, ye ransomed hosts,
Till all His people shall pass over.

For the Guide.

DAILY EXPERIENCE.

BY E. A. F.

DAY by day I am solving the hidden mysteries of this blessed kingdom of grace ! Every passing hour brings something new from God's great storehouse of love ! Some new and sweet idea—some precious experience of His power to save from temptation and sin. I am so blest—so happy ! I have been asking the Lord for almost anything else but happiness or joy. I have asked Him for faith, and zeal, and love,—more especially for humility, and meekness, and patience,—and have not even hoped to be made so happy. Ah ! I might have known that these graces of the Spirit and the "joy of the Lord" are inseparably connected. Glory be to God ! The secret of the Lord is with me ! "He feedeth me on the hidden manna of His love." Last week I realized that some were getting estranged from me, because of my increasing spirituality. I knew it could be nothing else, no unkind word had been spoken, and I had tried to be very cheerful and pleasant. My sensitive heart was beginning to grieve over this, when the Spirit sweetly whispered, "Marvel not if the world hate you." "If the world hate you, you know that it hated me before it hated you." Praise Jesus ! "the servant is not above his Lord. * * " "Unto you therefore, which believe He is precious." Is precious ! Yes, this hour, this moment, He is precious unto me, so unworthy of His notice ; to me, so ill deserving, He makes Himself appear the "One altogether lovely, and the chief among ten thousands." Glory to His dear name,

"For there's no word ear ever heard,
So dear, so sweet, as Jesus."

Saturday night again! How quickly has this week passed, and I'm nearer my home to-night than I was ever before. Through grace, this week has been an improvement on the last,

But Oh! I'm not like Jesus,
As any one may see;

and still I hunger, and still I thirst, and sigh, and pant, and pine, and still I pray, "Oh! make me more like Jesus," and as I read of His blessed character and attributes, as portrayed in the Word; and "the Spirit testifies of Him," and "takes of His and shows it unto me," and I gaze on His matchless beauty, His spotless purity, His boundless grace, His sweet humility, and meekness, and perfect patience, then I stretch my hands to Him and cry with yearning heart,

"Only Jesus will I know,
And Jesus crucified."

For the Guide.

A LITTLE FURTHER ON THE WAY.

SALLIE A. SANTEE.

It is nearly eight months since I penned "Footsteps in the Way," and by the grace of God, who has been my helper, I can now affirm that my footsteps are drawing nearer to the gates of the celestial city. I make not this assertion because I am sailing toward this heavenly harbor on the bosom of an unruffled ocean; but because of the assurance that, though the billows roar, my Father is at the helm and He will guide me safely into the port—not because temptations or trials are past, for these months have witnessed many groans and outcries of the flesh—but because resting in God has become a more established habitude of my soul. I can trust Him just as firmly in the darkest hour as I can when all is light. When a sea of trouble is spread out before me, and mountains of difficulty rise on either side, while the hosts of hell threaten to overtake me, I can look up and smile, while I say to my soul, "Stand still and see the salvation of the Lord." At the present time I see no way of escape, but while I wait the divine command, so great an assurance

of deliverance pervades my entire being as to cause the joys of conquest to be felt throughout body and soul; and by faith I am constrained to shout Victory! for "This is the victory that overcometh, even your faith." I seem to have suffered the loss of all things; yet, Oh, the blessedness I enjoy! The religion which some affirm is wild fanaticism, which has destroyed my health, is all my strength, my solace, my joy, and my help in my affliction. Would that these knew the life and power of godliness. When God for Christ's sake first sanctified my soul, Satan told me I must not tell of it, for if I did, some reproach would be brought against me (even if I was enabled to do justly), which would be an injury to the cause; but the Lord strengthened me, and I was enabled to give definite testimony to the fact that "The blood of Jesus cleanseth me from all sin."

More than two years have elapsed and the blood of Jesus still cleanseth me, but it is not long since Satan tried to make me think I had better never told the fact; for my name is cast out as evil by some, and I am scorned by numbers who once prided themselves upon my friendship. Now he tells me I am not believed and therefore I hinder others; but I remember Satan was a liar from the beginning. I will not be persuaded to withhold my testimony, and my witness which was so clear at first as to render doubts impossible, grows clearer and clearer. What if I do suffer reproach? Christ will take care of his own cause, and it will not harm me so long as I give no cause for reproach. When I covenanted to be wholly the Lord's, I made no reserve and I will take nothing from the altar. I claim the promise, "All things work together for good." It is for me, Oh, Glory! I cannot find words to express my joy in the Holy Ghost, though I am poor, despised and afflicted. These afflictions are not calamities. They are blessings. The trial of my faith is precious. All glory to "Him who hath loved us and washed us in his own precious blood and made us kings and priests unto God."

TOWN HILL, Pa., 1867.

For the Guide.

SUBDUED AT LAST:

(Continued from page 21, January Guide.)

REV. D. DAILY.

I now resolved to remove to another neighborhood, which I accordingly did, and was accidentally drawn into a protracted meeting going on at that time in the new neighborhood. It so happened that most of the work of revival was placed upon me, and there the Lord met and owned my labors, by pouring out his spirit on the people, and in the conversion of forty-one precious souls, some of whom are still living and enjoying the sweet smiles of a gracious Saviour. For about three years I remained in this place, and when opportunities offered, labored for the Lord, I then removed to another place, and here my eyes were fully opened to my imperative duty. And I now promised the Lord as soon as I had sufficient means to support my dependant family, I would then go and work in the vineyard of the Lord, as Lorenzo Dow, did, having the world for my mission, preaching the gospel to perishing sinners.

About this time I began to seek for holiness of heart. I sought, but was met with these words, "you know your Master's will, but have done it not." Sometimes it appeared as if I could reach out my hands and grasp the blessings God had in store for me, but found there were none to be mine until I came to the Lord's terms, and gave up all and consented to do my duty in every particular point. I could not bear the idea of leaving my family, even to preach the Gospel. This struggle continued and harrassed me until the year 1856. In the spring (March) of that year, I was engaged in a revival meeting, and the Lord was pouring out His spirit in a powerful manner, awakening and converting sinners. My soul was greatly blessed of the Lord. I was then made sensible of a fact, that I never saw in the same light before, and that was that I must be sanctified or never reach heaven, and that the work must be done now; yes, now, or it never would be done.

I felt that before God would grant me that blessing my soul so much desired, I

must promise the Lord I would leave wife and children, house and home, and go wherever the Lord would send me. Here I was enabled to look back upon my past life, and see how many times the Lord had made my duty plain to me, and yet, how often! how very often and willfully had I refused to see it! But I saw now there must be a settlement of affairs, and that at once. Oh! my case was desperate. The Lord impressed upon my mind that the settlement must be made now, or it could never be made again. I was fully satisfied that the Lord would not take anything short of a full surrender of all; all, everything I had on earth, no matter what, or however dear, or how close the tie, all must be given up. No choice left me now. Critical moment. Oh! how powerful the struggle; how great the swayings of that poor heart of mine. I had to yield or be lost! lost forever! I wept, I prayed, and pleaded, and urged, but no relief came. Surely, I thought the climax had come, the point was fixed for the settlement of accounts. When the sun was sinking behind the western horizon, my wilful stubborn heart yielded! Yes yielded. I felt willing to go, and go anywhere—submit to anything that would be required of me. Now the joy, the peace and heavenly love I experienced. My heart was glad. Yes, overwhelmed with heavenly ecstasy.

I now saw it to be my duty to make this known. I then related my experience, with all its struggles, to the preacher in charge. He at once directed me to offer myself to the church, and said at the same time, the church could not take care of me at this advanced age. He thought, and advised me to consult two of my dear brethern in the ministry, both of whom were well acquainted with my case, and who had urged me in former years to go out. I, therefore, wrote to my brethren on the matter, but I had not long to wait for an answer, for immediately from the hand of God, I was referred to the case of Abraham, who offered up his only son Isaac as a sacrifice to the Lord, because God required it to try his faith—so in my case. I had yielded,

my stubborn heart was humbled, broken, and now all was settled for time and for eternity.

Now my peace was great, but not that clear evidence of my entire sanctification, until the following summer at a camp-meeting, when at morning prayer in my tent, it seemed as if the throne of God was in full view, and there and then I fully realized what it was to love God with all the heart, and I can say to day I have never had one dark cloud to pass over my sky since that glorious, happy, precious moment, when heaven became mine. Bless the Lord, I was then made free indeed. Not a moment, for more than eleven years, but what I could say at any time, "there is now no condemnation to them who are in Christ Jesus." I find "perfect love casteth out all fear." The full desire of my soul now is, that the church might be fully baptized with the spirit of my Divine Master. My daily prayer is, oh Lord revive thy work. Bless the Lord, I see some tokens for good. The Church is beginning to inquire after old paths. I feel satisfied to labor on at God's command, and offer all my works to him.

Feeling assured that my work is almost at an end, I expect soon to be taken home to my Father's house, and receive a crown, though not the one that was prepared for me. Oh! no I have been too unfaithful to expect that.

COLBORNE, ONTARIO, 1867.

For the Guide.

PIETY, IN OLD AGE.

BY MRS. E. R. WELLS.

We are often surprised to hear the sentiment advanced, that an earnest, zealous piety is specially adapted to youth, and the first years of maturer life; but thence onward to old age, is less favorable to advance in holiness. We sometimes meet those in the ministry and membership, who in their earlier religious life were characterized by zeal, devotion and delight in the service of Christ, who are formal, and have lost their earnestness. We hear them affirming, that the vivacity and buoyancy of the

youthful spirit, the freshness and ardor of a recent experience, cannot be maintained in after life, and often remind the ardent youthful disciple, he need not expect to retain his zest in the things of God. They maintain that consistency of character, attendance upon the forms of religion, and an occasional recognition of what the Lord has done for them, is about the sum of a Christian's life. Not always in words is this declared, but uniformly by example. In the love-feast and class-room, they grow eloquent over past times and past experiences.

Suffer us to refer to this, not as a censor but affectionately. We revere the fathers and mothers in Israel, and are often pained with this apparent decline. Seldom do we hear of present joy, recent victory, or conscious power. Year after year passes and no apparent growth, or change in their devotions; the same prayer, the same testimony seldom varied. Is this exemplifying the truth declared, that the "path of the just is as a shining light, which shineth more and more unto the perfect day?"

Is this language Scripture imagery? or is there such a thing as religion's path increasing in light and glory, nay, down the steps of old age? Or, is it true that there is not sufficient power in the cross to charm the mature and aged? not sufficient beauty to attract and delight them? not sufficient labor in its promulgation to increase strength, nay, down to the last struggle: not sufficient conflict to nerve the muscle, and brace the sinew of mature or aged men! Is the warfare, the race, the battle of the Christian, and the armor with which he is said to be girded, only the poetic strains of holy writ? Or, is there a race to run, a warfare to maintain, a battle to be fought? And if there is, are these left by the commander to the recent volunteers to wage, and as soon as well disciplined, does each successive one retire upon half-pay or a liberal pension? How is all this? These are practical questions proposed to thinking men and women, to those perhaps whose destiny depends upon their solution.

How many say, "He bore the burden

in the heat of the day," which may all be true; but do they cease to labor ere the night comes, and if so, do they receive their penny? "He that endureth unto the end shall be saved." They may not in after years be able to bear the same *kind* of labor; but is there anything in *religious experience*, which they are too feeble to endure? Is there anything in the *blood that cleanseth and keeps clean*, in the *abiding joy* of the Holy Ghost, too burdensome for them? If so, then our religion is adapted only to the youth, and old age lives upon its philosophy, and what it once enjoyed. But, thank God! there are specimens of a green old age in piety. There are those who march to the gate of death with their armor on, and who have the spirit and courage of Joshua when he said, "I am as strong this day, as I was when Moses sent me; as my strength was then, so is my strength now both to go out and come in." There are those who prove the blessedness of a constant salvation, and find its power strongest, and light clearest, when earthly scenes are receding, and Heaven is in view! Those who, as their eyes become dimmed by age, their spiritual vision is more and more intense, and as their ears become deadened to earthly sounds, oftentimes hear the melody of the distant land. Some who are so near the heavenly Jerusalem as to dimly see the lofty turrets and gilded domes, whose feet are on the brink of the river, exulting in glorious prospect of eternal reward, their sun sets in a clear sky, and henceforth is one eternal day! Blessed the memory of such departed ones! Hallowed the thought of their holy walk and godly counsels! Monumental is such record, and all exalting to our common Saviour, Christ the Lord!

The history of the Church, from Paul to Wesley, gives glorious examples. In later times Carvosso, in humble sphere, and the sainted Reeves, bore bravely the standard down to death. In circles of distinction did Lady Huntington prove the power of a vitalized Christianity, and Mrs. Fletcher, in all conditions, glorified the Lord. Then our Church glows

with the radiance of holy example from such as Mrs. Garretson, while Western New York still reflects the beautiful life of Mrs. Dr. Bartlett. The memory of "Mother Stebbins" is shrined in the heart's holiest sanctuary of many in New York and New Jersey, while that of Henry Moore is alike precious. Elijah Miller left an influence for God that ceases not, and we of Troy Conference remember gratefully good Fathers Howe and Covell, passed on before. Dr. Bangs is a household name throughout Methodism, and his later years were ripe and rich with the graces of the Spirit. Father Kent went up a little before him to receive the conqueror's palm. And who that ever listened to the burning testimony of Sister Truslow, can doubt the triumphs of grace over every infirmity, and that now all are exchanged for the robe, the palm, the crown.

At a love-feast we heard the testimony of a mother in Israel, seventy-six years along in life's journey, and almost fifty in the King's highway. With bowed form and tremulous tone she spoke of Jesus. The first utterance seemed the outburst of a heart all panting to declare a Saviour's love, and kindled devotion all around. Said she, "O, brethren and sisters, this is the brightest Sabbath morning I ever knew; I am having my best days in my old days! Oh! How I love Jesus, and how He loves me!" And thus did she, in similar strains, tell of mercy, until her tones were full and clear, and rung out upon us like the sound of youth's clear voice. She seemed to lose her feebleness, and receive something of the freshness of that eternal youth she will soon put on.

Another just stepping into the flood, testified to a freshness and intensity of experience in her later years, quite beyond her earlier life; and, as we gathered to witness the launching of her bark for the other shore, we sung of the heavenly clime, and when there, it was "Never to come back any more," with heaven-lit smile and glory-covered brow, she exclaimed, "We shall never want to! We'll stay with Jesus when we go to Him." Wondrous grace! that causes

death's doings to heighten the sunset
splendor of the soul, and spans the grave
with the rainbow of eternal promise!
How many aged pilgrims sing,

"And now in age and grief, thy name
Doth still my languid heart inflame,
And bow my falt'ring knee;
Oh! yet this bosom feels the fire,
This trembling hand, and drooping lyre
Have yet a strain for Thee.

"Yes! broken, tuncless, still, O Lord,
This voice transported shall record
Thy goodness tried so long;
'Till sinking slow, with calm decay,
It's feeble murmurs melt away
Into a seraph's song."

For the Guide.

"O GOD FORGIVE."

MRS. H. M. BRADLEY.

O God! forgive my sinful heart
That kept its love so long from Thee,
And would not from its idols part
Nor cared from self to be set free.

Forgive, I pray, the doubts and fears
I built around me like a wall;
Through which for weary painful years
I scarce could see my Lord at all.

Forgive the feebly flickering light
I showed the world and called it thine,
Ah me! some stumbled into night
Lured on by this dim ray of mine.

Forgive O Lord, my stubborn will
Which oft refused to give thee praise,
Pride and vain glory linger still
And curse with pain my happiest days.

Forgive! though white the harvest shone,
And laborers were faint and few
No help I gave, a useless drone;
Death reaping scores, and nought to do.

Can'st thou whose heart is tenderness
Find in its depth some pity left
Wherewith a stricken soul to bless,
By sin of every good bereft?

Will prayers and tears bring restful peace?
Or promises weigh aught with Thee?
May sighs and groans this instant cease
And I from sin be ever free?

O wondrous Love! ashamed I view
Thy wounded breast; its cleansing tide
Streams forth to wash my soul anew,
While close in Thy embrace I hide.

For the Guide.

THE HOPE OF GLORY.

REV. F. H. WHEELER.

Oh, what a joy! to think that from
this prison-house of clay, shall, one day,
burst a winged spirit—soaring to the
skies. Is it not enough to cheer us even
in the darkest hour, to know that,
though "sorrow may endure for a
night," such joy as this "cometh in the
morning?" A joy "unspeakable and
full of glory!" A joy which makes the
very heart bound within us to think of.
Oh, my soul, is it so, that thou, poor
prisoner, in this narrow tabernacle of
the flesh, shall yet be free as the bird
that cleaves the summer air, and soars
aloft in the very eye of day? Shalt
thou, poor pilgrim, in this vale of tears,
whose weary feet have trod the narrow
paths, with scarce one hour of rest
through all the toilsome way, be decked
in robes of light, and welcomed to the
mansions of the just?

Why, then, repine at Jesus' easy
yoke? why shun the path His own dear
feet have trod? Since "these light af-
flictions, which are but for a moment,
shall work out for thee a far more ex-
ceeding and eternal weight of glory?"
Let us think, for a moment, of what we
shall enjoy in roaming the bright plains
of paradise for evermore. Where ever
we move new beauties greet our aston-
ished eyes (like a glorious vision, whose
grand and glowing scenes are ever
changing and forever new), while soul-
stirring harmonies from angel-choirs are
wafted on every gale. As we behold
these glorious sights, and hear these
ravishing sounds, we remember the faint
imaginings of mortal poets, whose wild,
unearthly fancies were derided as the
offspring of a frantic brain; and see
how infinitely short they fell of the
glorious realities of the heavenly world.
And, as we wander on, bathed in the
sun-light of eternal day, we shall meet
departed friends, now sadly wept
among the loved and lost: dear brethren,
sisters, husbands, wives, and the good
and great of every age and clime. There
shall we see Wesley, the great evangel-
ist, the fruits of whose labors in the

Master's vineyard are still ripening for the heavenly garner, and aged Paul, the grand Apostle to the Gentiles. Oh, praise the Lord! shall I ever sit at the feet of him who sat at the feet of Gamaliel, and hear from the lips of him who made Felix tremble, the wonders of the Cross in the days of the early Church? It stirs my very heart to think of it! What a grand old man he was! especially in that closing scene, where, standing upon the very shore of time, and about to plunge into the untried ocean of eternity, he looked back upon a life which had been one field of conflict with the enemies of Christ, and cried, "I have fought the good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith,—henceforth, there is laid up for me a crown, which the Lord, the righteous Judge, shall give to me in that day, and not to me only, but to all them that love His appearing." Oh, what a glorious diadem is that, before whose radiance the stars of heaven shall pale their ineffectual fires, and which shall shine on, with undiminished lustre, when those glowing fires shall have been quenched forever in eternal night. Let us remember, as we journey on, that if Christ be in us, "this hope of glory" shall be surely ours.

TOLEDO, Ohio, 1867.

For the Guide.

RECOLLECTIONS OF THE PAST.

REV. B. SABIN.

Ithaca, Tompkins County, New York. In A. D. 1794, the first society of the M. E. Church was organized, by the Rev. John Broadhead, of eighteen members, and was included in a large circuit, but, after several years, it dwindled away, and the preachers left Ithaca as a "valley of dry bones."

In A. D. 1817, some pious families, from the City of New York, moved into the place, and another society was formed of eight members, and after eight or nine years of sunshine, and dark trying storms, the great Head of the Church watered the seed "sown in tears," by His faithful suffering servants, and there

was a bountiful harvest of a thousand souls in the village and on the surrounding hills.

In A. D. 1826, on the south-side of the village, where a few Africans met to seek the Lord, the "great revival" began, "Not by power, or by might, but by my Spirit, saith the Lord of hosts," His "doctrine distilled as the dew" among the people, and in August, at our camp-meeting in Lansing, the society and people from Ithaca were greatly benefited. "Holiness to the Lord" was our motto. After a sermon from "Have ye received the Holy Ghost since ye believed?" one of our most respectable itinerant ministers arose, and said, "He had preached upwards of sixteen years, and believed the doctrine of 'entire sanctification,' but he had not experienced it as was his privilege; his heart was not renewed in the image of God as it should be, nor could he preach to others as he should; felt determined to seek for a 'clean heart;'" requested prayers, and wept as he sat down. His confession caused great searching of heart and inquiry for the blessing. When he preached, entire consecration was his theme, with tears and sighs for the all "cleansing blood." The last night of the meeting was glorious! The preaching was clear and powerful, from "Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God." Then an exhortation upon the same subject, "purity of heart," and telling experiences of the great blessing, had a most salutary effect. "Great grace" rested down upon the encampment; preachers and people wept, sacrificed, and covenanted to be wholly for God. That filthy weed, tobacco, with the box, was put under foot, to be used no more. The victory was gained! Many from Ithaca returned home with "their robes washed and made white in the 'blood of the Lamb;'" and nine converted to God.

This gave a new impulse to the revival. The people were aroused to think more seriously upon their soul's salvation. One of the merchants, as he was about going to New York for goods, told his partner in trade, and others, jocose-

ly, to "get religion while he was gone," not thinking they would, but before he returned they had all experienced it." "Now," said he, "I will have it, if I go through fire and blood." He went immediately to the meeting, and to the altar for prayer; but, ah! he did not find it so easy to get religion as he thought it was. His heart must first be broken up for sin. He felt worse and worse as he struggled in the "horrible pit" of his iniquity, for several days. It was a sorrowful time for him; but as they continued in prayer, he was enabled to "cast his burden upon the Lord;" he arose from the floor, and knelt upon the bench, then pitched over into the arms of the brethren. The merchant was clothed, and in his right mind, rejoicing and praising God.

The work progressed in great power. About this time, meetings were held night and day; in one of them, about mid-day, only a few of the brethren, and some serious persons were present. They were surprised to see the district-attorney come in, alone, and pensively take a seat. No one suspected he wanted religion, or why he came; but soon one of the sisters, a friend and acquaintance of his, knelt and expressly prayed for him, calling his name. She took him in the arms of faith and love, and ascended higher and higher, in Jesus' name, to the mercy-seat, and there, in the audience chamber of the Deity, fervently pleaded for his salvation. Then she let him down respectfully to his seat again. His mind was now fixed for religion. He was at the altar for prayer in every meeting; but it was some days before he found relief to his troubled heart. Others were converted, but he was left in the dark! One evening, when the meeting was like the "battle of the warrior, with confused noise, and garments rolled in blood," the lawyer, perhaps, thought "if he could retire to some still place, with a few choice brethren to pray with him, he could do better," and so tried it. All prayed without confusion or noise; but they were soon back to the church, "the old battle ground of God," where many were blest with pardon and purity.

After long and hard striving with the powers of darkness, he was comforted with peace in believing in Christ.

It is now more than forty years since these things took place in Ithaca. "The glory has not departed." The Church has prospered and multiplied greatly; many of them have removed to different parts of the land, and there "abound in the work of the Lord." They are in these lake countries, "with the armor on," and here, too, they die well."

About twenty years ago, in the city of Ann Arbor, that venerable mother in Israel, Mrs. Margaret Cross, in the eighty-third year of her age, and sixty-first of her spiritual life, who participated in the revival, and saw her children converted to God in Ithaca, died happy "in the Lord." Also, our beloved Brother Randolph, converted at the same time and place, left us to rest with Christ. Ah, yes, they "die well." Amen.

We pen these few recollections in the seventy-eighth year of our life, encompassed with infirmities, waiting in the land of "Beulah," where pain is sweet, and life or death is gain, "for the coming of our Lord, to take His exile home," intending to "follow the Lamb whithersoever He goeth." "Yea, though I walk through the valley and shadow of death, I will fear no evil, for Thou art with me, Thy rod and Thy staff they comfort me." Thanks be to God, who giveth us the victory, through our Lord Jesus Christ. Amen.

"Forever with the Lord!

Amen, so let it be!

Life from the dead is in that word,

'Tis immortality."

HOMER, Calhoun County, Mich.

When death comes we walk down in the valley of shadows, knowing that we shall find there the shining footprints of the Savior, and confident that in due time the morning light of the resurrection will break upon the spirit, and we shall be with God forever.—M. R. Thayer.

Eternal salvation is the great end of life. Get what you will, if you lose this, you have lost the purpose of existence.

TEXT NEVER TO BE FORGOTTEN

Extract of a sermon preached by Bishop James at the Newark Conference Camp-Meeting, Morristown, New Jersey, before an audience of 15,000, from the text, "If we say we have no sin, we deceive ourselves and the truth is not in us. If we confess our sins, He is faithful and just to forgive us our sins, and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness. If we say we have not sinned, we make Him a liar, and His word is not in us." I John i 8-10. We take it as reported for the "Methodist."—Eps.

These two blessings, pardon and regeneration, justification and sanctification, are here presented in the same manner, offered upon the same condition, and guaranteed to us by the same assurances. That is the first general remark to which we ask your attention upon this subject—the faithfulness and justice of God. We have defined this cleansing from all unrighteousness to be the renewing of our souls by the Holy Ghost. The question naturally arises, "When is this done? At the same time that we are pardoned? I answer, partly at the same time that you are awakened. The first time that you have a thought of God come into your mind, a consciousness of guilt and depravity, and see and feel your need of forgiveness and regeneration, the very first time that a thought and desire of holiness is suggested and inspired within you, you are made the better for it, you are holier than before; and then, as you progress in seeking forgiveness, the associations in your mind, the very thinking as you do of God, the reading as you do the Bible, the very association of Christ in your mind with the atonement which you need, and the salvation which you hope for—these thoughts improve your character; they have a power of association upon your character, and make you better, and though you feel yourself to be getting worse and worse all the while, thank God! you are getting better. And when, in your repentance, you come to Christ, and trust your guilty soul to his atonement and mediation, and ask for pardon in his name and for his sake, and God hears your cry, and forgives your sin, and removes your guilt, he gives you, at the same time, "the washing of regeneration and the renewing of the Holy Ghost." Your purification has been greatly promoted.

Oh! how changed now your thoughts,

feelings, and the condition of your heart! The things you before hated you love. Oh! how you love prayer, and the Bible, and goodness, and good people, and God, and heaven! How changed now the current of your affections, and the desire of your soul! How you hate sin, abhor it! How unclean it is in your sight! How vile and corrupt seems to have been your former life! How you now abhor all sin! What a change of character! And, now, with your heart so changed, you love Jesus and God, and hate sin and every evil way. Oh! how it troubles you that you find in yourself yet thoughts, and feelings, and motives, and suggestions that are unholy; that God cannot approve; that you do not approve, but hate. And now there remains this further work to be done, stated in the text as a "cleansing from all unrighteousness." How shall we obtain it? I said before, our sanctification and justification were presented upon the same condition. "If we confess our sins, he is faithful and just to forgive us our sins, and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness." And what we have to do now, in order to realize this full sanctification, is to confess to God our sinfulness—what remains of sin within us—what we still find of evil in our hearts; to do it with penitence, with godly sorrow, acknowledging how helpless we are, and that nothing but the blood of Christ can cleanse from all sin; and, at the same time that we do this, send up our struggling desires to God for the sanctifying influences of his Holy Spirit. When we thus confess, God sends down this Spirit to effect this work in our hearts. "He is faithful and just to cleanse us from all unrighteousness."

Another question rises, which we will notice: "May it be done instantly, or must it be progressive?" I again repeat, and I intend you shall never forget the text until you go to heaven; and I am sure you will not forget it there: the conditions of justification and sanctification, according to the text, are the same. Well, how about justification? May that be instantaneous, or must it be gradual? I am told that there was one man converted here yesterday who had been seek-

ing pardon for seven years. I think that was a gradual conversion—gradual justification. I am glad he found pardon after seeking seven years; and it would have been worth seeking for seven years more, if he hadn't found it. But, then, I insist he would have honored God more if seven years ago he had cast his helpless soul on Christ, and, by faith, received pardon, and regeneration, and adoption, and been all these seven years a happy child of God, a disciple of our Lord Jesus Christ. It would have been much better for him and more honoring to God.

But when we seek forgiveness, there must be a moment when God says: "Thy sins are forgiven thee." And when the pardon is written both in his book and on the heart, oh! how quick it comes, and how consciously are we apprised of the fact! And I believe we may be a long time seeking our sanctification, and growing better all the while too. The work may be gradual according to the context, that "if we walk in the light as he is in the light, we have fellowship one with another, and the blood of Jesus Christ his Son cleanses us from all sin." This walking with God of itself is a sanctifying power, and the meditating upon God, reading the Word of God, observing the sacraments and ordinances of God, are all transforming, and no man can be in a justified state, and "walk in the light," without growing better. And if he continues to walk with God, there will come in his experience a moment when he will rejoice in the consciousness that the promise of the text has been fulfilled, that he is cleansed from all unrighteousness—every affection holy, every aspiration of his spirit pure, every motive right; he can say with the Psalmist: "Thou restorest my soul." He has received the spirit of "power, and of love, and of a sound mind." The soul is restored—restored to the image and nature of God; he is "cleansed from all sin."

But the point to which I now invite attention is this: May we receive its sanctifying power sooner? May these hearts here before me to-day, who desire above everything else to be made pure, may they realize this experience now?

Our text teaches us that, "if we confess our sins, he is faithful and just to forgive us our sins, and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness." *When?* When does he forgive? Why, when we confess and forsake our sins. When does he cleanse us from all unrighteousness? I answer, in the words of my text, when "we confess and forsake our sins"—confess them under a sense of humiliation and contrition for the remaining corruption in our soul—come to Him, and, in the name of the blessed Mediator, ask and receive—that is the moment; and because God does it, it can be done now. If you or I had to do it, it would be a very progressive work; but, as God does it, he can do it as quickly as he created the world. He who "spake, and and it was done," can speak to thy soul, and life, and love, and power shall flow through every part of thy redeemed nature. Expect it now. "Now is the accepted time, and now is the day of salvation."

I wish to call your attention to one more consideration here. I ask my brethren who have some misgivings on this question, about this instantaneous sanctification, what we are going to do with all the experience of the Church on this subject? It has been one of our exultant doctrines that religion was experimental, that religion was conscious, and we have preached most persistently and vehemently the witness of the Spirit to our justification; and we have quoted—oh! how many thousand times—the language of Wesley: "My heart strangely warmed." We have said *that* was conscious conversion, and have rejoiced in it, and have sought the same blessing, and have found it, and exulted in it. Well, now, what shall we do, when Fletcher, and Benson, and Bramwell, and David Stoner, and Doctors Fisk and Olin and Bangs, and tens of thousands of others, have testified, both in life and death, that they are conscious of the hour and place when God, by the Holy Ghost, cleansed them from all unrighteousness? What are you going to do with this testimony? You must believe it, or you must doubt the wit-

ness of the Spirit in the case of justification.

Well, now, if it be possible for us to realize instantly and to-day this cleansing from all unrighteousness, will any member of the Church of our Lord Jesus Christ go from this place, go from this ground, unsanctified? Will you not now confess what remains of worldliness and imperfectness in your heart? What remains there of wrong motive and wrong spirit? How much God sees that yet needs to be done for you! Then will you not bow down here before Him, and most humbly and penitently confess it, and ask and receive through our Lord Jesus Christ the sanctifying Spirit? Is there not in goodness an attraction? And is there not in the fellowship of God a fruition which is sufficient to attract, to draw, to allure you to the blood that cleanses from all sin? Oh! by the beauty and bliss of holiness, I beg you, one and all, come and seek it, and seek it now, and expect it now! Let this be the hour when, and the place from which the tidings shall go to heaven that you have fallen into the "fountain opened for sin and uncleanness." Let God, for Christ's sake, sanctify you wholly; and then look to Him, and continue to look to Him, that you may be preserved blameless unto the coming of our Lord Jesus Christ.

And I am pleased, my heart exults in the fact, that I can say to my guilty fellow-men, there is pardon for you. I remember the time when I was impenitent, and remember even better when I was penitent, I bowed before God, and confessed my sins, and found mercy. Oh! come and seek, by repentance toward God, the forgiveness of all your sins! But I desire most intensely that the Church, that the children of God, that believers, should receive the fulfillment of the promise of the text in all the plenitude of the Divine blessing. Oh! be not satisfied, but continue seeking until you find cleansing from all unrighteousness; until there is no guilty stain; no unholy affection; no sinful desire; no wrong motive, lurking in your spirit; but all be cleansed away by the power of the Holy Ghost.

It will still be a historic fact that we have sinned. But also that we have confessed, been forgiven, and cleansed from all unrighteousness. Therefore, we in heaven can join in the song unto "Him that loved us, and washed us from our sins in His own blood, and hath made us kings and priests unto God and His Father. To Him be glory and dominion, for ever and ever. Amen."

Praying God that we may be a holy Church on earth, I hope we may meet in heaven in the presence of God and the enjoyment of His glory through Jesus Christ. Amen.

For the Guide.

THE OPEN FOUNTAIN.

MRS. S. J. STODDART.

Joy to the thirsty! joy to the faint!
Come to this fountain with every complaint!
Burdened with sorrow, or laden with sin—
Its waters are *healing*, O haste to step in!

Healing and *cleansing*! it washes away
All sin and uncleanness—why should we delay?

Though our sins be like scarlet, 'tis joyful to know

This fountain can wash us yet whiter than snow!

'Tis free and exhaustless—no price need we bring,

It flows from the side of our Saviour and King—

Life-giving and sweet, it refreshes and saves—
I would plunge me forever beneath its rich waves!

O fountain of love! O bottomless sea!
So vast, that a world may find healing in thee!

What measure is equal thy value to tell?
What numbers thy praises sufficiently swell!

With the voice of a trumpet I'd gladly proclaim

Salvation to all, through the Saviour's dear name!

I would tell to the weary, the thirsty, and faint

Of this glorious fountain for every complaint.

For the Guide.

PRECIOUS EXPERIENCE.

F. M. MERRIAM.

The autumn of 1866 will ever be remembered by me with emotions of deepest gratitude and love toward the gentle Saviour, who then taught me more fully and clearly than I had ever before comprehended, that He is "the way, the truth, and the life."

For more than a year my thoughts had been unaccountably drawn towards a doctrine that I had ever regarded as unsupported by the word of God, and though I tried to forget the subject, it came to me "morning, noon, and night," till I could not rest without investigating it thoroughly, in the clear light of Divine truth. Almost against my will, I read Wesley's "Christian Perfection," and could but be convinced by his masterly arguments, based, as they are, on God's immutable truth, and by the co-incident whisperings of the Spirit to my heart; and ere I finished once reading the book I had many times laid it down, and in anguish of soul knelt before God, calling upon Him to sanctify me wholly.

But I knew not how to "let the King of Glory in," for, though from a child I had felt that He was my Father, I had never clearly comprehended faith, and, like thousands of others, wanted the blessing before I believed. There was no living witness that the blood of Christ cleanseth from all sin to whom I could go for instruction, for not one in all the adjacent neighborhoods professed to experimentally know that holiness of heart is attainable, and many discarded it altogether. So in darkness and distress I lived through long months, reading the Bible, and some standard articles from able witnesses for Christ, and kept praying, "Lord, sanctify my heart," but gained little comfort.

I had one correspondent to whom I unbossomed my distress, and her cheering words—for she had recently entered the "rest of faith," were strong helps to me. Through her agency I became acquainted with "The Guide," and from its pure pages learned much of the

nature of faith, and sometimes thought I understood it, and a gleam of light would flash athwart my soul; but, before I could appreciate it, it had gone, leaving me trembling with indescribable emotions.

Late in September, 1866, I was visiting, more than twenty miles from home. I had grown almost discouraged in regard to obtaining that blessing I so much desired, and being in young mirthful society, had become rather careless concerning it; but our merciful God yet watched me with a love that none but He can show, and in a manner most unexpected to me, intensified my desires for His fullness.

Turning from my young associates one day, I opened the large book-case, and began reading the titles of the volumes there, without any definite purpose. Titles that would usually have been very attractive to me were listlessly read, and I was about turning away when a small volume with the single word, "Holiness" on the back arrested my attention. For a moment I was undecided, whether or not to take it down, but the faithful Spirit urged, "Look at it!" I did so, and found it was a book I had much desired to read. Mrs. Palmer's "Way of Holiness, with Notes by the Way." My friend, at my request, kindly lent me the book, and I brought it home, and at the earliest opportunity gave it a careful reading. But before I had read it through it had been the means, under God, of opening my eyes unto the true light. Here I would fain pause in my narration, and cry,—Bless the Lord, O my soul, and forget not all His benefits: who forgiveth all thine iniquities, who healeth all thy diseases, who redeemeth thy life from destruction, who crowneth thee with loving kindness and tender mercies!"

Since that time there has been a new and wonderful beauty and depth of meaning in the Book of books to my soul, and I can truly say, it is "a lamp to my feet, and a light to my path."

But, does any anxious one inquire what did I do to insure the reception of the blessing? I answer, in the strength of

God I laid my ALL at His feet, determined to be none but His, and then said, "Lord, I am thine; I can be no other's. I *believe* thou *dost*, thou HAST purified my entire being, for thy Son's sake." No swelling, overwhelming tide of joy came, nothing more than a calmness, a firm resolution, a feeling of God-given strength, and, though I was terribly tempted to yield my faith, my Saviour kept me, and I worked for Him just as though I had received great joy, for that had been, and still is my vow unto Him. Renewed and increased strength came with the performance of duties devolving upon me, and gradually my temptations to doubt became fewer, till now they are counted as things of the past.

But, though my confidence in the *Faithful and True* is stronger far than it used to be, the cross is still the cross to me; indeed, I sometimes feel as though it were a greater trial for me to confess Christ now than when I had nothing more than justification to profess. Extreme natural sensitiveness renders it a very great trial to profess sanctification; but, God helping me, so long as I *possess* I will *profess*, and by the same grace I will *possess* forever.

Of late it has been impressed with unusual vividness on my mind that the religion of Christ must be belived *moment by moment*; that entire consecration one moment is no safeguard for the next. Surely we must "pray without ceasing," if we live constantly in Christ.

"One thing have I desired of the Lord, that will I seek after; that I may dwell in the house of the Lord all the days of my life, to behold the beauty of the Lord, and to inquire in His temple."

FAIRVIEW, Ill.

For the Guide.

"TRUST BELIEVINGLY."

M. P. H.

On one occasion, I was suffering bodily, and having lain down one afternoon, I fell into a peaceful slumber. While thus, I had a dream, that made so vivid an impression upon me, that I have never forgotten it. I appeared, in my sleep, to be talking with some one, and the person

4

with whom I was conversing, said to me several times, distinctly, "trust," "trust," "trust." I replied, "I do trust."

But this did not seem to satisfy my companion and he said several times, "trust believingly." I at once felt the power of the words, and I was enabled to *trust* in God "*believingly*." Every moment, my faith increased, until it seemed that my soul was of so great a volume, that it could grasp Infinity. I never supposed before, that one in the flesh could feel such ecstatic joy while cumbered with this "clay tenement." I make mention of this for the glory of God.

I have rather been disposed to be skeptical, in regard to dreams and anything out of the ordinary manner of God's dealings; but, if He sees fit to appear thus to His children, shall we refuse to admit the Heavenly Guest? For whether "living or dying," sleeping or waking, are we not altogether the Lord's?

For the Guide,

A PAGE FROM MY DIARY.

C. E. T.

Another year is begun and what record shall it bear to heaven! . "What news of the glory?" What tidings of salvation's power, and the holy triumphs of the Cross?

What angel echoes shall its victories awaken, and how many sheaves shalt thy gleanings gather for thy waiting Lord, O my soul, or jewels for thy blood bought crown? "Awake, awake, put on thy strength." Renew thy covenant with thy God.

The day of Pentecost is fully come. Bring in the tithes. He claims his own. Thy time, thy talents, name, estate, and loves. He has for each a mission. He waits to test thy worth upon the altar fires which burn forever before His great white throne,—and calls thee to the trial, with the promise, “Thou shalt come forth as gold.”

Go, helpless, sluggish soul, lose thy
sinful self, in that sacred flame of holy
love—through that volume filled with
blood divine, which ever flows to make
thee whole, find thy way to His feet
who is “thy wisdom, thy righteous—

ness, thy sanctification, and thy redemption," and there wait—fix thy longing eyes on that countenance which is as the sun shining in his strength, till the searching light reveals an answer to thine oft repeated prayer, "Lord, what wilt Thou have me to do." Does thy weakness overwhelm thee? and thy nothingness make thee afraid to undertake the mighty work? No wonder. Linger still. Tarry yet in thy Jerusalem. Wait for the Father's promise. Steadfastly keep thy gaze upon the risen living Saviour, interceding at the Father's right hand in thy behalf. Wait until life's Author shall infuse His new love-life into thy heart and thence through all thy being.

All glory to His name, He gives enough of strength, confidence, courage, to stand undaunted against a frowning, persecuting world! "O! hidden life of God to mortals given!" 'Tis only their's to ask. Thine, O Father, to bestow.

HARTFORD, N. Y.

For the Guide.

LIGHT IN DARK PLACES.

MRS. M. E. M'ALLISTER.

"Thrice happy he whom through each devious path
The lamp of faith conducts with steady light!
His spirit quails not at the tempest's wrath,
He trembles not when lowers the moonless night,
Nor fears the ocean's roar."

We stood by the bedside of a dying Christian. Noble in intellect, beloved by all, in the prime of life, eminent for usefulness as a minister of the Gospel, we wondered why death should be permitted to fix his seal there. Reason argues—so much needed. Brethren in toil, cultivators together of Emanuel's land, gather around, and would fain detain the spirit bursting its bonds—for he is a leader in the van of the host. But, hush! a respite from pain is given, and the sufferer sleeps. A heavenly smile plays upon the countenance; light from the upper world is reflected upon that face of clay. The eyes gently open, and are directed towards the darkened window. The lips move and we catch the whisper, "*Oh, how beautiful! How beautiful!*" His weeping companion approaches, "Shall I throw open the shutters, so that you

may once again look upon the beauties of nature?" The countenance already radiant in Heaven's own light beams with more than angelic glory as he responds, "*Oh, I see beyond the shutters!*"

Reason is hushed. Faith comes to the rescue, penetrating through the darkness of "Our light affliction, which is but for a moment," and we respond, "Clouds and darkness are round about him, but righteousness and judgment are the habitation of His throne."

Beloved!—are the storms of earth howling around thy habitation, threatening to engulf, amid the waves upon which thy frail bark is tossed hither and thither? Art thou a mourner? Has affliction thrown her sable garb over all nature? Art thou a wanderer, darkness over thee, and thy pillow a stone? Art thou in poverty's vale? Has disease laid its wasting hand upon thee? Look! O, look! beyond the darkened window! Let faith pierce the gloom of the things seen, and take thee beyond, to the things unseen—"beyond the shutters!" There all is light.

Hear the voice. It's joyful echo comes penetrating the darkest gloom of earthly sorrow: "Behold, I have loved thee with an everlasting love." "He that overcometh shall inherit all things," whether he be the king upon his throne of earthly glory, or a weeping Lazarus at the rich man's gate. Walk amid earth's pollutions with garments white, and thou shalt "have right to the tree of life; and enter through the gate into the city."

"There no bond is ever sever'd,
Partings, claspings, sob and moan,
Midnight waking, twilight weeping,
Heavy noontide, all are done."

LEROY, Mich.

For the Guide.

PRACTICAL HOLINESS.

BY A MEMBER OF THE SOCIETY OF FRIENDS.

With regard to the doctrine of practical holiness, it is desirable for us to see first that *God*, none other or less than He, calls us to it; for then we can seek it in faith and confidence.

Firstly, then, the calling: 1 Pet. i. 15,

16, shows to those elect unto obedience, (verses 1, 2), that as He which *called* you is holy, so be ye holy in all manner of conversation, as it is written, "Be ye holy, for I am holy." Eph. i. 4, "According as He hath chosen us in Him before the foundation of the world, that we should be holy and without blame before Him in love," is addressed to those who could join the Apostle in saying, (verse 7), "in whom we have redemption through his blood, even the forgiveness of sins." "This is the will of God, even your sanctification," 2 Cor. vii. 1; 1 Thess. iii. 13, and iv. 7, show that believers are called to holiness—the measure of that holiness being, 1 Thess. v. 23, 24, "sanctified wholly," body, soul, and spirit being preserved blameless, by Him who called them and is faithful.

Now, what is the *power* for holiness—none other than Christ in us, the hope of glory, (the mystery preached to Gentile believers), God working in us according to the mighty power which He wrought in Christ when He raised Him from the dead; and strengthened in our *inner man* with *all* might by the Spirit, the Triune Jehovah being set forth as engaged in the sanctification of the believer's soul.

Now the *means*—the prayer of faith—if we ask anything *according* to His will He heareth us, and this is His will, even our own sanctification. "Whatsoever things ye desire when ye pray, believe that ye receive, and ye shall have them." All things are possible to him who believeth. "As ye have received Christ, (that is by faith) so walk ye in Him." Go to Him and surrender all, asking for Him to sanctify us wholly, to cause us to cease from our own works, and live by Jesus as our life. Take the shield of faith, whereby ye "shall be able to quench (not some, but) *all* the fiery darts of the wicked one."

When a temptation presents, turn instantly to Jesus, and say, "Save me, *Saviour*, from this sin. I cannot save myself; cause me to abide in Thee, that I may not sin." Watch unto prayer, and pray believing. According to our faith be it unto us.

This is the glorious experience of the early Friends, and what they were calling *Christians* unto, and their unworldly practices, and rules of religious conduct grew out of this practically holy life, walk and experience.

There is a sanctification in being washed from all past sins in the blood of the Lamb, by the offering of the body of Jesus Christ, once for all. It is not of that, but of the manifestation of this in our life and walk, from moment to moment, of which I would write.

Without faith it is *impossible* to please God; *with* faith, it is possible, through His power in us, "to walk and to please God." 1 Thess. iv. 1. Yes, Col. i. 10, it is possible to walk worthy of the Lord, unto *all* pleasing.

How wonderful! How blessed!

For the Guide.

PRECIOUS SABBATH.

CARRIE.

The Sabbath of October 20th, 1867, is one long to be remembered; at daylight we held sweet communion with Him who is Lord of the Sabbath, then, when the morning bells chimed beautifully upon our ear, we found harmonies within set to Gospel measure. We heard a beautiful sermon, from the text, "But Jerusalem which is above is free, which is the mother of us all." The motherhood of Heaven, the motherhood of the celestial Jerusalem—"Jerusalem above, which is the mother of us all."

The afternoon of this warm October day we rested beneath the shadow of the cross. "Life is real." The week just passed had been one of toil and weariness, and the Sabbath rest came restfully. So, hiding ourselves beneath this shade, we listened for His voice, we waited for His "Peace." It came. O when Christ speaks, how still we become. Christ, the name fixes our gaze, the possession of Him satisfies us. Glory be to the Father for such a Son! Christ is all the world to me. What think ye of Him?

Evening time came on, and still we kept our resting place. The gathering darkness made us feel the safety of the

place; we felt peculiarly the strength needed and wanted, for night always brings a sense of dependence; we crept closer, as closer fell the robe of night o'er our home, and sweetly vibrated upon our ear.

"Softly on the breath of evening,
Comes the tender sigh of day,
Lonely heart by sorrow driven,
'Tis the time to pray."

Our heart o'erflowed as we poured out thanks for the cross, for the "Good Friday" that gave us a resurrection morning—a risen Christ; and the consciousness of a living Christ, then and there, gave us a glad note to victory. Glory to the Lamb!

Again we entered the church of God, just as the choir were chanting, "It is well, God's ways are always right, though far above our sight;" and we listened, only forgetting the strain as we bowed our hearts to give thanks for the way in which we had been led. "It is well, it is well," "we'll praise Him for all that is passed, and trust Him for all that's to come." Solemnly but gratefully fell upon our ear the evening text, "Eternity," "Eternity." To us who are straining our vision for glimpses of our eternal home, listening for the song of nations being born in a day, longing for a sight of the forever, it was sweet to hear coming from the faithful pastor, "Eternity for you."

"When we've been there ten thousand years."

O that we may be ready to enter into the city whose builder and maker is God. When He calls, may we answer, "It doth not yet appear what we shall be, but we know that when He shall appear we shall be like Him, for we shall see Him as He is." "He that overcometh shall sit down on my throne." There, weary one, is a place for you. Ye shall "sit down." O, blessed Christ! O, precious, adorable Saviour! Glory and honor be unto Thee, forever and forever!

The day passed and we returned home, feeling

"Thine earthly Sabbaths, Lord, we love,
But there's a nobler rest above."

And in the sweetness and charm of such a day's rest we found ample compensation for all the weariness and toil of the week gone by—a truer appreciation of His wisdom in securing a rest for such weary mortals, and an intenser desire to live for Him, to use, used and *unused* powers for Him who giveth us richly all things to enjoy.

For the Guide.

PURITY OF HEART.

PROF. A. N. CRAFT.

God of nature is not antagonistic to God of grace. God's works of nature every where give evidence of the perfection of His character. He cares as tenderly for the little being so minute, that a million of them would not be equal to a grain of sand, as he does for orbs a million times larger than the earth, that course their way through the realms of space, with many hundred times the rapidity of a ball shot from a cannon's mouth. Every where in nature we find a constant development. The oak is not the gigantic monarch of the forest when first created. The invisible embryo, warmed by the sun, nourished by nature, develops by slow growth to maturity. Growth in order to maturity is a law of nature and consequently a law of God. Thus it is with the Christian character. There is a growth from the condition of babes in Christ to that of manhood. But as the soul differs from the oak, so the *mode* of growth must be different. The oak, inanimate, is constantly warmed by the sun, fanned by the breeze, and fed by the soil. Its growth is constant. But the soul may shut out the sunlight. Faith is the means of life and growth. "The just shall live by faith." Faith is an instantaneous act, hence the results of faith must be instantaneous. We believe for pardon and reconciliation. But, as soon as the new born spirit arises to work for God, it feels tendencies to disobedience and sin. *This is a fact of universal experience.* He longs for freedom from the "*motives*" of sin. He believes and it is done.

Loved One's Gone Before.

For the Guide.

LOVED MEMORIES.

We do not forget thee, dear sister,
Although we have laid thee to rest.
We know thou wilt feel no more anguish
In that beautiful home of the blest.

How faithful is memory in bringing before us the faces of our departed loved ones. The expression of countenance, the tone of voice, the love-lit eye, all come to us with more than magic power, and we almost feel that we are enjoying the society of our dear ones as in other days.

Through memory's halls come ringing the voice of happy childhood. How we enjoyed the years of school-toil, when hand in hand we plodded on together. Then we felt not the burden of unshed tears upon our heart, and knew not the pang of parting. She was an only sister, whose love had always been so true!

When such friends part
'Tis the survivor dies

She loved the blessed Saviour from a child, and during the meetings held by Dr. and Mrs. Palmer at Cleveland, last winter, she experienced the blessing of a pure heart. How sweetly she trusted in Jesus! Religion mingled with all her joys, and shed its serene and heavenly lustre upon all her sorrows.

Strong in the faith that mortality would soon put on immortality, she welcomed "death's gracious angel" with calmness, and a child-like trust. During her illness, after a day of severe bodily pain, I asked her if all was peaceful within. With promptness, she answered, "*I have no doubts.*" No doubts, but that the Everlasting Arm would support her while passing through the valley and shadow of death. No doubts, but that loved ones, on the other shore, would welcome her through the gates into the city. No doubts, but that she would see her Redeemer from sin and death, face to face, and enjoy His presence forever.

I asked her for a parting word to cheer me, amid the loneliness and gloom, when we could see her face no more on earth. "Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace whose mind is stayed on Thee, *because he trusteth in Thee,*" was her expressive response. Her look and

tone showed it to be a promise whose truth she had tested. How those words lighten the load of pain, crushing this poor, bleeding heart *even now.*

A few hours before her death she exclaimed:

"Oh, that the world might taste and see
The riches of His grace.
The arms of love that compass me—"

Here her voice failed, but a look of ineffable sweetness spoke the language of her heart.

At morning worship we sang the hymn, commencing:

"When languor and disease invade."

After prayer, her companion bending over her, repeated the verse,

"Sweet to rejoice in lively hope,
That when my change shall come,
Angels shall hover round my bed,
And waft my spirit home."

She responded, "Yes," with expiring breath, and the angel-band wafted her freed spirit to her immortal home, to be forever with the Lord.

M. A. HAWKINS.

For the Guide.

"SHE IS NOT DEAD, BUT SLEEPETH!"

M.

So we thought, as the sad voice of a friend informed us, that the Rev. Mrs. N. L. Brockway was dead. Not dead! for He who spake as never man spake, said, "I am the resurrection and the life; he that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live; and whosoever liveth, and believeth in me, shall never die."

Hers was a life of sacrifice, toil, privation, and unselfish devotion to the cause of God. Sympathy with Christ—undying love for souls, bid her, with cheerfulness, to share in the labors, and shine as a light in the itinerant's home. Her dwelling was "in the secret place of the Most High, and she safely abode under the shadow of the Almighty." While going "forth, bearing precious seed with weeping," it was by precept and example, to witness to the power of Christ to save to the uttermost.

The banner of holiness waved in the breeze where her lot was cast; and, although, many hearts are made sad, and the happy home desolate, by her departure, heaven re-

joices that another is added to the choir to swell redemption's song. "How unsearchable are the judgments of God, and His ways past finding out." As this laborer had reached a new field, "where the harvest is, indeed, plenteous, and the laborers few," sudden, and unexpectedly, disease, in the form of congestion of the brain and paralysis, sapped the fountain of hope, and an angel convoy bore away the precious jewel, leaving the broken casket among strangers, in the itinerant's home.

Again is witnessed the triumph of grace. Chastened, disappointed, bereft, the Son of Levi says, "It is the Lord; let him do as seemeth Him good;" and, "Though He slay me, yet will I trust in Him." Like Moses, he has "respect unto the recompense of the reward;" and believes that "the sufferings of this present time are not worthy to be compared with the glory which shall be revealed in us." In the language of Wesley can say:

"Though in afflictions furnace tried,
Unhurt, on snares and death I'll tread.
Though sin assail, and hell, thrown wide,
Pour all its flames upon my head;
Like Moses' bush I'll mount the higher,
And flourish, unconsumed, in fire."

WHEATLAND, 1867.

OUR DARLING MARY.

Extract of a letter from Mrs. Mary D. James, of Trenton, New Jersey, December 23, 1867.

Our darling Mary was apparently well, and as bright and cheerful as I ever saw her, on last Monday evening. She, with me, attended a meeting of the Mission School teachers on that evening, and was full of life and joyousness—with her characteristic mirthfulness, was laughing at some pleasant remarks made in the course of our discussions of matters connected with our school, in whose prosperity none were more interested than our sweet Mary. She came home so bright and well, and thus retired.

Next morning she said to her sister, as she arose from her bed, "I feel *unusually well* this morning." She was assisting in preparing breakfast, and was suddenly seized, at half-past eight o'clock, with a severe pain at her heart, and immediately seemed in extreme agony. The first words she uttered

were, "*Blessed Jesus come!*" as in the dreadful paroxysm she sank upon the floor; she seemed in the agonies of death; and, doubtless, the fatal dart of the destroyer had then entered her heart—for she seemed from that moment as if *struck with death* (though we did not then realize it to be so, and hoped for speedy relief and restoration); but in *twenty-eight hours she was in the spirit world! Wednesday at noon.*

Oh! my sister! how could we have borne it, had not our precious Comforter been with us, and the Everlasting Arms our support! "Thanks be unto God, who always causeth us to triumph in Christ Jesus!" We do, indeed, find Him to be a "*Covert from the tempest,*" "*a stronghold in the day of trouble.*"

Words cannot express the gratitude I feel for the *blessed testimony* our precious Mary gave us of the presence of Jesus, and His gracious aid in her agonizing sufferings, and to her latest moment.

As she reclined her head upon my breast, and I was soothing her, and trying to minister to her comfort, I said, "My darling, you know I have often told you how I have been divinely sustained and comforted in sickness and severe suffering, and now you must look to Jesus for strength and support. Do you trust in Him?" "Yes, mother," she replied, and added, "when I was suffering most intensely, these words were given me, 'As one whom His mother comforteth, so will I comfort thee.'" "And does Jesus comfort you now?" "Yes, He does."

When nearing the verge of the river her pastor said to her, "Mary, if it should please God to take you away from earth now, are you ready, and can you fully trust in Jesus?" "Yes, sir; that meeting on Sunday afternoon did me good: I felt such a melting influence there, and I have been enabled to trust in Jesus more fully ever since." That meeting was for the promotion of holiness—just organized the Sabbath previous. God has set His seal upon it, in making it a great blessing to Mary. It was held in the State Street Church, with the cordial approbation of Dr. Bartine. Annie says she heard her dear sister most fervently praying and weeping during the prayers in that meeting on the Sabbath previous to her death. Soon after, she looked up with a sweet smile, and

said, "Blessed Jesus, I am willing to go if it is Thy will."

She said, "Sing 'Rock of Ages, cleft for me,' I always loved it so." We sang it—and in the two last stanzas she joined, singing with a clear, strong voice, and her countenance beaming with heavenly light. Just before she expired she fixed her eyes on a relative, who is not a professing Christian, and exclaimed, in the most emphatic manner, "OH, WHAT COULD WE DO WITHOUT JESUS!" Those were her last words, and, I believe, God will make them a blessing to many.

When I first saw her in the beginning of extreme sufferings, the thought struck me, perhaps she is to be taken away now, and I felt for a moment that it would overwhelm me; but the question was put to my heart, "Would you not be willing God should take her now, if it would be the means of saving souls and reviving the State Street Church?" I replied, "Yes, entirely willing." For with the question there came a conviction that the question there came a conviction that my dear one was ready, although she had not then spoken a word in reference to her state of mind; but I was just as sure that she was safe as if the precious words which she afterwards said had been spoken before.

Oh! how good! how unspeakably kind was our heavenly Father thus to vouchsafe His gracious comfort to our darling one, in the time of her extremity, and so enable her to triumph at the last. A heavenly smile, which lighted up her dear face through all the last struggle, lingered still, after the spirit had fled to make the lifeless clay so beautiful, that every beholder was struck with wonder, and we could but exclaim, "Ah, lovely appearance of death!"

She seemed to be in a sweet sleep—so perfectly natural, and so peaceful and heavenly, that we almost felt she was too beautiful to be laid in the tomb.

Mary's whole life was a beautiful one, and its termination so glorious that I feel as if a memoir should be written for the Sunday School.

Be not content with high resolves, rather be content with even little doings.

It was a maxim of Euripides, either to keep silent, or to speak to something better than silence.

Editorial.

GIFTS.

"Whereby are given unto us exceeding great and precious promises." 2 Peter, i.—GIVEN. Yes, these exceedingly great and precious promises are GIFTS. Purchased at an infinite cost. Free for all who will comply with the conditions. Our difficulties about faith would all be at an end if we would only at heart believe, what we most surely think we believe, that is, the Bible is in verity the WORD OF GOD.

We poor *fallible* creatures, liable to so many mistakes and failures, do not find it so difficult to believe one another. Suppose our excellent Mr. C., who ministered in the name of the Lord to us yesterday, should say, contrary to expectations, "I shall not go on the morrow, but will remain over next Sabbath, and again preach for you in the morning," would you announce it to your friends, and would they not come out expecting to hear him? Why? because they have *confidence in his word*. He tells you, and you announce it to others. It is because *you* have faith in him, and in telling it you manifest, or in other words *profess* your faith in his word, and the *effect* of this faith is, that the people come out with the expectation of hearing him.

Now in regard to every thing in connection with our religious experience, or duties of any and every sort, it is only for us to believe that God will do what He has said He will do. That we shall be tempted to the contrary is only what we ought to expect, "For we wrestle not against flesh and blood, but against principalities, against powers, against the rulers of the darkness of this world, against spiritual wickedness in high places." But the more simple and child-like we are in our faith, the more pleasing we are to God. "Abraham believed God." The more human probabilities contradict our faith the more do we honor God. Our earthly friends love to have us repose confidence in them, and in fact show their displeasure, and feel insulted, if we betray a want of confidence. Are you believing God just now; if so, your faith is imputed unto you for righteousness, as in the case of the father of the faithful.

WILL YOU HAVE YOUR NAME RECORDED?

We may have all the religion we will live for. "Through desire a man having separated himself." Paul, who was once Saul of Tarsus, separated himself to the great work of saving men, that he resolved to know nothing among men save Jesus, and Him crucified. He was learned in the law, and was doubtless entitled to some consideration among the theologians, and perhaps also among the literati of his day, but he had one consuming desire.

And what was this one desire, in which all the powers of his mental and physical being were so absorbed, that all things else were counted less? O, it was to know Christ who had loved him and given Himself for him. He desired to know in order that he might diffuse this knowledge to his fellow-men. For this he was willing to be abased or to abound. For this he suffered the loss of all things, for this he preferred with Moses to suffer affliction with the people of God, than to enjoy worldly reputation or earthly gains of any conceivable sort. For the privilege of being instrumental in the hands of the Head of the Church, he separated himself, and in the fulfillment of this his one great desire, he was led to pursue a course which won for him a martyr's crown.

He has since been centuries in heaven; think you that he now regrets that he through desire was induced thus to separate himself? There was a time—a point of time, and just the day and hour was written down by the recording angel, when Paul separated himself. His advice to Timothy was, "Meditate upon these things, give thyself wholly to them."

Will you now have the time recorded when you will thus through desire separate yourself? Shall that time be *now*? The recording angel *waits*, will you let him go without taking the record of your name? O let this be the eventful hour in your earthly history, from which you will stand recorded in the book of God's eternal remembrance, as one in union with Christ—separated to the one great work of bringing a redeemed, but revolted world back to the world's Redeemer.

Can you say, 'Tis DONE! the great transaction DONE! May your name ever stand thus written, as valiant for God?

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Return soon as you read them.

P. P.

Biblical Miscellany.

Blessed refreshings from the presence of the Lord, are reported from the East, West, South, and North. The charge of our brother, Rev. J. R. Daniels, of Belvidere, N. J., has been favored with a continuous shower of grace during the past three or four months. Several months ago the pastor received the sanctifying seal. The work of holiness then began to spread among his people, and many caught the living flame. The result is that about two hundred have been gathered out of the world, and still the work progresses with power. Surely holiness is the power that is to bring the world to Jesus.

Rev. W. P. Estes, Bloomfield, Conn., says: For sixteen weeks we have kept the battle going in extra meetings. Such a revival it was never my privilege to witness. Some who have not been in a church for over a dozen years are subjects of the work. During all these weeks there have been but ten sermons preached. Up to the present time over *one hundred* have professed faith in Jesus.

Rev. E. Warriner, pastor of the M. E. Church at Forestville, Conn., reports more than forty conversions. One incident illustrative of the character of the work is narrated. A man who had for years been a leading spirit in the saloons, sat in the rear of the congregation, surrounded by his comrades. He arose, walking about half way to the altar, turned round, and said:

"My old companions, FAREWELL!"

When he reached the altar he asked for the Bible, and placing his hand solemnly upon it, said: "I want to begin at the root of the trouble, and here I vow before Heaven, and before this congregation, that by God's help I will never taste another drop of rum." He then knelt down and began to cry, "God be merciful to me a sinner!"

Rev. Fletcher Hamlin, of Rochester circuit, has closed a series of special services, in which over one hundred have united with the church of God. The Lord is still doing a gracious work for His people in this region.

Allen Street charge, N. Y., has had a most gracious visitation. Scores have been saved.

A good work is also in progress at Falls Village, N. Y. Sixty-five profess to have found Jesus in the forgiveness of sins.

From Plattekill, N. Y., Rev. W. L. Pattison writes: One of the most glorious revivals of religion ever witnessed in this place is now in progress in the M. E. Church. Over one hundred have already professed conversion, and the good work seems but to have commenced.

An excellent work is progressing on the charge of Rev. G. Woodruff, Seventh Street Church, New York. The pastor is assisted by the Rev. B. W. Gorham, whose services are being graciously owned by God in the sanctification of believers, and the conversion of sinners.

Rev. J. L. Barrows, of Union Church, Charlestown, Mass., has also been blessed in his labors. An actress, who had been three years on the stage in Boston, with her husband, have been converted. She is now pleading with her old associates to come to Jesus.

Brother Thomas P. Simmons writes from Williamsport, Pa.: We are having a glorious revival in our new chapel, dedicated a few weeks since. Eighty have been born again, all of whom have joined the church. I intend to bring the matter of taking the "Guide," before my class next

Sabbath. I would not give up my "Guide" for any consideration whatever. Glory to God that this Bible doctrine of Christian Holiness is preached now by our ministers, and hundreds in our city are able to testify that the blood of Jesus cleanseth from all sin.

Rev. W. E. Smith, Poughkeepsie, N. Y., is also being blessed with a revival on his charge. Persons of all ages are being converted, baptised, and admitted into the church.

Rev. J. H. Starr, writing from Thorold, Canada West, says: God in his great mercy, is working wonderfully on this circuit. Our increase this quarter will be about one hundred souls. I am humbled in the dust, and amazed at the mighty power of God. The saved are principally heads of families, a few aged persons, and in some instances, *whole families*. The influence is extending in every direction. Never, since the Lord pardoned my sins, twenty-three years ago, has my own soul been so full of the love of Jesus.

Over one hundred have been converted at Guthrieville, ninety of whom have united with the M. E. Church, under the pastoral charge of Rev. J. C. Gregg.

A gracious revival is in progress at Farmingdale, Rev. J. F. Morell, pastor. Between fifty and sixty persons have been gathered out of the world, and the work is still extending.

Rev. N. J. Merrill reports over one hundred conversions at Coleraine.

Rev. D. Starks, Presiding Elder of the Poultney District, Troy Conference, writes that over three hundred have been admitted as probationers, and as many more have professed conversion during the past three months. The labors of the Troy "Praying Band" have been greatly owned of God in carrying on this glorious work.

The visit of the Auburn "Praying Band" to Canandagua, N. Y., was attended with the conversion of fifty souls. To God be all the glory!

A remarkable revival has been in progress in Pearl Street Church, Richmond, Indiana. The writer says: "Nearly all at the altar every night are converted, nearly all the conversions are very clear and powerful. Surely these are times like unto those our fathers speak of. So says the brother who writes about this gracious work. But why should it not ever be thus? Did Jesus ever call a sinner to seek his face without waiting to receive? Surely he is the same yesterday, today, and forever."

In the Preachers' Meeting, New York, Dr. Foster gave an account of a most interesting work of grace at his church, in which twenty were converted through the agency of Sunday-School teachers.

A revival is in progress in the Jane Street Church, New York, in which many have been brought to Jesus.

An excellent state of revival influence is still enjoyed in the church under the pastoral care of Rev. J. Inskip. Souls are continually being gathered into the fold, and the young converts are among the most efficient helpers in bringing the unsaved to Jesus.

The work of revival is also going on among our sister churches. Congregationalists, Baptists and Presbyterians are sharing in the gracious outpourings of the Holy Spirit.

IRWIN Station charge, N. G. Miller, pastor, is enjoying wonderful baptisms of God's Spirit. The extensive revival at Irwin Station has been followed by a like gracious work at Penn Station. On Tuesday evening, a meeting of five weeks was closed, resulting in eighty conversions and accessions to the Church. The society here is yet in its infancy, a Sabbath School having been started a few years ago, a class organized two years since, worshiping in a school-house, and increasing to thirty members, and last Summer a neat church built. Now, in answer to prayer, the Lord has favored His people with a gracious revival. More than two hundred have united with the Church on the charge since Conference.

For the Guide.

A GREAT SINNER SAVED.

J. Garrabant writes: In reading the "Guide," (with which I am delighted,) I find many excellent communications from various sources, filled with precious words on that one great theme, Scriptural holiness, and of revival items throughout the land. While reading the last number of the "Guide," I felt that I must give you an account of what I witnessed at Shark River, New Jersey.

About four weeks ago I was there on business, and Oh! what a joyful sight I witnessed. The work of revival had commenced in the Protestant Methodist Church about the first of October, and was still progressing with unabated power. Old, grey-headed sinners, who had long withstood many a Gospel sermon, and resisted the calls of the Spirit, with stiffened necks and stubborn hearts, now came trembling to the altar, and with strong cries and tears, sought the Lord, and found him, to the joy of their souls.

One case in particular is worthy of mention: The preacher, during the prayer-meeting, went to this man and entreated him to seek the Lord. The man ordered him to go about his business. The minister said no more, but left him. The next day, while on a visit to the house of one of the brethren, in company with a few of the neighbors, this man entered the house in a passion, and abused the preacher in bitter and profane language. During this tirade of abuse the minister uttered not a word, but sat with his eyes cast down. When the man had exhausted himself, he turned and left the house.

The minister then asked the company present to pray for this poor sinner; and while at prayer it was impressed upon his mind that the Lord would convert him. That evening, when the invitation was given to come forward to the altar, (the Church being filled to overflowing,) who should they see come leaping over the tops of the seats but this same man, and, reaching the altar, fall prostrate at the mourners' bench; and with agonizing prayer and flowing tears, he cried mightily for mercy. Not finding pardon, he went home, and in his room there wrestled

with God in prayer, and about midnight the Lord spoke peace to his soul. The next night he was sitting at the head of the church, "clothed, and in his right mind," and in the subsequent experience meeting he arose and testified to the power of Christ to save the vilest. To God be all the glory.

I attended their love-feast on Sabbath morning. It was a time to be long remembered; the power of the Lord was felt in a mighty out-pouring of his spirit. Truly we could sing:

"Heaven came down our souls to greet,
And glory crowned the mercy seat."

Young men and maidens, old men and women, shouted as I never heard before, while tears of rapture rolled down their cheeks. The meeting commenced at half-past nine, and did not close until near one o'clock. No time was given for preaching, so great was the power. I afterward learned the same feeling was experienced in the M. E. Church four miles distant. Truly, the Lord is working among the people. Oh, may the work go on until every house becomes a house of prayer and every heart a fit temple for the Master's in-dwelling.

Correspondence.

For the Guide.

HOW MY HEALTH WAS RESTORED.

It will be three years, in February next, since my eyes were first opened to the fact that God is both able and willing to heal the body as well as the soul, in answer to prayer. Then I earnestly prayed for faith to believe that this blessed truth might be verified in my own case; as my constitution was nearly destroyed by a complication of diseases of several years standing.

After a few days, God gave me the victory, causing my heart to go out in feelings of deep gratitude to Him who "giveth liberally and upbraideth not." Yet all the time my Heavenly Parent knew my heart; that if it were His holy will, I was willing ever to remain an invalid. And I would here say that this complete submission had been gained a few weeks previous, by making an entire surrender of my life and all my powers to my Heavenly Father, and in turn receiving that precious blood applied to my heart, which,

"blessed be the name of the Lord, forever," cleansed it from every idol.

Then came the question, shall He perform this blessed work gradually or instantaneously? I felt that, if by the last named method, I should be led to request a friend, whom I knew to possess mighty faith, to lay hold upon the promises of God, to unite his prayers with my own. I laid down the matter before the Lord. The opportunity was not given; but to my soul was given a sweet "rest of faith," fully believing that some means would be blessed to this end, whether in the way of remedies, or in being prayerfully cautious not to transgress the laws of health, and that I should from this time gradually recover.

Thus far the blessed promise or answer has been verified. No remedies have been resorted to, but since that time there have been no relapses, no discouragements, nothing to prevent a sure and steady improvement, but every circumstance of my daily history which could possibly have any bearing upon my health, such as exercise, amount of labor devolving upon me, &c., have all conduced to its improvement. And to-day I find myself free from disease, gaining in strength both physically and spiritually, and, glory to His name, am enabled to look up and claim Jesus as my complete Saviour, and testify that Christ is able to heal both soul and body—and to realize that

"There's a balm in Gilead,
To make the wounded whole;
There's power enough in Jesus,
To cure the sin-sick soul."

F. E. P.

CLIFTON SPRINGS, N. Y.

For the Guide.

UNDIVIDED FAMILY.

During a protracted meeting, held in the M. E. Church of this place, in the Fall and Winter of 1866, our very excellent and beloved pastor, Rev. J. W. Olewine, being pastor in charge; who, by the blessing of God, was made an instrument in His hands of bringing me to the foot of the Cross, and, when on the evening of the 21st of October, 1866, I found pardon and peace, through the blood of the Lamb, together with my eldest daughter, aged nearly twelve years, who accompanied me to the altar of prayer.

A few days after, my husband and another daughter were found at the mercy seat, and by faith in Jesus, were reconciled to God. Now, thanks be to God, we are an undivided family, "Journeying to Zion," and our habitation has become a house of prayer, where morning, noon, and night the voice of prayer and praise ascends to the heavenly hills of the New Jerusalem.

A short time after, a friend gave me an old number of the "Guide," (but, thank God, next to the Bible, it never grows old,) and in reading it, was deeply impressed, that there was more to be enjoyed of the blessing of the Gospel of Peace. I was a diligent inquirer and seeker after purity of heart, and read every thing on the subject that I could get hold of. After I became a subscriber to the "Guide," whenever its monthly visits greeted my eyes, and before opening its pages, I have lifted up my heart in prayer to the great and all-wise God, that it might prove a blessing to my soul; and, thanks be to His holy name, many times has my heart rejoiced with that joy which is unspeakable and full of glory, whilst perusing its pages, filled with thoughts that burn, and sublime sentiments that cheer the heart.

At the Millersburg camp-meeting, last August, I was enabled, by faith, to lay hold upon Christ, and His promises, and claiming Him as a perfect Saviour, was permitted to testify that the blessed blood of Jesus saves from all sin. Since then, I have lived in the enjoyment of that perfect love which casteth out all fear.

I can truly say, glory to God, for such a free and full salvation. I have now a friend to lean upon when all other friends fail. The will of God is now my rule and delight, and can say, my all to Christ is given. And with the poet now can sing:

"Renouncing every worldly thing,
And safe beneath thy spreading wing,
My sweetest thought henceforth shall be,
That all I want I find in Thee."

C. B.

SELIN'S GROVE, Pa.

REV. JAMES H. BRISTOW WRITES.—Your readers in this place look upon the "Guide" with especial interest, and hail its monthly visits with intense joy. It is indeed a pearl, and its price cannot be told. Its pages may

be read by the pure, or those seeking purity without detriment. No *quack nostrums* or *patent medicines* are advertised or puffed in its columns. Its character is above reproach, and the blood washed here find the true pabulum of the soul, while the burdened pilgrim seeking after the blessing of perfect love, finds in the "Guide" a friend and an assistant, that points him to the blood that cleanses from all sin. Success to the blessed work.

The Tuesday Meeting.

The meetings for the promotion of holiness, held in New York for many years past at the house of Dr. Palmer, Irvington Street, have been removed to his new residence,

23 SAINT MARK'S PLACE,

near the Bible House. The meetings are held at 2½ o'clock every Tuesday afternoon.

REV. BROTHER W.

Could say, My heart is fixed, O God, my heart is fixed. It was over seven years since the blessed Saviour cleansed his poor soul, and gave him the precious witness that his soul was washed in His blood, and those years have been years of love and sweetness. Glory to God! Shortly after the Lord cleansed his heart, he thought he could please everybody, but found out differently. Before that, he found fault with those preachers who made holiness a specialty, and turned a cold shoulder to them at camp-meetings, and was not pleased exactly to hear them speak about not being conformed to the world. But before the Lord cleansed him, he had to be willing to take a stand in the streets of Binghampton, where he had seen this doctrine trailing in the dust for years. But when he received it, it seemed so sweet and good he thought everybody would believe it, but found they would reject it, as thousands had before. His trials were only surface trials; the ocean depths were as peaceful and sweet as heaven. If he went where there was little said of this, he would sin against God if he did not speak of it. He could not keep still. He was like a man going home from camp-meeting, who, every time the cars stopped, would get up, and say, "How good Jesus is; how I love Him." Finally, a

man got up, and said, "Gentlemen and ladies, you may think this man is crazy, but he is one of the finest men in Tioga County. He has been to a Methodist Camp-meeting, and has got, what is called, the second blessing. That is the matter with him."

BROTHER R.

Had noticed that those who had taken most fully of the waters of salvation were the ones to speak. But why do not the little ones speak, the weak ones, those who are losing the edge of sweetness from their experience. He was glad they might speak. He was all the Lord's: had given up every thing, and had been trying now to do it more perfectly; going into examinations. You know that preachers have peculiar trials—he did not know it, until he was a preacher himself, and when we were singing that hymn, "Lord, I am Thine," he sang it from the heart; and the query came, "don't you depend a little upon other people?" but he was going to be God's forever.

A SISTER

Said Jesus was her rest, and that He was her portion ever since she had known who had taken her feet out of the horrible pit of mire and clay. He had satisfied her soul. She knew what very severe temptation meant. There was a time when she thought she realized the powers of darkness, and the hour of Satan. But the Lord had preserved her from these awful horrors, and when Satan came she cried to the Lord, and he saved her, and it was forty-odd years since He gave her this hope.

A BROTHER

Thought for a good many years that it was not possible for anything like irritability of disposition or asperity to enter his mind and feelings; but for the last three years, under the pressure of a great, continuous conflict, which was little else than the deepest mental conflict; with very little joy, compared to other preceding years; under this severe mental pressure, again and again, to his surprise, for a little season, there had been a degree of irritability; but very slight, yet it brought him to look to God with a very humble child-like mind. Before this, for years, he could not recollect when this inward rest was intruded upon. Perhaps in one case,

but not for more than a half minute, and in another, for about a minute. So they would not wonder that he concluded it could not be broken. But it had met with its fluctuations of late. Yet in the presence of those momentary irregularities, of that which extended over two or three minutes, he felt himself bound to say, there was the purest love; and he could not but entertain the thought and hope, that even these infirmities, if he should so express himself, have, in the hands of God, been made the means of sinking him lower and lower out of himself, and brought him where he could not have been otherwise so perfectly brought. He did not think any one should be discouraged. God sustains you even in such times, and He has means of making you less and less by it; and there is nothing, perhaps, so hard for God to accomplish, as to make us mean and little in our own eyes. But with him the night had passed, and the day had come.

Mrs. R. said, this morning I received a telegram, announcing the death of my sister. When thinking of this meeting I said, Can I go there, my heart all sad in this bereavement? Yes, for I may say something which may do good. So I have come, and may never come again, as I return home, and not being well, will probably not visit the city soon. I come once more, to finish my mission, to tell how, in seas of tribulation, God saves those who trust in Him.

Two years ago, when I was here, I was called home, suddenly, on account of the death of some friends. When I came away this time, the dear sister, who has passed to the better land, said, "Now don't stay till we are all dead;" and another said, "You'll pray us all out of the world." I mention these to show what different perceptions our friends, sometimes, have of the way the Lord is leading us.

Sister has gone, and again I stand at the cave of Machpelah, but it is not dark. Of old the faith and trust of Abraham illumined the grave of Machpelah with light, but it was dim compared with ours.

A number of my father's house have been put away in the grave—no dark sorrow is connected with their departure. I well remember the first time I went there, and stood by the open grave of my first-born.

My heavenly Father said, "I looked into that grave before you did. My Son laid there, and I have sanctified it. Dost thou tremble to lay thy loved one there? Fear not, I have appointed it as the way to bring my dear ones home, I know how to assuage the grief of those who, with sad hearts, bring their cherished ones hither. The secret is with me. My love can sanctify each sorrow. Their sighing shall not be eternal, but hope shall spring up in their bleeding hearts."

Yes, God knew that all through time, thousands upon thousands of earth's mourners would stand beside their dead and weep, and He provided comfort for us in Jesus.

How my heart feels for those who are in their first sorrow, whose hearts, for the first time, are filled with the ashes of grief. Such I love to console with words of sympathy.

Heaven is not far off. The shores between our world and it are touched by the same waters. The wave that washed the Jersey shore will soon touch the New York side, so, also, is the wave of the river of death continually passing between the seen and the unseen world.

And what waiters attend us thither! The angelic host are ready to bear us to mansions above.

I thought of my father and mother as they will meet their eldest daughter's spirit in the abode of the blessed. Divine love gave her to them at the first, but she needed a new spirit. God gave it to her, and she became His child. The truth witnessed here, which we love and rejoice in, was presented to her; she accepted it, and was fully saved. Death beckoned, and she has obeyed its call. Last week they wrote me she was well: to-day they tell me that on the morrow she is to be buried.

Publisher's Corner.

TO PERSONS WHO CANNOT RECEIVE THEIR "GUIDE."

Yes! to persons who CANNOT receive the "Guide to Holiness"—not because they do not WANT it,—not because they have not *paid for it in advance*, according to our rules, but simply because by their *own doings*, they have tied the publisher's hands, so that they CANNOT send it. And how have they done this? We will

lay before our readers a few specimens from among several others similar. We take up the first that comes to hand. It reads thus:

"GRANVILLE, NOV. 22, 1867.
After much effort, I have obtained four new subscribers, beside myself, for your excellent "Guide," &c. Then follows a list of names, Louisa M. Pratt, &c.

The reason why these five new subscribers CANNOT receive their Magazine, may be seen by what we will transcribe from the margin of this letter. It is in the hand-writing of one of our patient, faithful clerks. "NOT SENT. Why? There are eleven towns by the name of Granville, in the United States." If this, through the kindness of some patron, should meet the eye of the agent living in some one of the eleven towns named Granville, we shall be most happy to forward the "Guides."

The next letter we take up, contains the simple words: "Enclosed find \$1.25, for "Guide" for one year. MISS AMELIA EGLESTON."

Further the deponent saith not. No name of place, or state. We know not whether this subscriber live East, West, North, or South.

The next we take up, reads: "Enclosed find \$1.25. Consider me a subscriber for life.

No Address. MRS. N. J. KELLY."

The next reads: "Enclosed find \$7.00, and the following names for Magazine." Then follows seven names, to which is appended, "club raised by Mrs. Perry."

The last with which we will tax the patience of the reader, gives *no name* or date. On the envelope, containing \$1.25, is the post mark, with the solitary words, "Leominster, Mass."

Not a few other notes of similar character might be given, showing why some who are disposed to censure the publishers and the post office for not receiving the "Guide," CANNOT receive it, making it, through their own thoughtlessness or haste, IMPOSSIBLE. No conceivable time, or pains, or expense, are spared on the part of the publishers to secure PROMPTNESS AND PUNCTUALITY.

CENTENARY GROUP OF THE M. E. CHURCH,

Composed of portraits of two hundred ministers and laymen of the M. E. Church, from 1766 to 1866, arranged in circles around the approved likeness of Wesley. The outer circle consists mostly of Bishops, Editors, and General Conference officers. The picture, oval in form, and a beautiful specimen of photographic art, was conceived and designed by Rev. C. C. Goss, and executed under his immediate direction. No pains were spared in securing likenesses. A year was spent in collecting them, and the best artists were engaged in reducing

them to uniformity of size, tone, and strength. Most of them were approved before insertion. All the faces are large and distinct; and the fine steel tints, and sharply-cut features render them exceedingly life-like. A Key gives the name of each person and for what distinguished. This group is regarded as a complete success, and has been highly commended by the press. For sale at Mrs. Goss' Ministerial Portrait Gallery, New York, at the low price of \$5 for a single copy. A liberal discount made to clubs and canvassing agents.

Book Notices.

*All books noticed may be ordered of W. C. Palmer, Jr.,
14 Bible House.*

ARROWS FROM MY QUIVER. Pointed with the steel of truth, and winged by faith and love. Selected from the private papers of Rev. JAMES CAUGHEY, with an introduction by Rev. DANIEL WISE, D. D. 12 mo. 437 pages. Price \$2.00. Sold by subscription.

This and the following work have been brought out in fine style by the publisher, W. C. Palmer, Jr., 14 Bible House, New York. Richly and substantially bound, and the typography sharp and distinct. He has done justice to the subjects discussed, and these subjects are grand.

The whole work is composed of brief essays on purely devotional themes that, taken together, form a volume of fresh living thoughts. Mr CAUGHEY, one of the very foremost of living revivalist preachers, has an active, earnest, vigorous intellect, that naturally deals in thoughts of beauty and grandeur. To read after him is to receive profit. His thoughts edify. They promote piety and a spirit of self-consecration. So has it been with his former works, "Methodism in Earnest," "Revival Miscellanies," and "Earnest Christianity Illustrated." And so will it prove with this. From the beginning to the close all is pointed, plain, and at times blunt. It is a friend, dealing with men immortal, and, at every risk, laying bare their danger and their remedy.

GLIMPSES OF LIFE IN SOUL-SAVING; or selections from the Journal and other writings of the Rev. JAMES CAUGHEY, with an introduction by Rev. DANIEL WISE, D. D. 12 mo. 477 pp. Price, \$2.00

This volume is uniform in style, size, and binding with "Arrows from my Quiver," and has just the same number of pages. They are twins in appearance.

The volume now under notice, gives an account of the author's labors at several points in England, as at Wakefield, Thorparch, Leeds, Mirfield, Sheffield, and York; and it enumerates quite a list of instructive incidents connec-

ted with the work of God in these places. All this is accompanied with numerous essays and discourses, not at all formal, on themes of untold interest to all men.

We commend it to thoughtful Christians. They will find in it meat and drink, motives to duty, encouragements to faith. The author's experiences will be found, in the main, a common heritage of all earnest, active, enterprising Christian toilers. His style is bold, transparent, and numerous supplies the reader with strong reasons for constant efforts in soul-saving.

Mr. CAUGHEY's former works have been blessed of God in promoting revivals at many places, and in the salvation of souls. We do not see why a like influence can fail to go with this work. Its very words and thoughts are revival trumpets. A blessing rest upon it as it circulates in all the land, and make it an instrument of much good to men.

MEDITATIONS ON THE ACTUAL STATE OF CHRISTIANITY, and on the attacks which are now being made upon it, by M. Guizot. Translated under the superintendence of the author. Carlton & Porter, Publishers, 200 Mulberry Street.

This work deserves a careful reading. The author with complicated feelings of perplexity and sadness, looks out upon the state of his country. Its intellectual, and moral, social, and political state, and the result is, these earnest, timely pages. He says: "I have a mind full at once of confidence and of disquietude, of hope and alarm. Whether for good or for evil, the crisis in which the civilized world is plunged is infinitely more serious than our fathers predicted it would be; more so than even we, who are already experiencing from it the most different consequences, believe it ourselves to be. Sublime truths, excellent principles, are intrinsically blended with ideas essentially false. A noble work of progress, a hideous work of destruction, are in operation simultaneously in men's opinions, and in society." It is in the presence of this condition of men's minds, under the impulse of the sentiment which it inspires, the excellent M. Guizot publishes this second series of Meditations. His noble soul seems fired with the sole purpose of doing good to his country and kinsmen scattered abroad.

HYMNS OF THE HIGHER LIFE. Broughton & Wymann, Publishers.

This is a little volume of 224 pages, handsomely bound. It is a selection of beautiful hymns on the Higher Life, from various authors. Price \$1.50

Rev. J. Parker, with a copy of the work, sends the accompanying note of commendation with a request for publication:

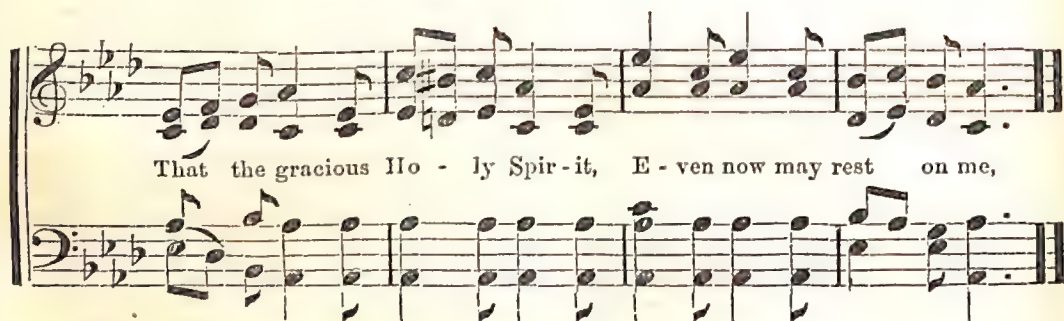
"The compiler and publishers of this precious little book have laid the lovers of holiness under great obligations for the help they have afforded to devotion, and to hours of pleasant communion with some of the purest spirits of the Christian ages." It was more than a passion for book-making, or a love of lucre, which inspired the idea of such a book. If it were large as our love for it, we could revel in its pages for a life time.

For the Guide.

FATHER HEAR ME!

WORDS AND MUSIC BY MRS. HELEN M. BRADLEY.

Andante.



2. Bid me cease from all self-doing,
Cast each idol from my heart,
Trust alone in Jesus' merit,
Wait 'till Thou thy power impart.
3. Father, loving Father, hear me,
All my life to Thee I give,
Sweeter far to die for Jesus,
Than a kingly crown receive.
4. Pain and sorrow, toilsome labor,
Borne for Thee bring sweetest rest,
Folded close within Thy bosom,
Loved and loving, I am blest,
5. Father, tender Father, hear me,
For the sake of Christ, thy Son,
Breathe on me the Holy Spirit,
Perfect that Thou hast begun.

Guide to Holiness.

MARCH 1868.

For the Guide.

HOW THE BLESSING WAS LOST, AND HOW REGAINED.

BY REV. A. B. SMITH.

IN 1859 I was rescued by the hand of Jesus from the horrible pit and miry clay of infidelity, and felt called at once to preach the Gospel of Christ. Without stopping to mend my net, I proceeded at once to obey the call.

In 1860 I joined the N. W. Wisconsin Conference. In 1863 I was stationed at Hudson City, where I became acquainted with a devoted sister, Mrs. S. L. Coon, who at once introduced the subject of holiness, asking me "if I felt that the blood of Jesus cleansed me from all unrighteousness." To which I replied, "I did not." She then said, "How can you preach a whole Saviour until you are wholly saved." These words pierced my heart like a dagger, and I, at once, felt the need of being wholly saved or sanctified to God. But, being unwilling to comply with the conditions necessary to the reception of the blessing, or, in other words, to slay my Isaacs, and cast away my idols and garment of self-righteousness, I continued to grovel in darkness, attempting to score and hew to the line. I received in this condition most of the chips in my own face.

I continued, however, to labor against wind and tide by moonlight, until the hand of affliction was laid heavily upon me, and all hopes of my life was despaired of. In the meantime, my faithful Sister C. was praying for my recovery. (I shall ever believe that it was in answer to that faithful prayer I was restored.)

She came to my bed-side, saying, "Dear brother, how can we give you up? O! yield, and live." I then began to examine myself. I was deeply wrought upon by the Divine Spirit, I began to cry, "Lord, save, or I perish." But Satan was not to be turned from his stronghold so easily. He, at once, spread before me the riches and honors of earth, saying, "all this I will give thee, if thou wilt fall down, and worship me." I heeded him not, but cried unto God to save me from all unrighteousness, and after three days and nights of painful struggle, I did what I should have done in so many minutes, I believed in the Lord Jesus Christ, and was made every whit whole. Glory, glory to the Lamb. I now promised my blessed Saviour, if I was ever permitted to come before my congregation again, I would there confess that His blood cleansed me from all sin. From that moment I began to recover, and to the surprise of my hearers, I was soon permitted to appear before them again.

Now came the trying hour, I was in the presence of some persons I knew were opposed to this doctrine. I did not want to offend them; they were my dear friends, my supporters, the pillars in the Church. I began to think how I could let the people know what Jesus had done for me, in such a way as not to give offence to any. My soul was full of glory and of God. Hallelujah! I felt like shouting, but I thought that would not sound well in such a fashionable congregation, so I grieved the Spirit, but rose to tell what Jesus had done, and fearing man more than God. I threw a

vail over the face of my Saviour, lest His glory would dazzle the eyes of some of my friends. In a moment, a veil of thick darkness enveloped my soul, and I was left almost speechless before the people.

On dismissing my congregation, I retired to my study, I fell upon my knees, and wept; imploring salvation, but not receiving, I soon became discouraged, and gave over the struggle. In that condition I continued to preach, until August 16, 1867. My health being impaired, I sought a more Southern clime.

June 1, 1867, I left the Northwest for the State of Maryland, where I have been laboring since July 1, 1867. August 11, I attended a camp-meeting, at Laytonsville. At night, preached from Matthew v. 8, "Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God." While preaching I was deeply convicted again for the blessing. I was so deeply wrought upon, that I could not remain upon the ground. On Tuesday morning I left for my home, fully resolved never to preach again, until the blood of Jesus cleansed me from all sin. I continued in agonizing prayer until Friday night. Just before retiring, I was enabled to make a full consecration of all to God. I felt a sweet peace come over my soul, filled with glory and with God, and, in the language of the poet, I could say,

"I, too, with Thee, shall walk in white;
With all Thy saints shall prove:
The length, and depth, and breadth, and height,
Of everlasting love."

The same day I returned to the campground; listened to a discourse from Brother J. W. Hoover of Washington, D. C., which was truly a feast to my soul. I was invited to close by exhortation. I gladly accepted, as it gave me an opportunity to tell what Jesus had done for my soul. I told them I felt the blood of Jesus cleansed me from all sin. While thus confessing the blessing, a shower of divine grace descended upon my heart, spreading its influence over the congregation, whose hearts melted into tenderness, and their eyes into tears.

Hallelujah! Praise the Lord, oh, my soul! was the language of many hearts. At night I preached from the following, "Oh, that thou hadst hearkened to my commandments, then had thy peace been as a river, and thy righteousness as the waves of the sea." Isaiah lxxvii. 18. From that time to this my peace has been as a river. To God be all the glory!

For the Guide

THE WORK OF LIFE.

REV. J. H. HILLMAN.

In this world of sin and sorrow,
Oh, how brief our stay at best!
Well to-day, in death to-morrow,
We may from our labors rest.

We should then be up and doing,
In the cause of truth and love;
Ever feel God's Spirit wooing,
Leading on to realms above.

May our souls be ever heeding,
Every night as well as day,
The *small voice* of conscience leading.
In the straight and narrow way.

This with gems of wisdom shining,
In the sacred pages fair
Will, our hearts around them twining,
Teach us well life's toils to bear.

Oh, how sweet 'twill be to gather
Round the shining throne on high,
There to part no more forever—
There in praise with angels vie!

As the years of age effacing
Youthful beauty come apace,
May our souls be still embracing
More and more our Saviour's grace.

We will then without repining
At the ways of Providence,
To His love our wills resigning,
Say, "Amen," as we go hence.

If this be our chief endeavor,
We will hail Mortality
As a *friend*, our souls to gather
Home, from sin and sorrow free.

HENSDALE, N. H.

For the Guide.

JOTTINGS IN THE WAY.

REV. G. HUGHES.

WORK IN THE WAY.

Holiness has its work, its blessed, continuous work. Holiness is not a mere sentiment. It is not simply a beautiful ornament to decorate the brow, or adorn the heart. It is indeed an ornament—the most costly, the most brilliant. But, it is not that *only*. It is more than that, more than tongue can express, more than finite intellect can measure. The holy soul will not seek to be secluded from the world utterly, to be shut in with God, and give the passing hours wholly to meditation and prayer, and sublime spiritual communion. No. Under the teaching of the Holy Ghost there is a nice adjustment of things in the soul-realm, a wise distribution of spiritual forces, and such harmonious action as brightly displays the Master hand in the process of *Reconstruction*. The new creation flames with the glory of God, as does the material universe.

The great world opens before the eye of a sanctified believer as a field of action. He surveys it in its length and breadth. He looks at its more than Egyptian darkness, and is appalled. He contemplates its moral abominations, and shudders at the spectacle. He needs not to rush into the midst of the frightful deformities and excesses of heathenism. *Here*, amid refinement, and culture, and Christian light, fields of great magnitude crowd upon his view. *Here*, importunate appeals are made to his sympathy, and daily activities. *Here*, there is ample employ for every redeemed faculty.

Holiness gives the working-disposition. This is given in a pre-eminent degree. The working disposition runs parallel with the whole Christian life. It is developed brightly in the very infancy of that life. The babe in Christ is a worker—a busy worker. Head, heart, hands, all employed for Jesus. It is said, "he learns to pray when first he lives." So, we may say, with equal truth, he learns to *work* when first he

lives. The new life stirs him to action. Along every avenue of the soul there is the hum of activity. This accords with the illustrious model. Jesus was a worker. He said: "I must work the work of Him that sent me." He was an early worker. The Father's will constrained him. Love for the perishing world brought every power of the God-man into early, mighty action. At twelve years of age he unlocked the parental grasp in that interesting journey on sacred record; triumphed over all mere personal or domestic considerations; and thus early appearing in the temple, laid a giant hand upon the brow of Jewish erudition. He held the doctors in amazement at the matchless utterances of his youthful lips. Thus, also, the soul newly born, begins to speak and work for the Master.

But the holy Christian has the working disposition in higher, richer, development. It is now a passion. It is like a fire shut up in the bones. It seizes the whole being. The *brain*, how grandly it works for Jesus—conceiving great plans—laying, as it were, the whole realm of *ingenuity* under contribution. The *will*, how decisively it responds to the pressing calls of the hour. It has not to be dragged to the arena. Each trumpet-call to the field of action finds a quick, earnest response. The *tongue*, what a host is this in Jesus' work. It has been in contact with living coals—a hand of more than cherubic potency has imparted a marvelous prophetic power. The *hands*, how ready to be stretched forth, indifferent as to the style of work, whether to wash a disciple's feet, or lift a well-polished stone to Zion's walls. The *affections*, how perfect, how harmonious, how general their flow, along every channel of beautiful Christian activity. The whole being is aglow with the working disposition. An apprentice-boy, who was newly enlisted in Christ's service, once said: "I have now a new Master, and as I am accustomed each morning to go to my earthly master and ask about my day's work, so now to my new, my heavenly Master, and he cuts out new work for me every day." That disposi-

tion, so beauteous in the early convert, is intensified, brought to mature development, in the holy believer. Angels delight in work. They are not held in ceaseless contemplation of heavenly glories. They press to their lips cups of purest bliss, amid scenes of earthly misery. Many an angel tastes the highest ecstasy in the abodes of suffering, when saluting the ear of sorrowing humanity with whispers of love. Holiness brings us into those celestial affinities. Yea, it leads to the most intimate fellowship with Christ, and sympathy with His redeeming work—the work of lifting the world into clear sunlight, and harmonious revolving around its attractive centre.

Holiness gives superior working power. So that while the working-disposition is mighty, the power to work is in accurate correspondence. Who will measure the working-power of the holy soul? To none is that sublime utterance of the Apostle made such an immediate, conscious verity: "I can do *all things* through Christ, which strengtheneth me." Difficulties, like frowning mountains, may appear before him, and yet they affright him not. In what consists this working-power of Christian holiness? I answer, first of all, in the conscious indwelling of the God-head, in His triune personality. God the Father, makes His abode in that soul, in the plenitude of His divine essence. God the Son is there in the boundlessness of His nature and attributes, putting forth His full redeeming virtue, wrapping the soul in His crimson vest, and telling him all His name, His favorite name of *Love*. God the Holy Ghost, in the greatness of His illuminating, quickening, sanctifying energy, fills the soul-temple! In the contemplation of that *Triune Indwelling*, how vast, how measureless, the working-power of the holy soul! What stores of wisdom! What magazines of strength! What depths of INFINITE LOVE! As we turn our eye inward we may well exclaim exultantly: "O the depth of the riches both of the wisdom and knowledge of God." And then look at the soul's inherent capacities, the soul-habili-

ments in which it is clothed by this divine, conscious indwelling. There is *perfect faith*, and *perfect courage*, and *perfect love*. Under such sovereignty, what work may not be attempted? What plan of world-reaching beneficence is too stupendous for consummation? Where are the mountains so high that they cannot be scaled? Where the wildernesses too dense to be traversed? Where the seas too tempestuous to be crossed? Perfect love gives a foot as swift and agile as a reindeer, a spirit as dauntless and untiring as an angel's, a soul strong to undertake and strong to accomplish great works. Clothed with Omnipotence, the working-power is equal to every emergency, and the holy soul thus clothed, is victorious on every battle-field, daring to do or die, and never so sublime in action as when momentarily prostrate beneath the dart of death. He appears conquered, and yet is covered in that hour with the splendors of eternal conquest! Would that all attached to the standard of Christian holiness might understand their calling's glorious hope. *Work in the way*, as Jesus would have them work, and finish their course with joy!

FAITH.

I. N. KANAGA.

For the Guide.

Faith is a power. It is a mighty power. 'Tis the mighty power of God. The world is filled with the fame of its achievements. Behold a summary record of its wonders in the eleventh chapter of Hebrews. And this is but a brief epitome of what faith has done and is able to do. It makes a paradise of dungeons, man a conqueror, triumphant over all his foes, and converts a vale of tears into a vast orchestra of praise!

O, for a faith like this! Well such a faith we may have and enjoy through life's pilgrimage. A faith that will shine with a most radiant light around our pathway, through all seasons and amid every tempest. A weak and wavering faith in God's promises will catch only now and then a glimpse of the better country. But a meridian faith, bold and

ardent, mature and fixed, will continually behold that heavenly Jerusalem here, and claim its glorious mansions in the skies!

Remember, then, child of doubt, that faith perfected, like this, is the gift of God, and to merit its bestowal the Christian's will must be in harmony with God's will. For God imparts faith to His children as they merit it, and all must merit it only as they give undoubted credence to His word, and in proportion to their holiness and conformity to His divine will. What has God not done for us and promised us? This should inspire our constant gratitude, and strengthen our boundless faith in His goodness and eternal faithfulness. What has God, in His graciousness, promised us? Surely, He has promised us all things. Both grace and glory shall be ours—all good here and hereafter—if we always show true fidelity to God. Let all His "exceeding great and precious promises" enlarge and stimulate our unbounded faith in God's great mercy and salvation.

"Lord, give us such a faith as this,
And, then, whate'er may come,
We'll taste, even here, the hallowed bliss,
Of our eternal home!"

NEWARK, N. J., Jan., 1868.

For the Guide.

A DREAM—YET NOT A DREAM.

E. G. S.

I sat by the bed-side of an aged sick friend, who had for many years been fighting the battles of the Lord, and watched him while he slumbered. As he awoke, he looked earnestly about the room, as if to assure himself of his locality, and said, "Why, I *am* here, I must have been dreaming, I thought the great day of the Lord had come—the Judgment Day—and there was a general coming to Christ; but, oh! how *many* were not accepted! how *MANY*! How *MANY* of our *Methodists* had so much clinging to them, that they were rejected!"

It was only a dream you say, but let us examine thoroughly our own hearts, and see if we are not clinging to so much else besides Christ, that we will hear Him say, "I never knew you."

For the Guide.

SAVED BY FAITH.

J. H. GILL.

By faith I know the Lord is mine;
By faith I feel the blood divine;
He comes who said, "I will come in;"
He comes who cleanses from all sin.

When Satan's direst darts assail;
When Satan tempts my nature frail,
By faith I see my Saviour near;
By faith the voice "Be firm" I hear.

Shall ought of care my peace displace;
Shall thought of wrong my soul deface;
Blest Jesus! mine! disperse the foe!
Blest Jesus! only Thee I'll know.

Fixed be my faith tho' all decay—
Fixed thro' the clearest, darkest day:
Firm is the hand by which I'm led;
Firm is the rock on which I tread.

My body's eye sees only clouds;
My soul's a home 'mid sainted crowds,
Where with the blood-washed I shall rest,
And live with Christ, forever blest.

EVANSTON, ILL.

For the Guide.

THE HOLY OIL AND THE SPIRIT.

REV. W. H. POOLE.

To many persons the volume of nature is silent, dark, and unintelligible. In it there is no voice of thanksgiving, no song of praise, no heart of melody, no finger pointing out the wisdom of the great architect, or the lessons that are written in glowing characters, teaching faith, obedience, duty, and love.

To the Christian philosopher nature is full of God, the life, beauty, bloom, and fertility of earth, with all the laws and principles of nature, illustrate the spiritual world, and man's duty in reference to it. "In (enlightened) reason's ear they all rejoice and utter forth a glorious voice."

Thus science illuminates the dark recesses of nature, and tunes for her a song of melody, and in every step of his most searching investigations, the Christian finds ample evidence that the God of nature and the God of grace are one, and

that the riches and fullness of nature point out the superabounding riches and infinite fullness of grace.

I have often thought that, while referring, as we do, to the natural elements, "water, blood, and fire," as used in the Old Testament economy, too little was said or known of the "oil" that was used in that dispensation, as having, with other natural agents, a deep and divine significance. There was nothing in the water, or in the blood, or in the fire, or in the oil, as material substances, that could either "be holy," or "make holy." It was what they signified, and what Jehovah revealed under these emblems, which fulfilled that gracious intention to the heirs of salvation. The true believers, then, as now, were divinely instructed to resolve the parable, to understand their meaning, and through the agent in nature, behold the spiritual blessing coming from the God of nature and of grace.

Neither Moses, nor Aaron, nor any human being was equal to the comprehension of so much wisdom, as the spiritual eye sees in the legal economy under its various types and symbols, nor could human ingenuity have contrived mysteries so nobly prophetic, so deeply sublime, so happily illustrative as we see connected with the water, the fire, the oil, the blood. We notice very briefly the "oil" and its emblematical signification.

1. It is an essential part of the life of vegetable and animal substances. It is one of the three active principles which enters into the composition of all that live and grow. It is the agent used by the Creator to put in motion the whole vegetable and animal economy without which there could be neither life nor growth. So it hath pleased God in His wisdom to appoint it an emblem of the Holy Ghost who gives life to the spiritual world, and without whose life-giving and life-sustaining power and influence, man must for ever remain "dead to God, dead in sin, and spiritually dead within."

The richest thing the atmosphere presents to the earth is the dew. That dew drop is largely composed of oleaginous

particles which are absorbed by the plants and appropriated, and which, when acted upon by the light, become vegetable force, energy, life, strength, blossom, and fruit. This shows the beauty of the promise, "I will be as the dew unto Israel."

When the plant or the tree dies, there is an absorption of this oil from its substance; and as its fibres are deprived of this oil they die and decay. As long as the fibre retains its oil it retains its life and strength, and will yield flame as every substance will which has oil in it, so when the Holy Spirit is grieved, and is forced to say, as to Ephraim, "Let him alone," and he ceases to strive and influence the man for good, all the fires of affection die in him, the flames of devotion cease, and coldness, and weakness, and death, and loathsomeness are sure to follow. And as dead and decayed substances are offensive and disgusting to man's natural sense; so a cold, dead, heartless service is offensive to God. "Bring no more vain oblations," He says, "I cannot away with it." Isa. i. 13.

Oil is first mentioned in connection with a religious service, when, after Jacob's remarkable dream, he poured oil upon the stone that served him as a pillow. The idea was that of personal consecration to God, and a memorial or a remembrance of that act. He, no doubt, received the ordinance by tradition from the fathers of his faith, and the "*Lapides boetulu*," or anointed stones, among the surrounding nations, were only corruptions of a sacred ceremony, the meaning of which, to them, was lost.

When Aaron and his sons were appointed to the priestly office to speak to God in behalf of the people, and to the people in behalf of God, the Lord commanded Moses, saying, "Thou shalt consecrate them," "Shalt anoint them," "Shalt sanctify them." This holy oil was a symbol of the gifts and graces of the Holy Spirit which alone could qualify them for the efficient discharge of duty. The application of the oil was made to the principal parts of the mem-

bers of the body, to denote that these included the government of all the rest, and that all our members, faculties, and powers should glorify God. The oil was applied to the *ear* to intimate that the *ear* should always be open to receive the word from God. To the *hand* that it may work cheerfully in His service; to the *feet* that they may walk and run swiftly in the path of obedience; to the *head*, as the seat of the intellect, that it may be enlightened and sanctified by the Holy Spirit, that head and hands, and feet, and body and soul may be under the Spirit's influence; that the whole man may be the Lord's.

This holy oil was poured upon the High priest "without measure;" the oil ran down upon his beard and upon the skirts of his garments, indicating the fullness and richness of that divine anointing which Jesus was to receive with "this OIL OF GLADNESS," above those, whom in mercy, He would call and make His fellows. Ps. xlv. 7. In the fullness of time He came, of whom Moses in the Law and the prophets had spoken, The Holy Spirit long typified by the "holy oil" and "the anointing" came upon him without the symbol and without measure. The form and the ceremony was lost in the Spirit. The substance had come, the shadow passed away. After that divine anointing he claims that upon him is fulfilled the prophecy, Isa. lxi, "The Spirit of the Lord God is upon me, because the Lord hath anointed me." From Him, as the Head of the Church, it flows down to all the members.

"On all the chosen ones,
The precious oil comes down;
It runs, and as it runs,
It ever will run on;
Even to the skirts (the meanest name)
That longs to love the bleeding Lamb."

The learned Dean Prideaux, and, indeed, all Jewish traditions say, that this holy oil was made but once, and miraculously kept in the holy place until the destruction of the second temple. This, we know, that it was never made or used for any profane or secular use.

This divine unction was given to the

bride, the Lamb's wife, on the day of Pentecost, when the promise of the Father was fulfilled; when tongues of flames were given; when the hand was willingly employed, and the ear listened to heavenly utterances, and the feet were swift in paths of duty, and property lost all value except as an agent to promote the glory of God. The Holy Spirit, which is the "OIL OF GLADNESS" became the sacred anointer, and filled the place with His glory.

2. Oil has ever had a distinguished place in the *Materia Medica*. The ancients held it in very high esteem as a great antidote against poison, and as a valuable remedial agent. It was on this account that the sick were frequently anointed with oil in the name of the Lord. The case mentioned in James v. 14, so shamefully distorted to the superstition of "extreme unction" of the Papacy, means nothing more than that the use of oil, as a lawful means, under the divine blessing, in answer to prayer, for the recovery of the afflicted, so the Holy Ghost is the great antidote for the *poison of sin*. It is the only effectual remedy against the malady of the carnal and corrupt nature. The wounds and bruises and putrifying sores of humanity are not healed by the rules of ethical science; nor by outward baptisms and ritualistic observances; the "oil of gladness," the "balm of Gilead," is the only cure. God gives "beauty for ashes; the oil of joy for mourning." There is but one physician can cure the sin-sick soul, He restores to perfect health, "He is the saving strength of His anointed," "He strengtheneth them with strength in their souls."

3. Oil has great purifying properties. See the leper all covered with the most contaminating and loathsome defilement. His cure under the Law is extremely significant and remarkably illustrative. For him, through human agency, there was neither help nor hope. The plague spots without became more conspicuous as the deeply seated malady takes firmer hold of the vitals. To family and church he becomes so offensive that their safety and purity demand his ex-

pulsion, and the public good demands his forfeiture of his civil rights and of his religious fellowship. Oh, that leper house. That almost irresistible sleep, with its twitchings and turnings, its moans and mental wanderings. The super-sensitiveness of to-day followed by the anaesthetic or paralytic state of to-morrow. The hopeless indifference followed by blanched despair; then by death. The leper was considered legally and politically dead, carried about his person the foulness of death, was called "*sepulchrum ambulans*." His disease being deeply rooted, conspicuously exhibited, diffusive, corrosive, transmissible, somniferous, loathsome, and, to human agency, incurable, it was the standing symbol of sin. The most malignant evil in God's universe—of sin, in connection with its deserved punishment—the doom of death. Unless the "living water," the "shed blood," the "anointing oil" be applied, for the leprous there is—there can be no hope. So, unless that which is symbolized by these natural agencies be applied to the sinner's heart there can be no escape.

In effecting a cure there must be a knowledge of one's danger—a sense of impurity—a consciousness of utter helplessness—a confession of uncleanness—a willing compliance with divinely appointed means—an entire renunciation of self—a cheerful coming up to the only hope set before us. Then, in the process of cleansing the leper, there are *two very distinctly marked stages*—the first had regard to his legal rights as a citizen, and secured his fellowship with the living: the second to his restoration, and the establishment of his right to participate in all the sacred privileges of the clean. To accomplish the first, the water and the blood must be sprinkled upon him. To the enjoyment of the second, the anointing oil must be applied. The application of blood was necessary to restore his legal standing,—of oil to restore his sacred privilege. The one secured his civil or legal title to home and citizenship; the other secured his qualification and enjoyment of spiritual blessings. Now, both the blessings

of pardon and holiness are clearly foreshadowed in these symbolic rites. In the first we see justification by faith in the atoning blood; in the second, sanctification through the Spirit. In the first step the blood of Christ is seen applied to the conscience. In the second, the renewing and sanctifying grace of the Holy Spirit cleanses from all sin.

The leper's restoration to his sacred and spiritual privileges assumed the form of a consecration, this is the *second step* in the marvelous cure, a consecration in every respect precisely the same as in the justification of the priests. The blood of the trespass offering brought him into a condition and relation that he could legally offer the three sacrifices necessary to his cleansing: 1. The sin offering, indicating his reconciliation to God. 2. The burnt offering, his dedication to the service of God. 3. The meat offering, indicating the fruits of a holy life. The moment he felt the touch of the anointing oil, that moment his putrid flesh was clean. The blood changed his relation; the oil his nature. He was not fully restored until the anointing oil was applied. When the leper was sprinkled with water, the water must have blood in it, when he was anointed, the oil must have blood under it, to show that all the blessings and benefits of pardon and holiness come to us through the shed blood of our Lord Jesus.

Query: 1. How long a time elapsed after the leper had gone through the first stage in the process of his cure, until he entered upon the consecration necessary to a perfect cure? Answer: The Law reads Lev. xiv. 10, "And on the eighth day he shall," read to the thirty-third verse.

Query 2. If, after being so far cleansed as to have gone through the first stage, and then resolves to neglect or refuse the conditions of the second, what would be the result? If any one was found so fond of the leprosy as to refuse or neglect the only remedy, or be satisfied with half a cure, there would be in his case, a loss of all that was sacred and spiritual in his home and the

Church, and a relapse of his sad condition with the painful reflection, I might have had the anointing oil and a perfect cure. "His last state would be worse than the first."

GODERICH, Ontario, Canada, 1868.

(To be Continued.)

For the Guide.

SYMPATHY OF JESUS.

LEILA LEE.

"I have trodden the wine-press alone, and of the people there were none with me." Is. lxiil. 3.

Alone with Jesus—far from thee,
Thy friends and happy home may be;
And thou, each earthly comfort flown,
Treading *the wine-press* all alone.

He knew the anguish of thine heart,
When called from cherished ones to part,
He saw thy tears, heard every groan,
Who trod *the wine-press* all alone.

Who, "though He was a Son," yet still
Through suffering learned the Father's will,
Obedient, left His holy throne,
To tread *the wine-press* all alone.

How tender, loving, kind and true
A master the disciples knew!
Yet, in His grief they seemed like stone,
While He *the wine-press* trod alone.

Arise, he said, do not delay!
"He is at hand that doth betray!"
Awake, my cherished ones, my own,
Must I *the wine-press* tread alone?

"Tempted in all points, like as we,"
Our sympathizing Lord must be;
His bitter anguish all unknown,
He trod *the wine-press* all alone.

Jesus, thy sympathy divine,
Now cheers this yearning heart of mine,
Leaning on Thee, I hush each moan,
And tread *the wine-press* not alone!

UPPER EAST, 1868,

For the Guide.

LOVE GOD NOW.

S. M. A.

The sweetest word in our language is Love. The GREATEST word in our language is God. The word expressing the shortest time is Now. The three make the sweetest duty man can perform.

For the Guide.

WHAT SHALL I DO?

H. N. JONES.

"What shall I do to-day to glorify my great Redeemer?"

We are informed that from the age of seventeen years, this was the first waking thought of the devoted Elizabeth Fry, and to this spirit of prayerful inquiry, is attributable in a large measure the success which attended her labors, in the religious and philanthropic movements of her day. A success which has justly lent lustre to her name, and enshrined it in the hearts of thousands.

While I would not *adore* the individual, I *may* magnify the grace which made her what she was, an *active laborer* in the vineyard of our Lord, and with an eye to the same glorious inheritance, which, through redeeming love, is now hers, I would *press forward*, walking by the same rule and minding the same thing.

The inquiry itself tells its own story. It implies *soul consecration*, without limitation or reservation. It admits of no doubtful or negative allegiance to God, no *divided heart*, but pure, lofty and earnest devotion to the cause of Christ. Is not this what *we* need, *every* one, to fit us for our several positions in His Church. Were this spirit to permeate the heart of Christendom, what a mighty revolution it would make in the Church. Where could be found the luke-warm professor? Instead of him would we hear the earnest inquirer saying, what can I do to-day, not to-morrow, to advance His cause?

Thank God there are many dear hearts ranged under different denominational banners, who are faithful servants, bearing to the world the insignia, "Holiness to the Lord." These rejoice for the privilege both of doing and suffering all His most holy will, who so loved us as to die for us. The death of the Son of God! Unexampled Love! How cruelly met! Well might the sun refuse to shine on such a scene! No wonder that the rocks were rent, and the graves were opened at the ingratitude of fallen man! But is it not strange, that in view

of all the love of Jesus toward us, we should, any of us, follow thus haltingly the footsteps of our Master?

Much of the good we might do is lost by waiting for enlarged opportunities for usefulness. The truth is, were our hearts alive with the pentecostal flame, however limited our spheres of action, they would be broad enough to admit of loving service for our Saviour! When the mind, with all its faculties, the heart with all its affections, are dedicated to Him, there will appear something to be done, and with the requirement the necessary qualifications for labor will be afforded. The channels for doing good are various, but the perfect heart, and the willing mind, will never be at a loss to find its own appropriate sphere. O! to fill that place designed by the Great Head of the Church for me to fill! Be this my prayer; and yours, too, my brothers and sisters in the faith of the Lord Jesus! until that day, when, with a full record of His love, being called to render up an account of our stewardship, we hear the welcome plaudit, "Well done, good and faithful servant, enter thou into the joy of thy Lord."

PORTLAND, Seventh month, 15th, 1867.

For the Guide.

BEARING THE YOKE.

REV. F. H. WHEELER.

Young disciples often wonder why they are called on to bear so many trials, and to endure so many persecutions from the unbelieving world. They have an idea that older Christians are better able to bear these afflictions than they. But not so. Each "heart knoweth its own bitterness." Each soul needs its own special discipline, and must, to a certain extent, bear its own burdens. "Every one of us must give account of himself to God," and we are to "work out our own salvation with fear and trembling." We may be helped by our fellow-disciples in some things, and our Lord himself offers us wisdom and grace to help "in time of need," but there are cases where human aid and sympathy are but bitter and hollow mockery, and the

"time of need" is when human help and hope have failed—*then* God comes forth in mercy to relieve us from distress. "Man's extremity is God's opportunity." To be sure he is said *never* "to leave us nor forsake us," and in one sense He never does; for, if he actually forsook us, we should fall at once, since no one can prosper in things temporal or spiritual without the Divine blessing.

But He sometimes withholds any sensible evidence of His presence and favor, to try our faith in His promises, and our strength of purpose, as a mother sometimes lets go of the child's hand, in learning it to walk, and thus deprives it of any felt support, and even of her visible presence, since she walks behind it out of the child's sight; apparently, the mother has forsaken the child, and left it to stand or fall, as best it can, but really her heart is as full of sympathy and love as ever, and she is just as keenly alive to every motion of those tottering limbs, and as ready to help their feebleness, as when the child felt the firm clasp of her maternal hand. Ere the child can fall, or even utter a cry for help, that tender mother clasps it to her breast, and soothes it with words of love.

So we must not doubt God's presence because we do not see or feel it. He is ever near to us, and we are ever dear to Him, and nothing can separate us from the "love of Christ which," indeed, "passeth knowledge." He is a "friend that sticketh closer than a brother," and we are dearer to Him than any sister or brother can be to us.

He is called the bridegroom of the soul, and if we "come up out of the wilderness" of sin, "leaning upon the arm of our Beloved," and looking unto Him who is the "author and finisher of our faith," He will support and comfort us in every trying hour. We shall find truly that His yoke is easy and His burden light, and if we perform this labor of love, and cheerfully bear this love-lined yoke, we shall find rest to our souls. That rest that makes our life one constant Sabbath of repose from sin. A peace "that passeth knowledge," which

is the offspring of a quiet conscience, and better than all the world beside.

If we want this heavenly peace of Christ, we must sit where Mary sat, and learn of Him who was "meek and lowly in heart." He says, in Lamentations iii. 27, "It is good that a man bear the yoke in his *youth*." They that would command must first learn to obey. The seed must be sown in early spring, if we would reap the harvest in autumn.

Then murmur not, young soldier of the cross, at the apparent severity of your discipline. The Captain of your salvation is training you for the fires of battle and the weary march—climbing up Zion's hill—and by and by, when worn with toil and war, you reach the summit, and the heavenly sentinel cries,

"Halt!" your watchword at the gate shall be,
"Jesus the Saviour died for me."

TOLEDO, 1868.

For the Guide.

LOVE HUMAN AND DIVINE.

BY MRS. E. J. RICHMOND.

Love is the sunshine of the soul,

All beauteous graces live
Within its warmth, and human hearts,
Their purest incense give.

Passion is the sirocco's breath,
It scorches and destroys,
And leaves but wretchedness and death,
In place of human joys.

Of human love, the beams so bright,
Are but reflected rays,
As Luna—the fair queen of night,
Reflects the orb of day.

God's love flows to our human hearts,
As freely as the air
Circles around us, and we find
Him present everywhere.

And as we yield our willing hearts,
To its transforming power,
Nearer to the Eternal source
We venture every hour.

Nearer, till with the glorified,
Who rest with God above,
We bear His image here below,
The seal that "God is love."

VALLEY HOME, Jan. 27, 1868.

For the Guide.

WAY THE LORD LED ME.

MRS. E. J. RICHMOND.

I have been blessed and profited in reading the experience of those who have tasted of the "deep things of God," in the "Guide to Holiness." Perhaps an humbler testimony may be for the honor of God—I should have said the testimony of an *humbler Christian*. I do not remember the time when I dared to neglect prayer, although naturally of a skeptical turn of mind.

The family altar was never thrown down in my home, although my father belonged to a profession which generally excuses itself from religious duties, on the plea of *necessity*.

With my brothers and sisters I was given to God, in holy baptism, in infancy, and this fact, and the influences of my home, perhaps led me to resolve, "I will be a Christian." The thought of eternity was awful to me, and I looked upon Christians with envy.

I thought, "I too will seek this priceless treasure," and at a protracted meeting which was in progress in a town where I was visiting, I went to the "anxious seat," with my hard, cold heart, determined to give it to Jesus. I had no feeling, only I *knew* I was a sinner, and that Jesus died to save sinners. Night after night, tearless and strong-hearted, I knelt at that anxious seat, with the fixed resolve, "I shall seek until I find," for Jesus bids us seek.

The invitation was given for them who felt they had been blessed to speak. I thought, "that does not mean me," then again, "I will bear the cross," and tremblingly I rose. Before I could open my mouth I had *something to say for Jesus*. That evening, at the friend's house where I was staying, I was asked to join in family prayer. It was a heavy cross, but I had fully decided to obey my Heavenly Master.

Thus I went on from year to year, trying to do something for Jesus, and the little light in my heart grew clearer and brighter, and I rested down more firmly upon the Rock of Ages. I had

been for some years a member of the M. E. Church before I heard anything of the doctrine of "Holiness." Then I read "Faith and its Effects," and "The way of Holiness," by Mrs. Palmer. This was just what I needed, and by faith I took hold upon the promises, and trusted my Saviour for *full salvation*. My honored father, too, although a member of another communion, read and loved those works. For a while I walked in the light, and then the unhappy controversy which some will remember as being published in the *N. C. Advocate*, some years ago, grieved me, and the spirit I witnessed in some of those who professed to be filled with *love*, almost stumbled me, so that for years I did not live in the enjoyment of the blessing. I had a heavy cross to bear, the cross of all others that I thought I could not bear. I tried to live near to God, and to do every duty, but I did not "walk in the light." I was aroused from this state by a friend coming to me for *HELP* in the way of holiness. Thoroughly humiliated, I told my friend, "we will covenant together to accept Christ as our perfect Saviour; we will believe His word, because it is His word." Since that time I have been venturing upon the promises of God. Instead of sighing under my cross, I bear it even joyfully, for Jesus sake, and the light of my Saviour's countenance is always upon my pathway. *I will believe. I will not dishonor my Saviour by doubting His word.* Conflicts and trials I expect, and victory over all through the blood of the Lamb.

For the Guide.

THE PICTURE VS. THE HEART.

S. A. L.

Some time ago, while wandering among the relics collected by the members of the Historical Society, in New York, some interesting features of a picture arrested my attention. A gentleman belonging to the Society noticing my interest, informed me that he, while traveling in a distant country, had come across this picture, then much disfigured and nearly covered with rubbish; the

little of it that was visible so pleased his fancy he purchased it; labor, with the help of some restoratives he had, brought back much of its original beauty.

Ah! thought I, as I listened, how well this canvas represents the poor human heart; originally stamped with the image of Christ, now defaced and covered with sin, as the picture was with rubbish. No Solomon's wealth could purchase its redemption, but Heaven must be robbed of its glory to pay the price; the life blood of Christ alone could remove the stains sin had caused; and because it was shed for us, "though our sins be as scarlet, they may be white as snow; though they be red, like crimson, they may be as wool." May we all "sink into the purple flood, and rise into the life of God."

For the Guide.

MORTAL—YET IMMORTAL.

BY MRS. L. B. BALDWIN.

"What is man?" said the Psalmist, And Echo says "What?"

He blooms, and is blighted; he *is*, and *is* not, Like the flower of the forest—the mushroom of a day,

He springs into being—then passes away.

Like the dew of the morning, the breath of the Spring,

The bubble of ocean, that tempest-tossed thing,

Is the life of a mortal, so like to span,

As to call forth the mournful expression, "What's man?"

Yet man is immortal, though mortal he be; Unlike to the bubble that floats on the sea; Unlike the fair flowret, or Spring's balmy breath,

For the spirit immortal will triumph o'er death.

What then is the spirit? And where does it dwell,

When the house it *had* lodged in has totter'd and fell?

'Tis the breath of Jehovah, and at His behest.

Flies away to its home, with the doomed, or the blest.

STREETSBOBO, Ohio, 1868.

For the Guide.
MOTHERS—DIVINE SYMPATHY.

S. G. S.

"The Lord is my light and my salvation; whom shall I fear? The Lord is the strength of my life; of whom shall I be afraid?"

Perhaps there is no class of persons who need the grace of God more than mothers, and nothing but the entire consecration of the whole being to Christ, can enable us to perform every duty faithfully. If there are at times less of the heavenly, and more of the earthly apparent in the life and conversation of one, who is thus dedicated to God, it is because so many cares and duties press upon the mind, that the surface only is seen; while the deep inner recesses of the heart remain, for the time, hid from sight. But there is an inner life, known only to God, and that life, hid with Christ, will bear fruit, though the possessor may be discouraged and cast down by a seeming want of success. For she who labors faithfully in the sphere where her Heavenly Father has placed her, does not live in vain.

Where the Lord has denied the riches of this world, and there is a necessity for laboring and planning, that her children may be clothed and household duties faithfully attended to, a mother cannot always take the time for spiritual reading and meditation which her soul craves. Here it is that the glorious grace of perfect love comes in, giving to the heart thus exercised, a peace and rest in Jesus, which enables her to bear patiently every cross, assured that He, who lays heavy burdens upon us, will give strength equal to our day.

Oh! the blessedness of being so fully consecrated to the Lord, that we have no fears for our temporal or eternal welfare. Then, in regard to the mysteries of Providence, and the deep things of God, how many have been shipwrecked by endeavoring to reconcile, and bring down to their own feeble understanding, the dealings of the Almighty with His creatures, and the hidden things which belong to Him alone. Here, too, the sanctified soul rests, with the simple assurance, that He doeth all things well—that what we know not now we shall

know hereafter. Who can solve the great problem of man's life? His creation and fall, his redemption; the brief space allowed him here, his eternal existence hereafter? The very thought of a being without beginning or end, and of eternity, are too much for the wisest, most powerful human intellect. But when all is submitted in childlike confidence to the Infinite, when the soul rests all its interests for time and eternity, with Him who "knoweth our frame, and remembereth that we are dust," then alone are we happy, and enjoy perfect love and peace.

For the Guide.
A STAR OF THE MILKY WAY.

MARY A. WARRINER.

"Dear Christians, you may not all shine like the sun, or like the moon, but each of you may be at least a star of the milky way. Behold that broad and luminous pathway in the heavens, supposed to be the blended light of innumerable fixed stars, which cannot be distinguished with ordinary telescopes. So you may take your stations in the glory of feeble stars and blend your light together, and you shall not shine in vain."—Extract from a sermon.

The sun has run his joyful race,
And o'er sweet nature's lovely face,
A change takes place.

Yet while the day's intenser light,
Has changed into the shades of night,
The heavens are bright.

The stars above in splendor shine,
Praising their mighty God and mine,
In happy rhyme.

The brightest star, almost a sun,
Is grouped with many a smaller one,
Its course to run.

The little star with twinkle small,
Is guarded by the bright ones all,
Lest it should fall.

A twinkler there with modest mein,
Is glad it can be scarcely seen,
Behind the screen.

Rejoicing in the other's light,
One cries with wondering delight,
"How bright! How bright!"

One strives in vain to shine so far,
As this dark world, where mortals are—
Poor little star!

For the Guide.

CHRIST, OUR ALTAR.

BY A CONGREGATIONALIST.

"We have an altar whereof they have no right to eat which serve the tabernacle." Jewish forms and ceremonies are done away, for it is a spiritual altar, and whatsoever toucheth it is made holy. Oh, precious privilege, that we poor feeble worms of the dust, all defiled with sin and pollution, may come, and lay soul and body, time, talents, and influence upon the altar which sanctifieth the gift, and the streaming blood of the Lamb covers it entire. Oh, glory be to Jesus, that there is power in the blood to cleanse and purify, that the fountain is ever open, and the Spirit ever urging God's children to step in and be made perfectly whole, and meet for the Master's use.

Oh, how my heart sinks within me as I sometimes hear professed Christians say, when crossing duties are pressed upon them, "Oh, I do not profess to be all the Lord's," "to be sanctified" seeking in this way to be excused from obeying God's requirements, and justify themselves, and still they speak of having all upon the altar; know they not their offering cannot touch the Christian's altar, Christ, without being sanctified? It is impossible for the word of God is true, and when once the entire being is bound to this altar, there to remain forever, there is no room for further consecration, only to see that we take nothing back, for we are no longer our own, being bought with a price, even the blood of the Son of God, and surely He is worthy of our entire devotion, it is but our reasonable service.

That precious piece by A. T. Allis, "The Living Sacrifice," in the December "Guide" of 1866, is so deep and full of meaning, I read and re-read it, and it feeds me every time, I wish it could be in the hands of every Christian, and they would ask themselves the question, "Is obligation less because no word has passed thy lips to live for God alone?"

"And does God most favor those who least obey?
Or bless those least who on His altar lay?
Are those most special objects of His care?
Who bring their poorest, cheapest offering there."

Oh, how dishonoring to His love, to slight His most precious gift, even the purifying power of His blood. Blessed privilege to be enabled, through Christ, to enter into the "holy of holies," and be made partakers of the divine nature, "heirs of God, and joint heirs with Jesus Christ," to an inheritance above. Glory to the Lamb, for this unspeakable gift. My heart swells within me, as I contemplate the divine love, while I write the fire burns within me. Precious Jesus, I would ever be filled with all Thy fullness, and drink deep at the fountain head; the promises are mine—I claim them—and "every moment, Lord, I have the merits of Thy death," for Thou hast redeemed me; I am *Thine entire*, *Thine* forever, and willing—Oh, how willing to be used any way for Thy glory!

For the Guide.

VOICE FROM AN INVALID.

D. S. G. JENKINS.

At the age of fourteen God laid His hand upon me; my hopes, my prospects, my strong aspirations for distinctions; my faith, my confidence in God, were all alike crushed. Oh! how I longed for death; how I prayed for a final deliverance from the fate that was upon me.

My night must be perpetual; my eyes were closed for ever; and was this an act of love from my Heavenly Father?

Mother and child were prostrated before God until the crucible was heated, and the Refiner turned the metal again and again, each time looking for His own image to be reflected. Time passed, and again the crucible was heated,—the Refiner carefully scrutinized each feature, until mother and child were made to reflect the image of Him who is too wise to err, and too good to be unkind, (Oh! the joys of a sanctified Faith!) and that peace which the world cannot give, was ours fully to enjoy.

The rich promises are to the willing and the obedient. It is now forty-one years since my mind was first exercised on this fundamental doctrine of the Bible, and still I am but a "babe in

Christ," relative to this doctrine,—for there are heights to which I have never attained; there are lengths and breadths yet unmeasured and unfathomed, yet my Father has honored me.

He has allowed me to labor with Him in His Vineyard, and use me as His instrument in bringing precious souls to Him, and in great weakness I have endeavored to teach them the exalted principles of holiness.

For some time after I lost my sight, I thought that my usefulness as a Christian was at an end; but as I have grown in grace my labors have increased, and as my faith now looks up to God some new field of labor presents itself, so that I find it necessary to be instant in season, and out of season.

Three years ago I was attacked with inflammatory rheumatism, and have lost the use of my limbs. I have not walked a step or borne my weight in more than two years; and yet I think I have never performed more successful Christian labor than in the last three years.

I have suffered great distress of body, yet most of the time I could sing, "Jesus, all the day long, Is my joy and my song."

Now, my beloved friends, you who feel that you have no power to act in this great cause of Christ, the harvest is already ripe, clothe yourself with strength and labor till the harvest is ended, and the Master says, "Well done, good and faithful servant, enter thou into the glory of thy Lord;" and I thank God that we can have a foretaste of that joy in this life, for "there is peace in believing," and a great reward for those that keep the commandments.

Oct. 6th. 1867.

For the Guide.

CHRISTIAN EXPERIENCE: EXTRACTS FROM
CORRESPONDENCE.

FURNISHED BY A PASTOR.

Though it made my heart sad to leave my dear friends, yet He that sticketh closer than a brother did not leave me, and the abiding consciousness of His blissful presence has kept me from all evil; I am indeed dead unto the world,

and alive to God. He has also enabled me to speak of His great love all my journey along; tracts and cards I have scattered broadcast over the land.

The Sabbath I had to spend at B., I heard a sermon preached at the M. E. Church in the morning, but I am sorry to say, there was not a crumb of the bread of life in it, it might just as well have been preached at a Universalist church. The theme was, or rather was said to be the greatness of God; but the glorification of men was apparently kept in view from beginning to end.

The preacher was not the pastor of the church, but a stranger. The hours of the afternoon I spent at a colored Sabbath-school, after the close of which I distributed tracts at the levee.

Some distance from the city I found a number of children at play. I gathered them around, talked to them of Jesus, and so for some time had a little Sabbath-school of my own.

The Lord is very good to me, giving me grace in every time of need; I would praise Him, but where shall I His praise begin? He being my helper I promise that the whole of my future life shall praise Him.

I have no other desire than to glorify God and do His will. Oh, how sweet it is to have God's smile of approbation in every thing we may do!

I am a willing instrument in God's hand, but you know my infirmities well; though grace has been given I have not received any gifts in proportion. I am of a stammering tongue, contemptible speaker, a stranger, and sick; my health is worse than it was when with you. The change in the temperature has been very sudden, the heat is oppressive, and it is almost impossible for me to be active in any way. But I will, the Lord helping me, visit some of those who once knew something of the deep things of God. I am not ungrateful for all the Lord is doing for me, day by day; though storms of trouble have come, my soul still firmly clings to the cross, and Jesus keeps his own in perfect peace; I desire nothing but more of His love.

Wednesday night, I called on a company of gay young people for volunteers to accompany me to the Prayer Meeting. One young man accepted the invitation. He told me that he was converted under the preaching of General P., also enjoyed once the blessing of entire sanctification, but lost it through inactivity; he promised to seek again with all his heart.

Deprived of all my dear friends and loved associations, as well as nearly of all opportunities to labor personally for the salvation of souls, I have been sinking deeper and deeper in my own estimation. I never had such a consciousness of my own nothingness as I have at present. But bless the Lord! I am willing to be nothing that He may be all in all; helpless in myself, my soul finds all its support in His everlasting arms of love. I have greater delight in contemplation of God's character in all respects than ever before, and I am well assured that my love to Him, who is the Author of all my joys and happiness, increases daily.

God has also been pleased to answer my prayers so far as not to discourage me; there is a visible stir in the family with which I reside, who have now blessings at the table and family prayer; the acknowledgment of God's goodness in both these forms was very much neglected in former times.

The young man whom I mentioned previously has found the pearl of great price, and we now both pray for a revival of God's work in this place.

Last night, Dr. M. and myself visited a lady who enjoys the highest grace of the Gospel dispensation; spent an hour in delightful conversation, and then parted after praying together.

I am very glad, indeed, to hear such a good report of the praying band; I envy your opportunities for missionary labors. I almost despair of finding any sick or poor in this section. Could I, but for two hours, daily engage in personal labor for the salvation of souls, I would feel a great deal better. God knows how willing and desirous I am to

do His will; but His appointment seems to be that I should rather *suffer* His will, for the present. My greatest trial is the withdrawing of the consolation to comfort others, to weep with the weeping, and to rejoice with the joyous. At such times of inward trial, how comforting to know that even the very hairs of our head are all numbered. And could we but see the end of all things as our Father in Heaven is seeing it, we would do the very same thing which He does. A work is to be done, a plan of life laid out for every one of us, but God has as well, a time in which every thing is to be done. If any of us has a great work to do, time is needed to prepare the heart for it; I will say, therefore, to my soul, "Be thou still, and wait on the Lord!"

For the Guide.

A YEAR AGO TO-DAY.

BY LUCY.

With joy and love my soul o'erflowed,
And, oh! such peace to me was given
When washed in the all-cleansing blood,
I seemed just on the verge of heaven.

'Twas listening to that word "believe,"
That set my longing spirit free,
My Saviour spoke 'twas "look and live,"
I've shed my blood to ransom thee.

I could not doubt the work was done
Just when, by faith, I heard those words,
My doubts were gone, gone, all my sin,
I knew, I felt I was the Lord's.

And, oh! since then, how I've been kept
Close to that blessed bleeding side,
Lost in His will, sunk in the depth
Of the life-giving cleansing tide.

Trials I've met, crosses I've borne,
How sweet to bear them for His sake,
Who loves me, claims me for His own,
If I will all His counsel take.

To-day, O Lord, I dedicate
Myself, my all, again to Thee,
My life, my being consecrate
To Him who saved and blessed me.

Through all this peaceful happy year,
Though rough and thorny oft the way,
He kept me safe, without a fear,
E'er since a year ago to-day.

Loved One's Gone Before.

GOD BURIES HIS WORKMEN.

EDITORIAL.

Dr. Hannah, one of the most devoted servants of the Church, within the bounds of Methodism in England, has been recently called from his labors on earth to his rest in heaven. On the last Sabbath morning in the old year he entered upon the dawn of his eternal Sabbath. The solemn offices connected with his death were performed at Didsbury College Chapel, at eleven o'clock, on January 2. Over a hundred ministers were present. Devout men carried his remains to the grave, and many and heart-felt were the lamentations over him.

But, though dust has been committed to the dust, he will still stand in his lot. Though dead, he will yet speak. His works will follow him. Though God buries His workmen, he carries on his work. Doubtless, the influence of Dr. Hannah's fervent and genial piety, will long exert a hallowing influence over the hundreds of young men who have been under his trainings for the ministry during the past twenty years. May each emulate the zeal of the departed Elijah, and his mantle fall on some one, who may claim even a double portion of his spirit.

We have long known, by reputation and personally, the lamented Dr. Hannah. Though but in childhood, when he made his first visit to our American shores, as the traveling companion of the now sainted Rev. R. Reece, well do we remember how the word seemed to distill as the dews of heaven from his lips. On his second visit to the New World, when he came as the honored Representative of the Wesleyan Connexion, we formed a pleasing acquaintance with him, and exchanged parting words and looks, after he had set sail on the steamer, which was to bear him away to his native soil. We also had cause to remember him gratefully while on our visit to the Old World.

But he has now safely passed over life's rough sea, and landed on the shore of that glorious land, where there are no mistakes from dimness of vision, but where he sees the king in his beauty, and the genial atmosphere of his soul,—perfect love, is made yet

more pure and hallowing by the harmony of perfect vision.

Dr. Hannah's last sermon was preached at Walsall in the New Queen Street Chapel. It was the first service in the New Chapel. In the opening prayer he seemed to get very near the throne. He then announced the text Rev. xxii. 17, "And the Spirit, and the bride say, Come! And let him that heareth say, *Come!* And let him that is athirst, COME! And whosoever will, let him take of the water of life freely." He placed particular emphasis on the word, COME! An unusual influence attended the reading of the text; some were in tears. The sermon was a clear, full, and lucid exposition of the passage, rich in evangelical sentiment and saving truth. The invitations of the Holy Spirit were urged with great force. With remarkable pathos, power, and earnestness did he expatiate on the precious all-important theme till his voice well-nigh failed. The congregation were awed, melted, and solemnized. Had the venerable servant of Christ received a premonition that it was his last sermon, he could scarcely been more earnest, faithful, or solemn.

The Rev. John Bedford, President of the Wesleyan Conference, in describing the closing scene, says, 'On Thursday, December 19th, Dr. Hannah attended a meeting of the Committee of the Didsbury Institution for a short time, but feeling unwell, he retired to his house. I saw him in his study on the afternoon of that day. He spoke of suffering from a cold, but conversed with his usual cheerfulness, and I little thought that I should never see him in his study again. On Saturday I was made aware of his critical state, and hastened to visit him. Ah! what a change! It was but too evident that recovery was hopeless. On my taking his hand, he opened his eyes, and welcomed me in words scarcely audible, as his dear friend, the President. I spoke of his immortal hope, and then prayed with him, to which he responded repeatedly, *Amen! AMEN!* Then he firmly grasped my hand, looked at me with a holy calm joy beaming in his eyes, and gently whispered, "My dear friend, Jesus is mine! All is well! Blessed testimony!" To Mr. Napier, who saw him as soon as I left the room, he said, "My dear friend, ALL IS

WELL! I shall soon be where the weary are forever at rest! Blessed assurance! Forever at rest!" He lingered until the following morning; and then his spirit calmly and peacefully departed from an earthly Sabbath to enter upon a Sabbath which shall never end."

For the Guide;

CHARLIE L. BARTLETT.

And yet another is taken home,
Another has gone to rest,
But, oh! how sad seems every place
Once by His presence blest.

And must we give him up?
O, Charlie! our darling son,
Help us, O Lord, to say,
"Thy will, not mine be done."

No more we hear his pleasant voice;
No more his cheerful face we'll see,
As home from school, or work, or play
He comes with footsteps light and free.

But he has gone to yonder sphere
All pure and free from sin;
Sorrow, sickness, pain, or death,
Can no more come to him.

But when the ties that bind us here
By Death's cold hand are riven,
Oh, may we all be gathered there,
A family in heaven.

For the Guide.

RUBY M. PIKE.

Ruby M. Pike of Cyprus, Wisconsin, went home to Heaven January 4th. Only a few days before her beloved brother passed over the river.

I feel it my duty to write you a few words about the precious dead, believing, as I do, that her life was a comment on the command, "Be ye holy." It was my privilege, a few weeks before her death, to renew an acquaintance formed years ago. Our visit was short, but the memory of it is very precious. Her theme was salvation, full and entire. "Oh," said she, "I am so glad that our present minister enjoys that blessed state of grace." She said, "While I was away attending school, the minister there thought it was not necessary always to con-

fess that state of grace." In consequence of which she withheld her testimony, and the result was that God withdrew the evidence. She promised the Lord if He would bestow upon her anew the evidence of full salvation, she would evermore confess it to His glory. The desire of her heart was given, and her life has been such as to leave no doubt as to the power of Christ to save to the uttermost. She has been instrumental in leading others into the blessed way of holiness. Her earnest prayers, tender pleadings and sweet songs on earth are over.

As one and another looked upon her face for the last time, how I coveted for Jesus one precious soul for whom I knew she had often prayed, and of whom she said to me, "I don't know what more can be said or done." Precious soul, if thine eye falls upon these lines, let me say to thee "take up thy cross," let Jesus comfort thee, and with me strive to meet Ruby in the better land.

L. H. BLACKBURN.

Editorial.

WHAT IS HOLINESS?

Ecstatic emotions and wondrous visions are good, but a sympathy with Jesus in the great work that brought Him from heaven to earth is better.

Peter was delighted when on the mount, and would have built tabernacles there, but had Jesus remained on the mount, He could not have died on Cavalry for a lost world. And had Peter and the other disciples remained there, they might have evaded wearisome toil and suffering, but would they have received the crown they are now wearing?

There are many who imagine faith difficult, and think if they could only have some luminous manifestations, they could not help being strong in faith. So Peter might have thought, but how was it? Compare this scene on Mount Tabor and II. Peter, i. 17, 18, 19.

The state of soul that the disciple must possess, if he would be truly pleasing to his Lord and Master, must be a state of entire *unselfishness*. Even as Christ who lived not to please himself. We are often asked, What is Holiness? Is it not a state where all the

powers of the being are given up to God through Christ?

And this involves an abiding in Christ. This brings corresponding fruitfulness in prayer, and labor. And when we find ourselves unable to bring our friends to Jesus, and deficient in that faith that brings virtue out of Jesus: we wrong our own souls and the cause of our Saviour, if we do not ask Jesus apart; that is, get into the inner sanctuary of the Divine presence, and as the disciples of old, ask, why could we not do thus and so? How instructing and inspiring to faith are the words of Jesus, "He that believeth on me, the works that I do shall he do also, and greater works than these shall he do, because I go unto my Father."

H. W. BEECHER—WHAT A CHANGE!

We have no bitter words to say, but it makes our hearts sad,—exceedingly sad, to see the influence of one, who by virtue of his sacred calling, is swaying the minds of multitudes, prostituting that influence to the service of the God of this world."

At the thirteenth anniversary of the Young Men's Christian Association, Brooklyn, N. Y., H. W. Beecher (we certainly must omit the "*Reverend*" in view of the connection in which it here stands) made a speech in which he recommended Bowling Alleys and Billiard Tables as necessary to the contemplated building for the Association. He says the *times* are changed, but how greatly has he *himself* changed! A few years ago in lecturing to young men he said, "Hell is populated with the victims of *harmless amusements*. Will man never learn that the way to hell is through the valley of deceit. 'The wise man forsooth the evil and hideth himself, but fools pass on and are punished.' Startled for a moment, the victim pauses, gazes around upon the flowery scene and whispers is it not *harmless*? Yes,—Harmless, responds a serpent from the grass! *Harmless* echoes the sighing winds! *Harmless*! re-echo a hundred subtle tongues! If now God from heaven might only sweep the clouds away through which the victim gazes! O, if God would break that potent power, which chains the blast of hell, and let the sulphur stench roll up the vale, how would the vision change. The road becomes a tract of dead men,—the

heavens a lowering storm, the balmy breezes, distant wailings, and all of those balsom shrubs, that lied to his senses, sweat drops of blood upon their poisonous brow." Surely these were not the sentiments of H. W. Beecher the Novelist, but of the Rev. H. W. Beecher of former days.

DR. CROSBY AND HIS PARISBONER.

Rev. Dr. Crosby of the 2d Avenue, Presbyterian Church, recently mentioned the following interesting incident, characteristic of his manner of laboring with his unsaved hearers. He had observed among the attendants on his ministry, a fashionable lady and her family, who amid the surroundings of wealth, seemed little disposed to yield to the claims of the meek and lowly Redeemer.

One day he called, and inquiring for the lady, was introduced into the drawing room. On seeing her he said, I have called on business just now, and shall not have time to make a visit. Having seen you for several months past, a regular attendant on my ministry, I have called as a servant of my Master, to ask what improvement you have made of the offers of grace received? The lady seemed embarrassed and blushed deeply, when Dr. C. said, "Perhaps you are not prepared to give an answer now, and I will call again."

In a few days, Dr. C. again called on the lady, and asked if she had thought of the question. She manifested much interest, and said that she had been thinking of it ever since, and it had given her so much concern, that she had passed a sleepless night. This incident was made the means of bringing her to the Saviour.

Revival Miscellany.

OUR WORK FOR JESUS.

Duties connected with our calling as editors, having preemptorily demanded our presence at home during several weeks past, our time has been fully occupied in answering some special invitations received from pastors and people in these regions. One Sabbath was spent very pleasantly and profitably at Willett Street, with our dear Brother Horne, who, having himself received

the gift of power is all intent in diffusing the same hallowing, inspiring grace among his people. The Lord is, indeed, blessing him, and making him a blessing.

The last Sabbath in the Old Year was spent at New Brunswick, N. J., at the call of the people of the Liberty Street Charge. Our beloved brother, Rev. R. V. Lawrence, has been blessed in his efforts in diffusing the principles and power of holiness in this charge, and during his almost three years labors with this people, has witnessed some remarkable displays of sanctifying and converting grace. Of late there had been a partial suspension, through some grievous hindrances, but omnipotent grace has triumphed, and the unsaved are again flocking as doves to the windows.

Our Sabbath with this dear pastor and people was delightfully spent, and we were permitted to witness that He who baptizeth with the Holy Ghost and with fire was in our midst. Here, also, amid the assembly of the Lord's redeemed ones, engaged in special efforts to promote the coming kingdom of our Lord Jesus Christ, we passed the last hours of the year 1867. Amid the ragings of a fierce storm without, the God of all grace diffused His peaceful, hallowing presence on his waiting worshipers within the temple. With scores of others, we, in that time-worn temple, entered upon the year 1868, in lowly prostration, yielding our soul, body, and spirit in the bonds of a renewed covenant to be wholly and eternally the Lord's.

Several evenings have also been spent with our excellent friends at Harlem, Second avenue, M. E. Church, under the pastorate of Rev. J. Parker. He is a man of power, and greatly beloved by his people, many of whom have been induced to follow him into green pastures and beside still waters. He has been blest with an almost continual revival since his first coming among this people. Between two and three hundred, we were told, had been added to the Lord since he began his labors in this part of the great harvest field. During the recent visitation, many sought, and we trust obtained the baptism of fire, and about forty were newly born into the kingdom of grace.

In answer to an official invitation received one week since from the official board of the

Duane Street Church, we have entered upon labors there. The work has commenced in power. Truly do our exultant hearts exclaim :

"Lo the promise of a shower
Drops already from above,
But the Lord shall shortly pour
All the spirit of His love."

The devoted minister in charge of this people, Rev. T. B. Smith, stands ready for every good word and work, by accelerating this heaven-sent shower. The work began with the Church in power last Sabbath. After we had addressed the people on Sabbath morning, and asked who, in answer to the Divine challenge, would at once bring all the tithes into the Lord's storehouse and prove Him therewith, many of Jesus' disciples hastily surrounded the altar, by way of identifying themselves as candidates for the full baptism of the Holy Ghost. Most graciously did the Lord pour out His Spirit. From this point, the work of convicting, converting, and sanctifying grace has been going on with increasing power, and about seventy have manifested their desire for salvation, over sixty of whom we trust have already been enabled to testify that the Son of Man hath power on earth to forgive sins. Alleluia! the Lord God Omnipotent reigneth.

YOUNG MEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATIONS AND REVIVALS.

These Associations are becoming a power in some regions of our highly favored country, would that it might be so all over our land. We were constrained to give God the glory as we read the following from Portland, Maine, which we extract from *Zion's Herald*. It reminds us of the inspiring scenes of 1857 and 1858. If all Young Men's Christian Associations would seek to be imbued with the same spirit now actuating some of the young men in Chicago, Portland, and a few other places, we might soon witness a more glorious revival than America has ever beheld.

Among the indications of religious revival and progress in Maine, the increasing activity and success of the "Young Men's Christian Associations" is the most striking. Until recently, its influence has been little felt in the community; but a baptism of fire has fallen upon the Association, and it has become a power among us. Young men of different

churches are of one heart and one mind in the work; their creed, "Christ and Him crucified, and their battle-cry, able to save to the uttermost," they are pressing the battle to the very gates of the enemy. They have recently secured new rooms, and have now ample accommodations in the very place formerly used for dancing and revelry. In addition to their regular meetings at their rooms, which are seasons of much interest, they have founded five missions and several Sunday Schools out of the city of Portland, in communities where no means of grace were before enjoyed. In each of these missions there is revival interest, and powerful conversions occur in almost every meeting. Every Sabbath morning a band of these noble young men sweep along the wharves, "gathering of every sort," till they come to their place of worship, a large sail loft, where their religious services are held. Sometimes half a score of strong, hardened men bow at the altar of prayer in tears and penitence.

This glorious and wonderful movement is among the laymen of the churches, and the pastors have had very little to do with it, seldom even attending the meetings, though often urged to do so. But they have all they can do in their various fields of labor.

Nor does there seem to be much need of their efforts. Young men who never pretended to a "call to the ministry," are ready to address the congregations, and their words are attended with such power as we seldom witness in the sanctuary.

Nor is it in Portland and vicinity alone that the Association is "taking hold on strength." In other cities and country villages, the work is extending with similar results.

In Lewiston the Association have employed Rev. N. C. Clifford, of the Maine Conference. He is just the man for the work, and the work just the kind he loves. We regret to lose him from the tract cause, and we miss his words of love and pleasant smiles with which he has ever greeted us at his annual visits. But he is in the right place, and God will bless him there.

Perhaps the church has hitherto depended too much upon the regular ministry of the word, and too little on her own personal effort. There is in every city and village a large class the ministry do not reach, perhaps cannot; they will not come to our churches, and they must be sought out, or left to perish. O, for a trumpet voice to call the young men of our land to this glorious work! Go, young man, wherever you can, and connect yourself with the Association. Join in this work; work with your might, and while communicating blessings to the perishing, you will find the work in which you are engaged strengthening the principles of virtue and religion in your own hearts, and the Master will by and by say WELL DONE.

Rev. J. H. Stockton writes: "We are now enjoying a precious revival of religion in Bridgeton. The blessed work of holiness has been kept before the people in our city during the past year, and has produced much precious fruit. Quite a number have obtained the blessing of "perfect love," and the good work is surely advancing in old Commerce Street and Trinity, and in both churches sinners are now being converted. Up to the time of this writing, about sixty in Commerce Street, and twenty-five in Trinity. The good work is progressing in both churches delightfully. To God be all the glory."

"The Central M. E. Church, the 3d church in our city, had a gracious outpouring of the Spirit in October, and some thirty souls were converted."

Quincey Co., Indiana, Conference, Rev. W. P. O'Haven writes: We have just closed a meeting at Mt. Zion, which resulted in seventy-nine accessions. The church is greatly revived.

Acton Circuit, S. E. Indiana Conference, Rev. J. H. Tomlinson. Since Conference sixty-nine have joined the church on this charge.

At West Liberty, Iowa Conference, Rev. Cyrus Morey says: The revival spirit still prevails, ninety have been received into the church.

Summerfield, Philadelphia, Rev. Wm. McCombs says: A revival is sweeping through this community. Eighty-nine, thus far, have been added to the church.

The revival at Farmingdale, N. J., has been very extensive, and the Pastor, Rev. J. F. Morell, has witnessed a surprising revolution in the religious condition of the church. More than one hundred and fifty souls have been converted within a few weeks.

The revival at the Eighteenth Street M. E. Church, New York city, continues. The pastor, Rev. L. H. King, reports over one hundred new cases of conversion in about three weeks. Many of these are heads of families.

At South Fifth Street Church, Brooklyn, Rev. C. H. Payne, pastor, an increasing revival work is in progress. A "mothers' meeting" has been established by some of the ladies of the church, among the poor, with excellent results. "Neighborhood prayer-meetings" are held weekly in the parlors of the more wealthy, and several interesting cases of conversions are reported as a result of the meetings.

Laurel, Del., Rev. J. Carroll, pastor, upwards of seventy persons have been converted and sixty-six have joined the M. E. Church.

A glorious work of grace is in progress on the Cochranville circuit, Philadelphia Conference. Over two hundred have united with the Church on probation. Most of them were converted at places where but little has been done for years. The pastors, Revs. S. Pancoast and J. D. Rigg, write that the work still goes gloriously forward, and "is penetrating the Mennonite settlements, overcoming their prejudices, and running like fire through stubble, while the whole 'country round about' is lit up with the camp-fires of King Emanuel."

A correspondent of the *Central Christian Advocate*, from Des Moines, Iowa, says: The revival at Fifth Street Church continues with unabated interest. Rev. A. B. Kendiss, of Davenport, spent the past week here in efficient labor with Pastor Ingalls. Over forty have joined the Church, and many are nightly at the altar.

The Evangelicals (Allbrights) are also having a season of rejoicing and "ingathering" of souls. Rev. J. F. Goolman, Presiding Elder of Des Moines District, reports the revival spirit burning nearly all over the district. From the Council Bluffs District, also comes the good news that nearly every charge is sharing largely in revival influence, and in many places the word of the Lord has free course and is glorified.

At Indianola a gracious work is progressing among the students of the College.

The revival at Atlanta, Ga., continues. "To Jan. 9th," writes Rev. J. Spilman, pastor, "there have been one hundred accessions and two hundred and fifty conversions."

There is a reviving of the work of God in the Prospect Street M. E. Church, Paterson, N. J., Rev. R. Vanhorne, pastor. About twenty have recently taken upon them the easy yoke of Christ, and others still are bending unto Him, waiting to receive it also.

Rev. O. P. Matthews, of Coeyman's Hollow, New York Conference, says: "Our meeting is still progressing; over one hundred, including some of our best citizens, have already surrounded the altar of prayer, and most of them have found the pearl of great price."

The *Christian Advocate* says letters received at that office during the present month (January) up to Monday evening last (27th) report over five thousand recent conversions! It adds: "Our exchanges have reported many others. Surely the work of revival is going forward with the most encouraging results. Let the whole church be profoundly grateful to God for these most cheering assurances of His favor."

LIBERIA.—Bishop Roberts writes to the Mission Rooms under date of October 29th, giving account of revivals at several of the stations and some of the circuits, also of conversions among the native tribes. One particular in his letter, which much encourages us as to the genuineness of the revival in one of the appointments is, that several of the young men are burning with desire to go among the natives with the story of the cross.

Correspondence.

For the Guide.

THE ORPHAN'S FRIEND.

For two years I have been a member of the Evangelical Association, and have been striving to do the will of my Master. From the time that I was first converted, I had a hungering and thirsting after righteousness, a longing desire for a higher life, for a closer walk with God, but was entirely unacquainted with the doctrine of holiness; until last winter, when we had our quarterly meeting.

In class-meeting I arose and told my desires

and longings, and asked them to pray for me, that I might become just what my heavenly Father desired me to be. The next evening, our dear Presiding Elder came and gave me a number of the "Guide to Holiness," and told me that he thought it was just what I needed. And I thank God to-day that he gave it to me, for since then, it has paid its welcome monthly visits to me. I have earnestly perused its blessed pages, and of a truth it has been a guide to me. Next to my Bible, I love it most.

Two weeks ago I was enabled through grace to consecrate myself to Christ, my time, my talents, and all I have placed upon the altar, and, although I deeply feel my unworthiness, yet glory be to His holy name, I feel, I know that He has accepted of the sacrifice, for He tells me so, and I cannot doubt His holy word. And oh, what sweet, abiding peace I have within, even that peace which passeth understanding. Although I am very poor in this world's goods, my father is dead, my mother and sisters are far away, yet He is more than father, mother, brother or sister to me. Yes, He is my God and my Guide, my shield and my protector, my strength in whom I will trust.

Although Satan assails me on every side, through grace I am enabled to overcome all his snares and temptations, and I, that was afraid two years ago to arise before a few brethren and sisters, and confess the name of Jesus, could now proclaim to the world, that "the blood of Christ cleanseth from all sin." Glory be to His holy name for His present full and free salvation.

LOUISA HUDNETT.

For the Guide.

TUESDAY MEETING IN JACKSONVILLE, ILL.

About twenty-two months ago, at the close of a protracted meeting in the East Charge M. E. Church, in this city, the Lord put it into the hearts of a few of His little ones to continue extra prayer meetings. At first we had several meetings during the week, then two per week, but it was not long until we decided to have but one meeting per week, namely, on Tuesday. At this time none of our members professed entire sanctification. Two or three members of the charge had in

other years and in other places enjoyed the blessing. We did not at first designate our gatherings as meetings for holiness; but before we were hardly aware of what we were doing, (the Lord being our leader, for we had no preacher at that time to lead us), several of our number, our minister's wife among them, was earnestly seeking the blessing of perfect love. Oh, how it thrilled our hearts with joy, when the first one of our little band testified in one of the meetings, that God had sanctified her wholly, and that she was all the Lord's, and loved Him with all her heart, then we could have all joined in singing,

"It is an hour of holy triumph,
God is in our midst to-day."

We remember with thanksgiving and praise to God, the afternoon when the second one of our members testified, that since the last meeting he had made the full consecration, had been enabled to lay all upon the altar, and realize that the gift was accepted, and that he was fully saved. We thought that afternoon, surely the Lord is leading us with His own right hand. During the autumn of the first year, the Lord sent Bro. Warren from Evanston, Ill., to us, and he encouraged us much, and although he had enjoyed the blessing but a short time, he was very successful in directing others into the clear light, and during his stay several more of our number were fully saved. During the weeks that were now passing, others of the church, that had stood aloof, came into our meetings, and soon became earnest seekers of holiness, and blessed be God, we have been privileged to hear many of them testify that the blood of His Son saved from all sin.

During last winter, Rev. E. Jones, formerly of Philadelphia, was providentially sent here. Being a man of large experience and strong faith, his coming was hailed with joy by all lovers of the cause of holiness, and while he labored with us, many more were brought under the influence of the Tuesday Meeting, to testify to the power of sanctifying grace. Many caught the heavenly flame that will carry it with them to the paradise of God.

So it has been from the commencement. God has always sent us help when we most needed it. Rev. A. C. Amantrout, of this Conference, has been with us, and one after-

noon related to us how the Lord had brought him out into the clear light. His is a blessed experience. A minister's wife, from the State of Minnesota, was with us that afternoon, and stated that it was worth a trip from Minnesota to hear his testimony.

A few weeks ago, the venerable Dr. Akens, Presiding Elder of Jacksonville District, met with us, and as he related to us his experience, we wept and shouted. His was the most clear, thrilling, and delightful testimony to which we had ever listened, he told us that three years after he commenced preaching, was the time the Lord sanctified him wholly.

"To bring fire on earth He came,
Kindled in some hearts it is,
Oh that all might catch the flame,
All partake the glorious bliss."

Praise the Lord! Many that precious afternoon did catch the flame, and it is burning brightly yet. All honor be to our God. Last Tuesday we had five preachers with us, and Rev. S. R. Harchman, stationed at the Brooklyn Charge, in this city, professed the blessing in our meeting. A few weeks ago, another, Rev. W. D. Lumuran, a superannuated minister of this Conference, who delights to preach a full salvation from all sin. Also, Rev. F. W. Phillips, stationed at the East Charge in this city, where we have been and still are holding our meetings. It was the first time he had been with us in many months, and we, at his request, at the close of the meeting, bowed before the Lord, and reconsecrated ourselves fully to the Lord. It was one of the most blessed meetings, and I think the readers of the "Guide" will say the Lord has led us in a blessed way. To this time, about forty have been fully saved. Of that number, one of our stationed preachers, four of our class leaders, and some of our most honored and pious members. Join with us, dear reader, in returning all the glory to God. In conclusion, I would say that the blessed results have not been realized without faithful labor and toil on the part of the little Tuesday Meeting band. For the first few months we met with discouragement, on account of so few attending, often scarcely enough to claim the promise; but, praise the Lord, a few were enabled to stand firm, and we now behold the glorious result.

L. C. EBEL.

JACKSONVILLE, ILL., Jan. 13, 1868.

For the Guide.

THE FAITHFULNESS OF JESUS.

"Trust ye the Lord forever; for in the Lord Jehovah is everlasting strength."

The article "Temptations," in the last November, suggested the following:

It is written by a youthful disciple, who, because she had such a Master, has learned to be cleansed from all sin. In early life, she hoped she was a Christian, but as this originated and continued in complete selfishness, the reality of her being, nor the fruit of a follower of Christ, was not.

But in a few years, to obtain "Assurance of faith," in fact, to know she was an adopted child of God, the conditions were met, "all" forsaken.

With an unwavering knowledge she was accepted, (obtained and perpetuated through faith in God's promises), she lived without committing known sin, and soon was convicted by the Holy Ghost of the need of being cleansed fully inwardly. Who also wrought in her the self controlling desire to be perfectly pure, and be "preserved blameless." The Faithful was near to "*fulfill the desire of them that fear Him;*" and then warned her that as all her longing for this fullness, as well as its bestowal, was of Him, never to let His enemy cause a sinful doubt that she had been permitted to withdraw any portion of her heart, for "*If in anything ye be otherwise minded, I will reveal even this unto you.*"

Years have glided, and as the result of her Saviour's intercession to be her judge and confidant, she hath proved Him sufficient to meet all her temptations, so that she has never been conscious of impurity.

The Spirit in love hath often led her into the wilderness, where interior trials were known, accompanied with hellish assaults without, but not attempting to meet one difficulty herself, reclining on The Beloved, her full need has been supplied.

Loved ones in Christ, pray that for His name's sake, this humble sketch may have a right effect, and also that the *heavenly bridegroom's jealousy of the bride's confidence may lead her to faithfulness.*

L. R. DRAKE.

STOUGHTON, Mass.

TESTIMONY FOR THE GUIDE.

Rev. George W. Northrup, Canadensis, Penn., in writing for "the Guide," says:

"I have no doubt it will be to the new converts what it has been to me and others, spiritual food, giving life to the soul, and vitality to formal professors. The cause of holiness has not progressed in this community as rapidly as in many other places, owing to a want of a more *faithful advocacy*. Our ministers fail to do it, and I might say I have also shrunk from professing the blessing, till I discovered my light was going out. A short time since I decided by the grace of God, to *maintain my identity*, and stand up for Jesus. As to the *satisfying* results I can no longer doubt. One brother, who has been a faithful reader of "the Guide" for some six years, has recently stepped into the troubled waters, and been made every whit whole. Others are pressing in also. As a result of three week's labor in a protracted meeting, we have a clean record of ninety souls, soundly converted to God. To God be all the glory. Almost all of this community are subjects of saving grace. The Church has nobly done its duty, and I can but think that the silent, but effectual workings of "the Guide" has produced results which eternity alone will unfold."

The Tuesday Meeting.

The meetings for the promotion of holiness, held in New York for many years past at the house of Dr. Palmer, Rivington Street, have been removed to his new residence,

23 SAINT MARK'S PLACE,

near the Bible House. The meetings are held at 2½ o'clock every Tuesday afternoon.

SISTER L.'s heart was full of praise. While they were singing,

"The blood of Christ,
It cleanseth me,
As soon as I believe."

She said to one near, "I believe now." She had found for thirty years that that was the best way to live, saying the blood of Christ *does* cleanse, every moment, yes, every moment. It was not so easy at first, but now it is just as easy to believe as to breathe, when the lungs are in a healthy state. There were

tests given us sometimes, but these were blessings. It was blessed to be tempted, for Jesus was tempted, and she endured as seeing Him who is invisible.

GOD'S TIME.

SISTER P.—Isaiah says, "Behold! God is my salvation; I will trust, and not be afraid." And why should we be afraid? At the opening of these services there was a prayer offered that many might be saved, and as we are saved by our ever present Lord, it can be done *now* just as well as at any time. "This is God's time," and if any one leave it for another time, then, whenever saved, they will have to say "*Now*." Remember, "The day of the Lord is near, in the valley of *decision*." Why should they not resolve to have it at every hazard, even, if it must be, at the cost of life. The enemy told her it was temerity to so resolve. "How do you know," he suggested, "this is God's time?" Because God says "*Now*" is the time. There might be none present but intended to be the possessors of the grace of holiness before they died; but they would have to get it in God's time, and if they should say, "an hour hence," it would not be like that moment they then had, for now is God's time. You know all things are ready on the part of God. Why not a readiness on your part? She was very much in sympathy with that hymn,

"Just as I am, without one plea,
But that thy blood was shed for me,
And that thou bidd'st me come to thee,
O, Lamb of God, I come!"

If they would resolve, they could have the grace then; the Spirit of the Lord would come mightily to their assistance. We heard the divine admonition at opening of the meeting, "Let us lay aside every weight," let us see what the weights are. In the name and strength of Christ, walk in the light while ye have the light. Worlds would not buy it back when it was gone. The Saviour said "*Strive*," that is, struggle, agonize, "for many shall seek to enter in, but shall not be able."

WHY BE HOLY?

REV. BROTHER H.—There are many reasons why they should be holy that day: Every one of them might be enrolled on some church record, and the world judged them to

be professors of holiness. They should be holy because God urged them to that state. "Be ye holy, for I, the Lord your God, am holy," and when they remembered that it was God their Father that invited them, should they not obey? They should be holy because Christ had died that they might be so. Would they count the blood of Christ an unholy thing, and do despite to the Spirit? They ought to be holy for the sake of their friends. Many members of their families might not now be saved. As they loved them, and wanted them to be saved, he exhorted them to be holy. "O but it is a great thing to be holy," you urge. "Yes, but it is a great God who waits to make you so." It is a great physician who waits to heal you of all your maladies. But you are afraid, after you have made a profession, you could not hold out to the end. So you said as a sinner, you were afraid of justification, lest you should not be faithful. The Christ who held the hand of Peter, and saved him from sinking, was the Jesus who would save them. He wanted to bear testimony to the riches of grace. He had resolved to be definite, and he thanked God for the form of sound words. He began to preach the Gospel twenty-two years ago, and his first text was, "If we confess our sins, he is faithful and just to forgive us our sins, and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness. He wished he had always adhered to the blessed truth of that text as he did then, and he desired that the blood of Christ should cleanse them from all unrighteousness.

THE GLORY BURDEN

REV. BROTHER P.—Said in his early ministry, twenty years ago, he was greatly distressed because there was not that powerful manifestation resulting from preaching that he thought there should be. At first he thought he would send for a revival minister. And then came the suggestion, "Why you are a minister, and why are you not a revival minister?" He loved Jesus, and was ready to die for Him, and he knew what it was to agonize for the full salvation. At last he did not care what should happen, he felt he must have some positive expression that God was with him, and until midnight he prayed for it. He seemed to be as though between two granite walls, which were constantly

closing upon him. All at once the thought came, that he was like the Jews, looking for a sign. After some passages of the Word of God had been applied to his mind, he drew out his table, and with pen and paper made a complete and formal gift of himself—and it was nothing but a poor sinner after all—and laid himself on the altar, which was Jesus Christ. Then he said, "Thou art God, thou canst not deceive me," and he did not, for the fire came down upon the offering. He could not get upon his knees, for the burden of glory was too heavy to bear in that position, so he kept walking, and continued this until the small hours of the morning. At last "He gave His beloved sleep," and the first thing in the morning was to ask, "where is it?" Why just as He said, "In thy heart." His father was a Presiding Elder, and he remarked to him, "Father it is easy to believe." "Yes, my son," he said, "when you are dwelling in God." Yes it is, breathing in Jesus. You must resist Jesus, not to believe. Joy was a small thing to him, compared to faith. He had to take long stretches of journeying, and formerly had recourse to newspapers and magazines to beguile the time, but then he had something better, "whom having not seen, he loved," and by him was made to rejoice with a joy unspeakable and full of glory.

A BROTHER felt the blood of Christ cleansed and kept him clean. God had carried him through very deep waters of tribulation, and he thanked God for tribulation. The night before, while watching with a sick daughter, the power of God rested upon him and he resolved to acquiesce in all the will of God.

A SISTER had resolved to lay all on the altar. She came there with many burdens, but had laid them all down, and went away at rest.

UNLETTERED, BUT MIGHTY FOR THE TRUTH.

A MINISTER, had come over seventy miles, and wanted to testify to the great power that enabled Christians to travel right on, without swerving to the right or left, and with evidence that they were heirs of God and joint heirs of Jesus Christ. He gloried in the privilege of being saved every moment. He had felt for the five years he had enjoyed this blessing, the necessity, as a minister of the

gospel, of laying all on the altar every moment. He felt immortal souls were looking on him and watching his daily walk, and he knew he must give an account for how he preached the Gospel. He thanked God for what he heard and beheld in his own church. A number had been converted, and some of them had been very wicked. One, a very profane and uneducated man, sought pardon for a long time, but at last found the pearl of great price, and was filled with the power of God. Though he cannot read a word, he is mighty for the truth, and, as a sister said, "Henry has a teacher that is above the earth." Such language as falls from his lips is wonderful? Said his class leader, "When I heard him speak, I had nothing to say." Satan had formerly tempted him, as a minister, saying, "If you are wholly sanctified, why don't you see fruit of your preaching?" But he waited and trusted God, and had seen in that church over one hundred and forty conversions, and fifteen or sixteen had experienced the blessing of holiness, and the most of them were walking in the light. One man in his church, who had a large business, would sometimes get disaffected, and he had to talk with him several times. "Why," he said, "I don't believe a man can be like God here." Thank God, that man was reclaimed, and a little afterwards he was sanctified, and now he said himself, "Thank God he had been sanctified." Now he was doing three times the business he had ever done before, and everything went well with him. He encouraged all his people to testify distinctly.

AN ALL-CONSUMING DESIRE.

REV. BROTHER A., had remarked in his own reception of the blessing of holiness, that he desired it with all his heart. His heart yearned and every nerve stretched for purity. Those persons who had come there with such a desire for the blessing are close to it; but if they thought they could obtain that grace having but a faint desire, they would certainly find they were mistaken. This may be the reason why you have not obtained it before, because they had not earnestly desired it. "In the day ye seek me with all your heart I will be found of you." They should pray for an all-consuming desire. He noticed when people had such a desire, they would not stand and debate the matter with God.

No, all that dropped in the presence of such a desire. And unless we come to that point and give up everything, verily glad to part with everything, right eyes, right arms, everything, we cannot obtain it. When we do, it is easy to get it. A number of years ago, a brother came to him and said, "I am very desirous to have the blessing of sanctification." I said, "Brother, do you desire this blessing more than you do anything else?" His answer did not indicate his strength of desire. I said, "Sit here until I attend to a little matter of work, for there is no use of praying that you may be fully sanctified without you desire it above everything." Then he said, "I want this more than I want anything else." At once we engaged in prayer, and we had scarcely got down upon our knees, when God came down in mighty power, and he was blessed. When he, Bro. A., was afterwards stationed at D— Street Church, he desired the people to come to the issue, and he felt it a cross, but he put this question: As many as will resolve to seek the blessing of holiness until you find it, come to the altar. There was but one who responded. She came and kneeled about midway of the altar, and in about twenty minutes she received the blessing. Of course she was blessed. She crossed the Rubicon at once. That woman has been walking through unutterable tribulations, and God has kept her ever since. You cannot have this blessing until you desire it more than all else. The last Dragon must come down before this ark of the Lord. To be made fully obedient all the while; to go slowly on the hub, or fly like lightning on the felly, with equal acquiescence, then you are near the kingdom; for

"When my all of strength shall fail,
I shall with the God-man prevail."

When you have one great desire for God, He will have an infinite desire towards you, and as He shows you the wonderful supremacy and power of His love, there will be such a commingling in your soul and will with God, that you will be able to say with Paul, I count all things but dung, that I may win Christ. Your after difficulties will be far less, when this thing goes down so deep that you want God more than anything else. People never forget it when they have had

this consuming desire. It will go with him all through life. But you have not such a desire because there is something you don't want to fully give up. If they had this desire as they should have it, the will would put the trump to the lips, and go through the whole empire of the soul, shouting, "Crown him, crown him Lord of all." Does any body "*Strive* to enter in," unless they have this desire. He was very near drowning once, having a boy on his back, whom he was trying to save, and notwithstanding all he could do he was sinking, but just then help came and they were saved. So God's help may be nearest when you are most fully sinking out of self. In proportion as you have every desire gratified, you are walled away from God, but as the possession of Jesus becomes your consuming desire, you go out into the sea of love, where all your soul is lost.

GIVING JESUS WHAT HE BOUGHT.

DR. P.—said it was about time to close. There must be a time, if they were ever saved, when it shall be written in heaven that they had taken Jesus as their Saviour, and there must be a time when it shall be written that they had taken Jesus as their full Saviour. Jesus was there to do the work for every one that will have it done. Should they not come to the point that moment? Could they not give up everything for Jesus? If he were there in person that afternoon, and should say, "Will you not do this for my sake?" would you not do it? For Christ's sake, for our soul's sake, let us be honest with Jesus. It is but common honesty to give Jesus what he bought with such a great price. They all needed power. They were praising God that He was blessing many of the ministers, but he insisted upon it that all members of the Church of God are ministers, and He gives every one a special ordination. O that they might all feel it. He supposed the High Priest, under the old dispensation, felt there was great responsibility when he entered into the holy place, but if they were Christians, they entered with the blood of Christ, every day into the holy of holies. There was a "new and living way" now, and he entreated them all to enter it and prove its worth and power for themselves.

Children's Corner.

HONORING GOD.

There was once a boy working in a factory. He received only five shillings a week; but that was the principal dependence of his poor mother. He was a good boy and always went to church on Sunday. His employer was not a Christian man. He had a short memory: he forgot God.

On one occasion he was in a hurry to get some work done; and he gave notice to his hands on Saturday that he wanted them to work all the next day. Willie was very much tried to know what to do. He could not bear to think of breaking the Sabbath: yet, if he could not go to work, he was afraid he should lose his place; and then what would his poor mother do? At last he resolved to do right, and leave the rest to God. So he went to church, and kept the Sabbath, as God commanded. The next morning, as he was going into the factory to work, his master met him.

"Where were you yesterday?"

"I went to church, sir," said Willie.

"Then you may go to church again to-day; for I don't want you here," was the reply.

Poor Willie felt very miserable. When he thought of his mother he could not help crying; but he thought that would do no good; so he wiped away his tears, and set out to look for a new situation. He called at several places; but the only answer was, "We don't want any boys." At last, he called on a gentleman who asked him why he had left his last place. His reply was, "Because I would not work on Sunday, sir." The gentleman was pleased with this: so he engaged him to work, and promised him *ten* shillings a week. So Willie found that God blessed him for keeping the Sabbath.—*Rev. Richard Newton, D. D.*

"I WANT TO BE A MINISTER."

More than a century ago there lived in England an orphan boy, with promising talents, who often said, "I want to be a minister;" but having no money to carry out the great desire of his heart, his youthful spirit

was often bowed to the earth by disappointed hope.

Once a wealthy lady offered to pay his expenses at school if he would study and become a minister in her church; but the boy loved the church of his fathers, and could not be induced to leave his spiritual mother, so he respectfully declined the lady's kind offer.

Soon afterward he visited a learned minister of his own church, and asked the good pastor's advice in regard to studying for the ministry; but here he obtained no encouragement at all. Now the friendless boy went to God, and while he was engaged in fervent prayer, the mail-carrier knocked at the door of his closet, and handed him a letter from a friend of his father, with an offer to assist him in his studies for the ministry.

Thus his desire was gratified, and he became one of the most useful ministers of England. His name was Philip Doddridge. We commend his example to all our readers. The Lord wants many ministers. Great numbers who are now boys must soon preach the Gospel. We should be concerned both about the *duty* of serving the Lord and *how* we should serve Him. If it is a boy's duty to enter the ministry, he should *strive* hard to enter it, as well as he should *strive* hard to enter heaven, and he should *pray* for the Lord's guidance in the one case as well as he should *pray* for it in the other.

Book Notices.

All books noticed may be ordered of W. C. Palmer, Jr.,
14 Bible House.

HOLINESS, GOD'S WAY OF HOLINESS. 1st. As set forth in the Scriptures. 2d. As experienced by some of His children. 3d. Questions Answered. By H. W. S., Millville, N. J.

This is an exceedingly profitable, useful work. Each part under a sub-title page, is complete in itself. Part first contains 37 pages made up of SCRIPTURAL QUOTATIONS—1st. *Scriptural Prayers for Holiness.* 2d. *God Commands His Children to be Holy.* 3d. *God Shows us that it is Possible for His Children to be Holy.* 4th. *God Shows His Children How to be Holy.* Then follows the rich experience of three experimental witnesses. We earnestly commend this work to all Christians of every name. It cannot be read prayerfully but to the greatest profit. We hope to enrich our pages with some extracts from this precious work occasionally. It is printed on tinted paper, in pamphlet form, muslin covers, and sells at thirty cents, barely

sufficient to cover expenses. On sale at 14 Bible House, New York.

LIFE OF OLIVER CROMWELL, by Charles Adams, D. D., with illustrations. A neat, handsomely bound 18 mo., 263 pages. Carlton & Porter, 200 Mulberry street.

This book presents a pleasant and unprejudiced view of a good man. That he had infirmities, which many in his day were disposed to magnify into great faults, none can deny. But, as time passes on, and the magnitude of the work he was called to do, reveals itself more fully, posterity learns to revere him as a great and good man. By the settings forth of this interesting volume, it will be seen that Oliver Cromwell was an earnest Christian man. In early life he was powerfully convinced of sin, righteousness, and a judgment to come. His conversion was clear, and as the reader will see by the record of his ways and walks, as given in this volume, permeated his whole life, which was one of signal daring and stupendous conquest for right principles. His death was besetting such a life. Some of his last utterances were prayers for his enemies. In the Spirit of his Divine Master he said, "Pardon such a desire to trample upon the dust of a poor worm, for they are Thy people too." Again, "The Lord has filled me with as much assurance of His pardon and His love as my soul can hold." This volume tells us what perhaps few comparatively, who have enshrined the name of Cromwell as a conqueror, may know, that is, he lived and died as a conqueror in the highest and best sense—a conqueror through Christ, over the world, the flesh and Satan. Nearly his last words were, "I am a conqueror, and more than a conqueror, through Christ that strengtheneth me."

THE SABBATH QUESTION, VIEWED FROM A CHRISTIAN STANDPOINT, in a Review of the position taken by Hon. Judge Read, of the Supreme Court of Pennsylvania, in his late decision that the Divine obligation to keep the Sabbath holy was temporary, "like sacrifices, and not binding at any time on any nation except the Jews." By Rev. J. G. Crate, of the New Jersey Annual Conference. Published by A. Wallace, at the office of the "Home Journal," No. 12 Seventh Street, Philadelphia.

This is an excellent pamphlet of 27 pages, consisting of articles recently published in the "Home Journal." We think it a very timely and judicious defense of the "Day of Days," and we doubt not is written for the sole purpose of doing good. We hope it may have a wide circulation, as it richly merits.

New Sunday School Map No. 2. Map of the HOLY LAND. Prepared for the Sunday School Union of the M. E. C. 200 Mulberry Street, Carlton & Porter.

We have received the prospectus of a new work entitled "THE SWORD THAT CUTS, AND THE FIRE THAT BURNS," by Rev. D. F. Newton, of which we will endeavor to give due notice in our next.

For the Guide.

THE BLOOD THAT SPEAKETH.

Heb. xii. 24.

MUSIC BY REV. L. HARTSOUGH.

1. The sprinkled blood is speak - ing Be - fore the Father's Throne

D.S. FINE

The Spir - it's power is seek - ing To make its vir - tues known
D.S. While heavenly harps are swell - ing Sweet notes to Mercy's plan

D.S.

The sprink - led blood is tell - ing Je - hovah's love for man.

2. The sprinkled blood is speaking
Forgiveness full and free,
Its wondrous power is breaking
Each bond of guilt for me.
The sprinkled blood's revealing
A Father's smiling face,
While Jesus' love is sealing
Each monument of grace.

3. The sprinkled blood is pleading
Its virtues as my own,
And there my soul is reading
Her title to Thy throne.
The sprinkled blood is owning
The weak one's feeblest plea,
'Mid sighs and tears, and groaning,
It pleads, O Lord, with Thee.

4. The sprinkled blood is shedding
Its fragrance all around,
It gilds the path we're treading,
It makes our joys abound,
The sprinkled blood is forming
Those mansions bright and fair,
Where saints in Heaven adoring,
Shall serve our Jesus there.

5. Oh, wondrous power that seeketh
From sin to set me free!
Ah, precious blood that speaketh
Shall I not value Thee?
O bleeding One! I love Thee;
I love Thy atoning stream,
Lord, make its power constrain me,—
Let Christ be all my theme.

Entered according to Act of Congress, A. D. 1868, by Rev. L. HARTSOUGH, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

Guide to Holiness.

APRIL, 1868.

For the Guide.
MINISTER'S EXPERIENCE.

REV. S. R. HERRICK.

When only a boy, about sixteen years old, I gave my heart to the Saviour, and made confession of my faith in Him, by being baptized and uniting with His people. My mind was soon called to the ministry as my life-work, and in my twenty-first year I was licensed, and commenced to preach the Gospel.

Up to this point I had been taught to believe and expect nothing higher in this life than a state of justification. In my twenty-second year I became deeply interested in the matter of personal holiness; but I was in the fog, the dark—and my mind was mystified by the teaching of my superiors. Had I *then* been blest with a modern Philip, my soul might have been baptized in that precious fountain which "cleanseth from all sin," but, alas, no kind hand was near to help me into the pool. In the years that followed I was at times perfectly overwhelmed with a sense of my *great want*, in this respect. And just here I wish to say to those who have found the priceless jewel of "perfect love," to confess it; and let your light shine, and thus help others into the glorious liberty of the sons and daughters of the Almighty.

I will not stop to narrate all my past experience. I will turn from this long dark chapter of my history by simply saying, that I remember different periods of this experience, when, it now seems to me, I might easily have entered into this state of *entire consecration* to God,

and perfect love in the soul, had I met with such friends and helps, as *now* under God, guide my steps. The Spirit and the written Word, are sweetly leading me onward. Three years since my attention was again called to the theme, and the subject of *heart holiness* has been, and still is to me one of all-absorbing interest; and not only heart holiness, but a holy walk, a holy life, a holy conversation, a life of entire, *symmetrical* holiness—to be like my holy Redeemer—to be so filled with Him, that my words shall be His *Spirit breathing* through my lips. I love to pray, sing, and converse about entire holiness, *as a thing to be realized now*.

In this connection, "the Guide" is doing a great, good, and blessed work, and is meeting in a very eminent degree the *marked want* of the Christian Church at the present day. Outside of the Bible, "the Guide" has no equal in its noble work. Through its influence a deep heart-felt want of my spiritual nature has been met and satisfied. It has guided *my* steps to the ever open, cleansing, healing fountain—has been the divinely chosen instrument by which to bring my heart and spirit into such sweet sympathy and harmony with my Father and Saviour as no words can express. At present I am only in the outer ripples of the great ocean of "perfect love," and I long to plunge into its deepest depths, and "rise to all the life of humble love." My heart is full of this precious theme, and through its influence may the sun of my Christian life become *full orb*ed, and set in glory. My eye is

resting steadily on that "crown, with peerless glories bright," and through the blood of the Lamb it will be mine. By grace I have given all *for* Christ and *to* Christ—am walking the high table-land of entire consecration, feeling that I am not my own, and that His blood does *now* cleanse me from *all sin*, agreeably to His promise. I. John i. 7, 9. But I am not satisfied; "nearer yet, and nearer, purer yet, and purer," "still all my song shall be," for I am watching, praying, and struggling for results that stretch away through infinite ages; and this thought inspires my zeal, courage, and determination. For moral purity before God, I sacrificed everything, and fully committed myself to any and every duty which my Father may require at my hands. *The rest of faith* is the spiritual birth-right of every child of God, the high moral altitude to which all may attain; not of a *favoured few*, but of every one who has put on Christ. This state is contemplated and provided for in the economy of grace. I do rejoice in being permitted to walk in the King's highway of holiness—of following in the footsteps of the living and the illustrious dead, whose names are a tower of strength, whose memories are fragrant with every moral and Christian excellence, whose praise is in all the churches, and whose record is on high.

In conclusion, my prayer is, that God would speed on "the Guide" in its heavenly mission, multiply its influence and usefulness a thousand fold, until the watchword, "Holiness to the Lord" shall be passed along the entire line of the sacramental hosts, and the glad acclamation of *victory* be heard from "the rivers to the ends of the earth."

ASHBURNHAM, MASS., February, 1868.

DECISION.

For the Guide.

REV. L. H. CARHART.

"For the day of the Lord is near in the valley of decision." He who knows the way of faith will remember the valley of decision.

Peter stood upon the edge of the little craft in the stormy sea of Galilee, and

seeing his Master and Lord standing out upon the sea, exclaimed, "Lord, if it be thou, bid me come to thee on the water." "And He said come." Then he descended out of the vessel, and, as if the wave were rock—walked safely.

Multitudes seeking the rest of faith—purity of heart—stand precisely where Peter did, and like him in anxious haste they say, "Lord, bid me come to Thee!" may I come to Thee? But when the Master says "*Come*," strangely remain standing! Catching a glimpse of the troubled waters, they exclaim, "I shall surely sink! What, step out upon a *single promise*!" Yea, trembling soul. "Be not afraid." "The day of the Lord is near in the valley of decision."

Those ten lepers, when they saw Him, lifted up their voice and cried, "Jesus, Master, have mercy upon us." The great Physician quickly said, "Go show yourselves to the priests." "And as they went they were cleansed."

Again, view *thyself* doubting one, cursed with the leprosy of sin. You, also, have been crying "Lord save me," "cleanse me." "Impart to me Thy fullness and power." Jesus (the same ever more) says "Go." "Be thou clean." "According to thy faith, be it done unto thee." But you still stand and say, "Lord, first give me the *evidence*; let me *feel* the cleansing blood applied; let me *see* my disease removed." Ah! I see, you must have the cleansing *first*, then you can believe. Not so. "By *faith* are ye saved." Can you see the open, easy way? Will you "go," counting yourself "clean," because he who hath power to cleanse and save to the uttermost, hath *said* it?

Oh trembling soul, go at once! "The day of the Lord, (the moment of His cleansing) is in the valley of decision."

You have long been in deep distress of soul—for weeks or months have been crying, "Saw ye Him whom my soul loveth? Oh give me light, love, joy, and peace!" Hold, my brother! plead no longer thus, the delay is not in God, but in thyself.

Hast thou not said, I am wholly the Lord's, soul and body, friends, time,

talent, reputation, future possibilities and all? Yea, all this I have oft repeated with the honesty of a dying man. Yea, I know I am willing to "follow the Lamb whithersoever He goeth." Then thou art near the kingdom. "The word is nigh thee." Now hush the anxious beating of thy heart and believe, not that He *will*, but that He *now accepts thee*! Arise, "go thy way," confessing with thy mouth the precious acceptance. *Thou art saved now.* "According to your faith be it unto you."

But what! says the trembling, tearful one—must I at once arise and confess this reliance—profess this great blessing, and that, too, before I am conscious of its possession, without further feeling or token of cleansing? Yea, this is the way; this is faith.

But what if I should, after all, lack that which I profess, and the future be as the past. I shall then have to fall back upon the old line of battle, and the church and world will cry rashness, presumption, fanaticism, and the precious cause I love will be dishonored. Dear brother, the Lord in whom thou art trusting will not suffer thee to be confounded. "Thomas, be no longer faithless but believing!" Peter, cease looking at the waters, or thinking of the fathoms beneath thee, or listening to the tempest. *Look to Christ.* Walk boldly out. Let the feet of thy faith stand firmly upon God's immutable word, "The blood of Jesus Christ, His Son, cleanseth us from all sin." Delay not. "To falter would be sin."

"The day of the Lord is near in the valley of decision."

EVANSTON, ILL., Feb. 11, 1868.

There is no treatise on faith like the simple story of Abraham's life; none upon patience like the story of Job; none upon courage like the story of Daniel; none upon meekness like the life of Moses; none upon zeal like the life of Paul; none upon love like the story of Jesus. This is God's method, and the best.

No man can avoid his own company; so he had best make it as good as possible.

For the Guide.

O, WHEN SHALL I MEET THEE?

MRS. JELF M. BRADLEY.

O, when shall I meet Thee, my Saviour!
And gaze on Thy glorious face,
And dwell ever more in Thy favor,
Enclasped in Thy tender embrace?
In patience, yet longing, I linger,
I know Thou art thinking of me,
And I wait for the word that shall bring me
On wings of the morning to Thee.

I pine for the city of beauty,
Where labor and sorrow shall cease,
Where joy and rejoicing forever
Shall gladden the gardens of peace.
Where eyes that are dimmed with their
weeping
Shall kindle with lustre divine,
And earth-faded forms re-created
With love's wondrous beauty shall shine.

O, when shall these glad eyes behold Thee,
This voice swell the jubilant song?
These weary feet, fleet as the angels,
Move on with the garlanded throng.
Move on in harmonious measure,
With harp and with psalm to adore,
And crown Thee, O, Lovely Redeemer,
Our glorious King evermore.

For the Guide.

HOLINESS—ITS FRUITS.

REV. D NASH.

"He that abideth in me, and I in him, the same bringeth forth much fruit."—*John xv. 5.*

WHAT is the fruitfulness that the Saviour here speaks of? 1st. It is to realize for ourselves internally the consolations and satisfactions of religion—to experience the peace of God which passeth all understanding; to rejoice with a joy that is unspeakable and full of glory; to make progress in the divine life; to grow in grace and in the knowledge and love of God our Saviour. This spiritual fruitfulness is of great importance to ourselves. It is itself a blessing of no ordinary value. It proceeds from personal holiness, just as a good tree brings forth good fruit, and true holiness can only be realized by such a union with Christ as is implied in the passage at the head of

this article. It is to "walk worthy of the Lord unto all pleasing;" that is, so as to be pleasing to God in all things; and thus we are called upon so to live as to be continually under the smile of the Saviour and enjoy His approbation.

The Lord Jesus Christ, as the head and Lord of His Church, "walketh in the midst of the seven golden candlesticks." He inspects the state of all His people. He looks upon every member of His church with deep interest, and takes a special complacency in those who reflect His purity and walk in His steps. He regards such as His brethren, His friends, His portion, those whom He will at last own as His saints, and in whose eternal union with Himself He will see the great and blessed results of His redeeming work. "Christ loved the Church and gave Himself for it, that He might sanctify and cleanse it with the washing of water by the word, that He might present it to Himself a glorious Church, not having spot or wrinkle, or any such thing, but that it should be holy and without blemish." (Eph. v. 25-27.) High and glorious, then, is the state of privilege which is set before the true believer. He may so realize the preserving power of the grace of God as to be at all times pleasing to the Redeemer, and the object of His complacent attachment. He need never give place to sin so as to bring a cloud over his mind, and forfeit the approval of the Lord; and let us remember that He under whose smile it is thus our privilege to live, is possessed of infinite knowledge; His eyes are as a flame of fire, they penetrate into the inmost recesses of the human breast, and perceive every motive and desire that has place within us; and yet we may remain His peculiar people—the people of His approving and complacent love—being sustained by the power of God, which giveth strength to the faint, and which, even in the midst of the corruptions of the world, can keep us pure and unspotted.

2d. This fruitfulness is to abound in those manifestations of the Christian character, those displays of holiness, those works of faith and labors of love to which religion calls us. It is to pos-

sess the fruits of the spirit in their beauty, harmony, variety and maturity, and to bring them forth on all suitable occasions. We are to be "fruitful in every good work." While we abstain from sin, and imitate the purity of our blessed Lord, we should copy also his diffusive and unwearied goodness, displaying meekness and forbearance under provocation, a readiness to forgive offenders; boldness, with gentleness and compassion in reproving sin, magnanimity in enduring persecution in the cause of Christ, promptitude and immovable steadfastness in resisting evil, cheerfulness and constancy in doing good, visiting the fatherless and widows in their afflictions. We should delight to feed the hungry, to clothe the naked, to instruct the ignorant, to comfort those that mourn, and to encourage and build up in faith and holiness those who have embraced the offer of salvation, and thus conform ourselves to every requirement of duty. We should seek, rather than shun, opportunities of benevolent effort, esteeming it to be the glory and the happiness of our nature to promote the welfare of our fellow-men, and thus to co-operate with God in His designs of mercy.

3d. Holiness is a mighty instrument of usefulness. Its exemplification—meek, silent, unostentatious—will draw attention and excite admiration. It will not require noisy proclamation to make it known. Like the beauty and fragrance of flowers, it will be its own herald and revealer. It will win attention by contrast. It will show men, by the most convincing of demonstrations, the value and excellence of religion. It will allure them to seek after it. It will prove that the religion which can produce such fruits can be of no human origin; that these rich and ripe clusters can only be produced by influences drawn from Him who says, "I am the true vine." The good that has been done in this way by these personal exemplifications of religion is incalculable. Thus vice has been shamed and rebuked, and the standard of public opinion and feeling on matters pertaining to moral character elevated. And,

4th. As the fruits of holiness appear in our usefulness, so our future happiness will thereby be advanced. The rewards of immortality, while they originate in a principle of grace, will be distributed on a principle of fitness and proportion. There will be no capricious bestowments. The rewards of life will not be dealt out in the way of arbitrary favoritism; a meetness for them must be acquired in this world. In proportion as men are holy, diligent, and devoted here, they will be rewarded hereafter; such is God's announced arrangement. O, let us remember, then, that we are in a great degree to have the making of our own heaven. It is for us to determine whether our brows shall be resplendently bright or comparatively dim; and yet we are to dismiss every idea of merit from our minds. We have to acknowledge that when we have done all that we are commanded to do, we are but unprofitable servants. We have not exceeded our obligations. The Deity is not indebted to us. We have only rendered back what we had previously received from him. Yet thus munificently is our divine and blessed Master pleased to reward His faithful and devoted, although unworthy, servants. He proposes to them recompenses of a superlatively glorious character, and lasting as eternity, and we are exhorted by the Apostle to "be steadfast, immovable, always abounding in the work of the Lord, because we know," on the most indubitable evidence, "that our labor shall not be in vain in the Lord." But though viewed under one aspect, our faithfulness rests with ourselves, it does not make us independent of Christ. We shall not be faithful to our professions and obligations, except as we repair to Him for continual supplies of grace. Union with Christ is indispensable, and, in proportion to the closeness of the union realized, will be the spiritual productiveness manifested. How lovely a spectacle is presented when the great truths of the Christian religion are so apprehended as to lead onward the believer to universal holiness; when the mind increases in the knowledge of God, and every new perception of the divine

character and government, and every deeper impression of truths before embraced, gives a fresh impulse to its active powers, and encourages it to consecrate life wholly to the divine service.

SOUTHPORT, Conn.

For the Guide.

THE PEARL OF GREAT PRICE.

[REV. P. H. WHEELER.]

The "pearl of great price" is perfect happiness. This all men desire, yet none will ever gain, save those who come to Christ. He only can furnish these precious gems. But we must pay the price. Some want them at a cheaper rate and on their own terms. Let such beware! Jesus will not make a market-place of a human heart, any more than in the days of his incarnation he would allow buyers and sellers in His Father's house.

We are the living temples of the Lord, and if He comes to dwell within us, He must find our hearts all swept of self, and garnished with holiness. Nor will He sit on a divided and unstable throne. We must be wholly consecrated to his service, as was the ancient temple at Jerusalem; we must banish "every thing that defileth," for our Lord is "the Holy One of Israel," and "of purer eyes than to behold iniquity" in any form. And we must be unwavering and decided in our stand for Christ. "He that wavereth is like a wave of the sea, driven with the wind and tossed, and let not that man think that he shall receive anything of the Lord." "Unstable as water thou shalt not excel." The price of this pearl of perfect happiness, or, in other words, "peace and joy in the Holy Ghost," is *all we have*.

In the parable it is said of the man who bought the "goodly pearl," that he first "sold *all he had*," that with the money thus obtained he might purchase it. So it must be with us, if we would win this priceless gem—Salvation. And unless we give up all we have to Christ we cannot be certain of our treasure; we run a terrible risk of finding too late that we have no share with the inheritance of the saints in light, and that for us there is no "house not made with

hands, eternal in the heavens." But if we freely give to God the service of our lives and the homage of our hearts, offering ourselves a constant and living sacrifice, then may we feel that our treasure is indeed in heaven, and then may we read our title clear "to mansions in the skies."

TOLEDO, Ohio, 1867.

MY BIBLE.

For the Guide.

P. J. OWENS.

"Thy Word have I hid in my heart, that I might not sin against thee." Psalm 119th.

What treasure shall I choose to keep?

What gift of rarest worth?

Knowledge to guide, or wealth to heap,

Or love to bind to earth.

I choose a gift, where all combined,

These precious things are stored,

The purest love, the gems of mind,

The riches of thy word,

Thy precious word.

Where shall I hide this treasure bright,

To keep it from decay?

From hands that spoil, from tyrants might,

From envy's blighting sway.

From the vain world's corroding breath

Kept sacredly apart,

From those twin robbers, time and death,

I'll hide it in my heart.

Safe in my heart.

Why should I prize this holy word,

With care this treasure hide,

Lest I should sin against my Lord,

Or venture from thy side?

O, wheresoe'er my feet may rove,

How dark my lot may be,

Let me not sin against thy love,

The love that ransomed me.

Not against Thee.

BALTIMORE, February 5, 1868.

The contented spirit is pleased with what are called small mercies; but the skies cannot drop fatness for the discontented.

It is ours to witness for Jesus, but our testimony cannot go beyond our experience.

For the Guide.

Continued from page 77

THE HOLY OIL AN EMBLEM.

REV. W. H. POOLE.

In my former paper on the "Holy Oil and its Emblematical Significance," I noticed three points of resemblance between the sign and the thing signified. I now proceed to consider the analogy a few steps farther, as illustrating more fully the operations and influences of the Divine Spirit in the full development and perfection of the Christian character and life

GROWTH.

Oil in nature, as it is in grace, is the great element of growth. Growth in nature is used by the great teacher to illustrate growth in grace. He says, "First, the blade, then the ear, after that the full corn in the ear." There is here growth, progress, development, and perfection.

By growth in grace, we do not mean a growth from the vicious into the virtuous, a growth out of sin into holiness, out of darkness into light. A man may cultivate thorns and tares for a long time, and place them under the most favorable circumstances of growth and development, but they remain thorns and tares still. Nor do we mean the addition of any exotic principle, or any new virtue or grace. It is not a something added to the new nature, but it is the improvement and development of all those virtues imparted and implanted at our new birth. It is the development of the new life and all its powers. Soul-growth implies the progress of the whole man; as the growth of the tender sapling on, and on, until it becomes the mighty oak, as the growth of the babe until he goes on in the different stages up to manhood.

PROTECTION.

The essential oil of the plant lubricates and sheathes all the parts of the plant, and forms a vehicle for the essential elements, the salt and nitre, by being perfectly intermixed carries the necessary juices into and through the finest vessels, and protects those vessels as the nitrous and

other particles are compounded and drawn upward by the attraction of the light and warmth.

This oil also separates the gross and earthly particles which would choke up the capillary vessels, and thus induce disease, decay, and death. It acts as a purifier of all the juices that go to form fibre, flower, and fruit; so in the animal structure; without oil the acrid nature of some juices, and the obstructions arising from the viscosity of others, would excruciate the whole frame, stop all the springs of life and motion, and leave the body a lump of dry, cold, lifeless matter. So in the promotion and preservation of spiritual life and growth, the Holy Spirit, or the "oil of gladness," appropriates and applies the Divine Word; purifies all the elements and agencies that influence the mind; renders the *law* in spiritual experience like the nitre in nature, receives it, holds it in preparation, appropriates it, drinks it in, so that the believer finds it "sweeter than honey and the honey comb," and is enabled to grow thereby. The Law, in this sense, through the Spirit, prepares for the Gospel, producing conviction of inbred sin, disposes the man to self-consecration and self-conquest, presents the balm, and then applies the "blood that cleanses from all sin."

And when the soul is brought into the glorious liberty of the Gospel, and experiences a full salvation, this "oil of gladness" preserves it from being choked up with earthly cares and customs, so that neither the "cares of the world nor the deceitfulness of riches" can operate, as they naturally would, to render it unfruitful.

Were it not for the oil in plants, the action of the light and heat would soon exhaust the aqueous and other juices, and destroy the plant. It gives elasticity in time of storm and tempest, and is the principle agent that affords resistance and security in time of cold and frost. So the gracious influence of the Divine Spirit preserves the child of God in all the trials of life, is a shadow from scorching fire of affliction; a shelter from the chilling winds of temptation; a

guard and protection for every virtue and every grace in trial, bereavement, and sorrow.

TENDERNESS.

One property of oil is to soften and make pliable: so the Holy Spirit begets an inwrought tenderness of spirit and conscience, a meekness and humility. The promise reads, "I will take away the stony heart." Oh, how much the Church of this day needs a tender, sympathetic heart. It was the advice of Democritus, "to have honey within and oil without," by which he meant, "good tempers in the heart, and good manners in the life."

ILLUMINATION.

Oil is the universal pabulum, or supply of light; without the oleaginous particles, neither solids, as wood or coal, nor fluids, could yield any light or emit any flame, though placed in the strongest fire. So without the Divine anointing there can be no reception of Christ, the true light;—no participation of Him who enlightens every man that cometh into the world. The spirit of life introduces the light of life. Jesus is the candlestick in the holy place, the Son of Righteousness, the true light; but without the Holy Spirit we cannot see Him. Their personal union is inseparable. "No man can (in a saving sense) call Jesus, Lord, but by the Holy Ghost." The Ancients called the baptism of Christ, "the light bringing day." The baptized they called the "newly enlightened." Days of baptism were called "days of light," and baptism itself was called φωτισμος, or illumination, because it was the outward sign of Christ possessing the soul. The terms, Messiah in Hebrew and Christ in Greek, means "*the anointed*."

The oil of joy flowing from Him is the enlightening chrism which makes and keep us children of light.

BEAUTIFYING.

Oil has always been much esteemed, because of the cosmetic power it possesses. It is used to beautify and adorn. Ps. xxiii, "Thou anointed my head with oil," and Ps. civ. "Oil to make the face to shine." This unguent is the emblem

of that which does impart moral and spiritual beauty. Sin is a vile thing, it mars the beauty of the human countenance, and leave marks and scars which time cannot erase; but the Spirit, when poured out, transforms into the image and likeness of Christ, removes the traces of sin from the countenance, fills the expression with joy and peace, and stamps the "beauty of holiness" upon every feature, until, as we sing,

"Joy through the swimming eyes shall break,
And mean the thanks we cannot speak."

FRAGRANT.

There is a fragrance in this holy unction which at once perfumes as well as gladdens the soul, like the aromatic oil which was poured upon Aaron, which diffused its sacred odors, filling the place with odoriferous perfume, at once fragrant and refreshing, or like the costly box of ointment that Mary bestowed upon her Redeemer, the perfume of which filled the house. So when the Divine Spirit is poured upon a church, it renders believers an "offering of a sweet smelling savor," through Jesus Christ their life, conversation, and labor yields an odor of a sweet smell. When the Lord comes to His garden, the spices yield a sweet perfume. When God is as the "dew unto Israel," then shall Israel smell as Lebanon. The sweet perfume from the groves of spices is wafted upon the morning breeze and carried all over the land. You cannot circumscribe or limit the circuit of that balmy fragrance. Its aroma, like the influence of the Holy Spirit, is for the world. Civil enactments and national boundaries are all overleaped by the sweet perfume of a sanctified church.

CRUSHED.

There are in the garden of spices aromatic herbs that never emit their sweet odors until they are bruised: press them in your hand or bruise them, and they will embalm the atmosphere around thee. So there are in the church some who never emit the sweet perfume of saving grace until a Father's hand presses them sorely. He brings afflictions upon their loins, lays them aside from

secular toil—removes the loved one, a husband, a wife, a child—sends commercial reverses, blasting and mildew. There is a difference between *bringing* and *sending* it. In the crucible of affliction, under a father's hand, many persons learn their first practical lesson of yielding Him the "calves of their lips," of "showing forth His praise."

Olive trees and oil formed one great source of the riches and wealth of God's people. Of Asher it was said, "He shall be very rich, he shall dip his foot in oil." Deut. xxxiii. Oil was said to be a prominent part of the wealth and riches of Judah, and of other tribes. So the riches "of grace," "of wisdom," "of knowledge," "of goodness," so often referred to, and the graces of the Holy Spirit, which is the real wealth of the Church of God. Isaiah calls those manifold graces "hidden riches," and Paul calls them "hidden wisdom," appointed of God unto our glory. This is the great source of a church's wealth; the circulating medium of God's spiritual family. Now all these treasures of wisdom and knowledge are hid in Christ, and are revealed by the Spirit, "who taketh of the things that are Christ's, and sheweth them to us." In Christ all fullness dwells. If Christ, through the Spirit, be mine, then I am rich, indeed. This world may call me poor, but I have a treasure in Him, a more than golden treasure; His spirituality is the fountain and source of my life; His eternity the duration of my happiness; His immortality is the rock of my support; His omnipresence is my companion; His omnipotence my guardian; His wisdom my guide; His holiness the fountain of my sanctification; His goodness my storehouse and wardrobe; His justice, the revenger of my wrongs, and the rewarder of my services; His faithfulness, my security; His truth, my support and shield; His all-sufficiency, my portion for ever. In Christ there is help for the helpless; hope for the hopeless; wisdom for the foolish; joy for the sorrowful; pardon for the guilty; healing for the diseased; clothing for the naked; purity for the unholy; life for the dead. Hav-

ing Him, I have more than the wealth of
Asher and the treasures of Judah.

Come, thou OIL OF GLADNESS, shed
All thine energy divine;
Did each faithful heart and head
In thy sacred love combine.

Come, thou OIL OF GLADNESS, pour
Purest joy on all around,
Send on us the heavenly shower,
Let us in thy fruits abound.

Come, thou OIL OF GLADNESS, come,
Shed abroad thy reigning grace,
Fit thy kings and priests for home,
Crown them with eternal peace.

For the Guide.

JESUS ONLY! JESUS ALL!

REV. OIS. E. THAYER.

It is entirely and beautifully true, that none can save but Christ, and that to every true believer He is "all in all." Else He could not be to us "the chiefest among ten thousand, the One altogether lovely." I have been moved thus to write from the perusal of an article in the February "Guide," entitled "Our Darling Mary." The particular sentence therein which moved me in this manner I will quote: "Just before she expired she fixed her eyes on a relative, who is not a professing Christian, and exclaimed, in the most emphatic manner, '*Oh, what could we do without Jesus!*'" These were her last words," adds the writer, "and, I believe, God will make them a blessing to many." My inmost soul responds Amen! for God has indeed made them a blessing to me. More clearly and blissfully than ever before the glad hour in which they met my eyes, have I since been enabled to believe and realize that our Saviour is *everything* to us. Surely, O thou adorable Redeemer and Lord, according to Thine own word, without Thee we could do nothing!

We need the *abiding* presence of our Jesus before we come down to the river. While we are in the world, having to "do" with the world, the experience of every lover of our Lord has been, is, and shall ever be, that *only* when we abide in Him are we kept from "the evil." Christless, men are "exposed to

all the fiery darts of Satan." Having Him formed within, the hope of glory; dwelling in Him and He in us, in vain does Satan assail; though he may send his fiery darts like rain, he shall utterly fail to accomplish his foul purpose—the abiding presence of the Crucified and Risen Saviour shall quench them all! Our lives shall thus be "hid with Christ in God." (And thus possessing Christ's Spirit, unless I mistake greatly, is "being made perfect in love.") And thus may we get a glimpse of the glorious meaning of these golden words, and also of the state of Paul's heart, when he could exclaim so joyfully, "For me to live is Christ;" and again, "Now I live, nevertheless, *not I, but Christ* liveth in me." O, blessed be God! Paul knew by experience how blissfully good it is to be "dead indeed unto sin." Well could he add, after he said, "For me to live is Christ, to *die is gain!*" And now, even as Paul could say, so may *all*. We have only to "plunge beneath the purple flood" and we shall "arise in all the life of God."

By no manner of means is the Almighty a respecter of persons. Praise His holy name! We have only to acknowledge that without Jesus we can do nothing, and at the same time lay hold, by mighty faith, of the assurance, that "through Christ strengthening us we can do all things." Then shall He enter into our hearts to *abide* there, if afterward we shall hourly watch and pray, and having "hearts to praise Him set free from sin." He shall reign within us unrivaled; day by day we shall glorify Him, growing in grace and wisdom divine. And then, oh, friends of mine, when we come down to the river of death, we shall praise Him for victory complete; joyfully "cross over," and arise to "*shine* as the stars forever and ever" in the City Celestial. Our souls cry out, O, surely this will be good enough. But let us not forget that Jesus only can do for us all this, and that living, full faith in Him alone can thus bring His power to bear. Well indeed might the trusting, triumphing Mary exclaim, "*O, what could we do without Jesus!*"

HOPEVILLE, Conn.

For the Guide.

LOOK AND LIVE.

MRS. E. B. WELLS.

Father! my soul is struggling to do Thy will;
 It hears Thy voice and fain would follow
 All Thy leadings, but a power unseen
 Controls it oft, and leads astray.
 I turn me to Thy *Word* for help,
 And hear its legal voice, in tones
 Of solemn truth, declare, "Cursed
 Is every one that continueth not
 In *all* the things written in the law
 To do them." Then Despair, with raven wing,
 Settles gloomily o'er my soul, and crushes
 Hope.

I hie me to the *place of prayer*,
 The place once hallowed oft by holy joys
 And blest communings, but the tempter
 Had hither come, and made the soul's sanc-
 tuary
 All prevalent with dampsoneness and un-
 belief.

My prayers are but the cold utterances
 Of a rationalistic faith, and leave me
 Farther away from God and hope.

To *Zion's courts* my steps now tracing,
 That Jacob's God may meet me there,
 By faith all-potent, all-prevailing,
 My soul escape the fowler's snare

But *Zion's lamps* are burning dimly,
 Her altar-fires so near consumed,
 Her censer's incense, pure and holy
 Is feebly wafted o'er the gloom.

Alas! the footsteps of the Master
 Are seldom heard along its aisles;
 The tinkling bells from priestly vestments
 Can never more my heart beguile.

My soul aweary, sick and fainting,
 Turns in upon *itself* for strength;
 There sin and doubt are struggling fearfully,
 It cries aloud *No Hope! No Help!*

But hark! a voice from yonder mountain,
 "*Look unto me, and be ye saved.*"
 Ah! now I see the healing fountain
 Of Life and Bliss from *Jesus' side!*

My soul is cleansed from all pollution;
 It bathes afresh in *Siloa's flood*,
 And gladly now fulfills its mission,
 And cries "*Behold the Lamb of God!*"

For the Guide.

THE GREAT LEGACY.

BY I. N. KANAGA.

On one occasion, Christ appeared to His disciples, and rebuking the winds and the waves, said, "Peace! be still!" With what transports of joy and delight must these sweet, cheering words have inspired their hearts! But how much more cheering and inspiring when the blessed Saviour was about leaving them must the words, "My peace I leave with you," have fallen upon their saddened hearts! It must have caused them greatly to rejoice amid their trials.

"My peace I leave with you." O, what a wonderful bequeathment! Christ gives not as the world giveth. O, how differently! This legacy was made not only to His disciples, but to all His children and people to the very end of time! This, indeed, is the greatest legacy that ever fell to the lot of mortals, with one exception. That exception is the unspeakable gift of Christ Himself. My peace—passing all understanding,—
 "I leave with you,"—I freely bequeath unto you. O, surely earth never received a better gift—a richer legacy—a nobler benediction from the hands of the great Redeemer of the world! Thanks be unto God for this unspeakable gift!

NEWARK, N. J.

For the Guide.

HIGHER.

ANNIE.

"HIGHER," cries the impatient bulb, as the earth rises and opens for its entrance into this fair bright world above.

"Higher," says the clambering vine, as it strives to throw one more tendril around its supporter. How gracefully link after link is twined around till the summit is reached; and how tenaciously it clings, as if not to lose its hold or position which it has gained.

"Higher," laughs the gay, gorgeous butterfly as it seeks to warm itself into life in the sun's genial rays. And "Higher," responds the sportive insect, as it wings its way through the ether blue.

"Higher," sings the lark in its morning song, as he sails through the fleecy cloud to his airy home.

"Higher," says the youth, when he first beholds the broad fields of intellectual greatness spread out before him, and finds there is a work for him to perform which none other can do.

And "Higher," my friends, is a noble word, a glorious incentive to action.

The Christian, too, feels and owns its influence. Show me a Christian whose motto is not "Higher and Purer," one that minds the earthly more than the heavenly, and I will show you an unhappy being, though they may strive to look the reverse. Behold the soul whose aspirations are heavenward, whose mind is stayed on God; although earthly love may vanish like the morning dew, clouds may rise, winds may howl, storms may beat against our frail bark, but the soul of the Christian is not checked in its upward career.

"Higher, Higher," cries the soul, after long tossing on life's rough sea, earnestly desiring to behold the beauties, the glories, that await the faithful, tempest-tossed pilgrim.

SPRINGFIELD, Pa.

For the Guide.

RELIGIOUS EXPERIENCE.

L. A. RICHMAN.

In 1829, at the age of thirteen, I was convinced that it was my duty to give God my heart, but not having pious parents nor the privilege of spiritual teaching, my mind was dark, very dark, and I knew not what to do. I studied the Bible, I prayed, and tried to make myself better, but still all was dark within.

During that summer a Methodist preacher, Rev. William Livesey, came to our village to preach, and I obtained the permission of my parents to go and hear him. His text was "The Spirit and the Bride say come." New light seemed at once to break in upon my mind. Occasionally after that I went to hear the Methodist preach, and as often did I receive more light. My determination strengthened to persevere in seeking

Christ for my all, and in this way I struggled on for one year, when I was brought to behold myself a poor sinner, with nothing but a poor broken heart, all bleeding and bruised with sin. I was then enabled, through grace divine, to cast myself entirely upon the precious promise of God "whosoever will let him come," and my dear Saviour accepted of poor unworthy me, and filled my soul with love and peace.

Many years have passed away, but I can never forget that old stone mill in Ashford, Conn., where Jesus said to me, "Daughter, go in peace, thy sins are all forgiven thee." My parents forbid me joining the church, threatening that if I did I should no longer have a home beneath the parental roof, but duty was made very plain to me and I chose rather "to suffer affliction with the people of God, than to enjoy the pleasures of sin for a season." Having taken Christ for my portion, I was resolved to do His will. I gave my name to the Methodist Church, feeling that God was my supporter, my friend, my Father, and that

"I could not sink with such a prop,
That holds the world and all things up."

I went out into the world feeble and penniless, but oh the love of God, how precious! Very many kind friends I found in the church of my choice. I soon learned, however, that the pathway of life was marked with trials, and sometimes I found that my heart rose up in murmurings at the dealings of the God I loved, and there was still an unsanctified nature within. I sometimes heard people talk of holiness of heart, and I became very much exercised upon the subject. I tried to lay all upon the altar. I prayed for the great blessing, and do believe that I received and enjoyed it, but lost it through unbelief, and at length concluded it must be a gradual work. For many years I tried to live as well as I knew how, but still there was something wanting, although most of the time I was happy.

Three years ago my husband subscribed for the "Guide to Holiness," and I found it was just what I wanted. My mind became very much awakened upon

the subject of holiness, and I began to call upon the Lord in earnest for a pure heart. At our Centenary Camp-meeting I was enabled to lay all upon the altar. God accepted, gave me the witness of the Spirit, and made me perfectly happy, and now I am all the Lord's. Oh blessed state.

I feel that Christ has universal dominion of my heart. Glory to the Lamb! What felicity, what joy, what peace and tranquility. Jesus has done so much for me I want all to know it, and seek for the same blessing. Oh that holiness might spread throughout the land!

HURFFVILLE, N. Y.

For the Guide.

THE POOL OF BETHESDA.

BY F. C. H.

Bethesda's healing fountain near,
An eager multitude appear,
Of lame and blind, and *sore* distrest,
Waiting with hopeful, anxious breast,
The moving of that mystic wave,
Which a descending angel gave.

And he who first within it laved,
From all infirmities was saved.
Now, near that suffering mass while by,
The Saviour saw, with anxious eye,
One, who affected long had been,
And sought this pool oft times as then.

No friend had he his steps to aid,
That he again might whole be made;
His palsied feet, the long descent
In vain had made, no aid was lent;
But while he seeks these waters rare,
Another steps before him there.

Jesus, with sympathetic eye,
Is not content to pass him by;
But now, in love, we hear him say,
"Take up thy couch, and go thy way!"
The man is healed, and quick obeys,
Nor heeds he what the worldling says.

Made whole, he fears not now to own
What Jesus' power for him has done;
And though the Jews despised that name,
His skill efficient he'd proclaim!
And ever thus may we be free,
To own, that "*Jesus saveth me!*"

Though we have sighed in vain to lave,
Within Bethesda's healing wave,
Wishing our ailments all to cure
Amid its healing waters pure;
Yet we, in faith and joy behold,
A *purser fount*, whose power untold,

Will heal the vilest from their sin,
Imparting *life* and *peace* within;
Then to Religion's *constant* source
Which needs no angel's mighty force.
Oh! let us hasten while we may,
And Christ will wash our sins away!

For the Guide.

TESTIMONY OF A MINISTER'S WIFE.

MRS. ANN TALBOYS.

I was born in England, in Birmingham, Warwickshire. I was blessed with a pious mother, and at an early age was taught to fear God.

At the age of eleven I saw and felt my need of a Saviour, and after seeking Him in all the means of grace, for nine months, I was enabled to come just as I was, and believe that He saved me for His name's sake. Seven years ago I was loaned a few numbers of the "*Beauty of Holiness*," which was instrumental in leading me to seek a *clean heart*.

I feel now that I can rejoice ever more, and pray without ceasing, in everything giving thanks.

I am fifty-two years of age, and was married in 1830. My husband is a local preacher, has been preaching thirty-four years, fourteen years in England and twenty in America, and is still preaching. Glory be to God for the great salvation from all sin, and power to live, and show forth His redeeming love.

For the Guide.

"BY FAITH."

MRS. H. M. BRADLEY.

By faith we walk God's narrow path,
No beauty doth to us disclose,
Yet many an angel footprint hath
Where blooms the rose.

By faith we walk, though gloomiest night
Shuts all the pathway from our view,
One step may bring us where the light
Of heaven bursts through.

For the Guide.

CHRISTIAN JOY.

I. N. KANAGA.

THERE are seasons, in the experience of every true Christian, of joy, of great joy—overflowing joy—“joy unspeakable.” To the most devoted—to the most believing, these seasons are the most frequent. How very precious does Christ appear to the believing soul! More precious than silver or gold or all this world can afford. O what joy does His presence inspire within our hearts! It is a joy far transcending all the combined joys earth has ever or ever will impart to its greatest votaries.

The world, it is true, has its joys, transient however they are, unsatisfying and passing quickly away. Not that the joy that religion and the service of Christ inspires. These beget within the soul a joy to sensual minds unknown—a joy supreme, “passing all understanding.” Such a joy did we experience this afternoon at the prayer and speaking-meeting in the house of Brother Robison’s! O! what a blessed Sabbath—a glorious feast—an overflowing cup! “Rejoice evermore and in every thing give thanks.” “O give thanks unto the Lord for He is good.” “Let the children of Zion be joyful in their King; let them shout aloud for joy!”

NEWARK, N. J., 1868.

For the Guide.

ARE YOU STRIVING?

MINA.

Are you in a *strife* with the enemies of your soul, eagerly contending with the world, the flesh, and the devil? Are you sworn never to compromise with these in any way? One who saw with unerring wisdom the dangers that beset your path, who knew all the cunning and malignity of your foe, has recommended you to *strive* to enter in at the straight gate; and fearing you might be content with simply seeking, adds, many shall *seek* to enter in and shall not be able. Alas! for the bitter disappointment of those who go

through this life, desiring heaven, and seeking by a profession merely, and good works, to obtain, and even go down to the grave hoping, but who, because they were of *this world* and had not the Spirit of Christ, must hear the sorrowful words, “Depart from me, I never knew you.”

TRUSTLAND, February, 1868.

For the Guide.

WHAT I DESIRE.

M. LLOYD.

Spiritual knowledge, that view of divine truth which arises from the illumination of the Holy Spirit. With this, a lively exercise of faith, not merely in the way of assenting to the truth, but confiding in the promises; a holy susceptibility of heart, so that every thought of Christ may be a warm emotion of love and delight; Godly fear; a profound veneration—yea, adoration—of the Divine Majesty; deep humility, not only a feeling of littleness and weakness and ignorance, but of unworthiness and ill desert, together with contrition of spirit, a Godly sorrow that works repentance; a devotional spirit; a constant breathing after God, the living God; fervent ejaculations in the midst of business and company; good will to all men; brotherly love; tender compassion for the afflicted; and “charity, which is the bond of perfectness.”

Inward peace—peace with God, peace of conscience, tranquility of mind, a peaceable temper; courage in opposing spiritual foes, and in aggressive assaults on the kingdom of darkness; a spirit of wise enterprise in doing good; promptitude in seizing on opportunities of being useful; constancy and perseverance in well doing, bringing forth much fruit, and continuing to bear fruit in old age; assurance of pardon and acceptance; with a good hope, entering into that within the veil; patience under suffering, and the salutary benefits of sanctified affliction; a grateful temper, ever disposed to give thanks, and to praise the Father of Light, from whom cometh

down every good and perfect gift; contentment with an obscure and humble condition in this world, without envy of the rich and great; let these things be mine and abound, and I ask no more.

Let the worldlings have the world, and make the most of it, I will never envy their prosperity, for it is but a moment, and then, like a passing scene in a drama, disappear forever. Their feet stand on slippery places, and in due time their steps will slide, and all their music, their mirth, and their wine will cease forever, and when they sink, they will rise no more. They plunge into a horrible abyss, where no ray of hope ever enters. O, their end, their dreadful end! Give me my place and portion with the humble poor; lift upon me, O God, the light of thy reconciled face, and scatter the dismal gloom with which guilt and unbelief envelopes the soul. Speak to my troubled conscience the word "Peace," and darkness shall be light, the weeping of the night converted into the joy of the morning. Lights and shades alternate during our earthly pilgrimage, but often the nights are long and wintry; we long for the genial warmth of spring. Our spirits seek to be regaled with the sweet odors of the fragrant flowers, and with the joyful singing of birds. O for a serene, unclouded sky.

But see that dark, deep valley; see how many descend into the sides of the pit, but none ever return. Most are driven away—they are suddenly cast down. They were not aware of their nearness to the brink; they were not prepared for this sudden, awful change. Oh, the blindness of man. How deep his sleep of carnal security. Will nothing awaken him?

My desire is to meditate on my latter end until I become wise unto salvation; to stand ready with my lamp trimmed and my loins girded, and thus to wait for the coming of my Lord. Soon I shall need earthly blessings and even means of grace no more. O what scenes will soon burst upon my astonished vision! Lord Jesus, come quickly. Amen.

For the Guide.

THE ASSURANCE OF FAITH.

BY MRS. E. J. RICHMOND.

To know that my Redeemer lives,
And that he cares for me,
'Tis this the blessed assurance gives,
The perfect liberty.

To know that to His gracious care,
I freely all resign,
And breathe with every fervent prayer,
"Thy will be done," not mine.

My all is such a worthless gift,
No merit can I claim,
Yet still the word of promise saith,
"Receive in Jesus' name."

"Ask what ye will," oh, blessed word,
The riches of Thy grace,
Thy boundless love is free to all
Who humbly seek Thy face.

So step by step, at duty's call,
I'll tread the heavenly road,
Unheeding how or when I fall,
For I shall rest with God.

VALLEY HOME, Jan. 16, 1868.

For the Guide.

HOLINESS.

H. QUERPEL, JR.

HOLINESS is a term used to denote a distinct and definite degree or state in grace known under the various names of Sanctification, Perfect Love, Christian Perfection, and many others equally pointed; all of them very expressive and scriptural.

Some may ask, why use so many different terms to express the same thing? Which may be answered by asking a similar question, why do men use so many terms for one piece of machinery? One says this is a steam-engine, which is well understood to express an engine which derives its power, force, and motion from the expansive force of steam. Another passing by the same piece of machinery, calls it a rotary-engine, which is understood to express a certain motion of the cylinder when in operation, a feature which distinguishes it from other kinds of engines. Another would call

it a low-pressure engine. So it is with the terms used to describe that particular degree and state of Christian experience commonly known as Holiness.

These terms only differ in that each term describes or expresses some particular action, effect, or feature, in the life, character, and heart of the believer.

We might run through all the terms and expressions used to denote a complete consecration to God, and destruction of the power and dominion of sin in the heart; and there is none so expressive of this state as the term Holiness; all the others are involved in its meaning; it expresses the whole of them without directly referring to any particular that goes to make up the whole. The other terms and expressions are useful to express certain particulars, &c.

Holiness is sanctification completed, and in the natural order of grace, follows sanctification as a state in grace. Sanctification is a perfect work through grace, while Holiness is a perfect state in grace.

Sanctification represents the boundary over which we must pass; Holiness, all that which lies beyond. Sanctification is the Jordan, and Holiness the Canaan beyond the river. This side the river we have winter and summer, spring and autumn, sunshine and storms, bright days and dark nights, mountains of joy and vales of sorrow; but beyond the river, "Sweet fields stand dressed in living green," celestial fruits abound on every side; there shines one perennial day, one eternal spring, and never ending peace and joy. A country where "the king shines forth in His beauty," and "His saints as the stars in the firmament." A place where the soul is divested of self and all impurity, and of such attitude, the mists of sin, flesh and pride cannot reach. Holiness is the only safe state for the believer to dwell in. That soul which is making no effort, or has no desire to attain to Holiness, needs be born again. Progression marks the path of the true Christian; always "onward and upward."

The duty of Christian professors to attain to Holiness, is too plainly set forth

in scripture to need any amplification of argument to convince of the necessity of becoming holy; and so replete is Word with injunctions to be holy, that it is unnecessary to quote any particular passages for proof; the whole tenor of the Old and New Testament is one imperative command, "Be ye holy, for I the Lord am holy." It then being the imperative command of scripture, it necessarily follows that it is an imperative duty, and all those who are neglecting this duty, must be, to a greater or less extent, guilty before God.

This command to be holy is a positive command, and in one place goes so far as to say "even as God is holy," which is given by Christ in a different expression when He says, "Be ye perfect even as your Father in heaven is perfect." Yes, that is the plain command of scripture, ye must be holy even as God is holy. Many object to this expression as implying an impossibility. For say they, how can a man be holy as God? Let us illustrate this expression.

Suppose you held in your hand a tiny cup, and you should be requested to fill the cup with water even as yonder iron tank is filled with water, what would you do? Would you not ascertain what is the position of the water in the tank? Suppose it is filled with water to the brim, what would you do in order to fulfill the request? Would you not also fill the little cup up to the brim? Now then, in what respect is the tiny cup and the iron tank each filled with water up to the brim, alike? Surely not in size; for one is small and the other immense; not in material, for one is clay and the other iron; not in capacity, for one will hold but a few mouthfulls and the other hundreds of barrels. In what then are they positively alike? Is it not in fullness? One is as full as it can be; so is the other. One holds water; so does the other. The tiny cup is as full of water as the immense iron tank is full of water, and in this respect they are alike. So then to be holy as God is holy, is to be filled with holiness to the extent of our capacity—up to the brim. To be filled with all the fullness of God, is our meas-

ure to be filled as He is full and of that which He is filled with.

Not only is it our duty to be filled with Holiness, but it is God's good pleasure to make us holy; "for this is the will of God even your sanctification," and for which purpose the Saviour was manifested to save his people from sin, that they might be holy.

Let me ask one question more. How shall we appear if we neglect so great salvation—if we slight the offers of God's mercy and goodness? Must it not be in confusion and guilt? Oh! then let me beseech those who have not yielded, to seize the present opportunity and come to God by Christ and be saved from *all* sin, and commence that life of "Holiness without which no man shall see God."

"When shall I commence?" Now, dear reader; now, God waits to bless, to receive, to sanctify, to seal you as his own. Now! this present moment is the acceptable time with God. Everything conspires to make this the most propitious moment you can ever have to give yourself to God. To-day it is more easy for you to come; to-morrow your strength will be less, and the longer you wait the more difficult it will become. Then come to God *now*, and be saved from all sin and impurity.

THE RIGHT PERSUASION.

In terrible agony, a soldier lay dying in the hospital. A visitor asked him:

"What Church are you of?"

"Of the Church of Christ," he replied.

"I mean, of what persuasion are you?" then inquired the visitor.

"Persuasion!" said the dying man, as his eyes looked heavenward, beaming with love to the Saviour, "I am **PERSUADED** that neither death, nor life, nor angels, nor principalities, nor powers, nor things present, nor things to come, nor height, nor depth, nor any other creature, shall be able to separate me from the love of God which is in Christ Jesus."

Great men rise high above misery; the eagle floats above the Chimborazo.

For the Guide.

BEST FROM SIN.

ANNIE A. CLARK.

Shall I flee to some isle that is far, far away,
Where the yawning billows of the ocean
play?

While I list to its voice shall I cease to be
A child of sin? from its influence free?
There could I live for heaven and God?
There could I smile at the chastening rod?
A voice comes soft on my listening ear,
And sadly whispers, Not here, not here!

Shall I flee away to some distant land?
Shall I walk alone on its barren sand?
Where fragrant flowers are not wont to
bloom.

Should I cease to sin in that land of gloom?
Should I cease to wander from Jesus' love
And deeper drink of the joys above?
Lo again that voice speaks soft within,
Not here! not here! shall thou cease from
sin.

Shall I wander to Italy's sunny clime?
Where the beauties of nature so brightly
shine?
Where wild birds fly o'er the smiling lawns,
And sweetly murmur their joyous songs?
Where strange wild flowers in their beauty
grow?

Where streams in the golden sunlight flow?
Where towering mountains in beauty stand?
Should I cease from sin in that sunny land?

There 'mid its beauties should I cling to God?
There should I study His inspiring word?
Ah! No, that soft voice whispers, No, not
here

Shall thou be freed from sin and cease to
fear;

But there is a fountain deep and wide,
It is near thee now, close by thy side,
A gentle hand will take you in,
And wash your guilty heart from sin.

MINAVILLE, N. Y.

As numbers are concerned, a meeting for prayer may be small; but there can be no such thing as a small prayer meeting. "Where two or three are gathered together, there am I!"

For the Guide.

EVANESCENT PIETY.

ANNA.

THERE is a piety which resembles the summer convolvulus. It is lovely, and it is short-lived. How sweetly does the elegant creeper put forth its morning blooms, the pride of the garden, yet noon finds them sickly and faded, and the sun goes down upon shriveled and unsightly forms, which only serve to tell of a glory departed.

So it is sometimes seen in the church. Youth blooms in the beauty of Christian holiness, and its faith, and its love, and its purity, and its zeal, are as flowers of Eden for attractiveness, the planting of the Lord and the joy of his people. But all this excellency is transient. Some formidable temptation arises with the burning heat of persecution, the reproach of the cross, the allurements of pleasure, the care of this world—the life of the soul dies away, and its graces perish. There is an end of which Christ has declared that it is worse than the beginning, and never can His language be more solemnly emphatic than when applied to the cases of those whose youth have been spent in the service of God, and who terminate their career in the flesh.

For the Guide.

NOW AND THEN.

CARRIE.

NOW.

ASSEMBLED in a little brown school-house a band of humble Christians often join in social worship. In the holy calm of the Sabbath morning, or in the stillness of the evening hour, issue forth sweet strains of soul-reviving music, the precious songs of Zion. Earnest prayer, the out-gushing of warm and trusting hearts ascend the hill of the Lord; sweet communion with kindred spirits strengthens the soul and gives a new impetus in the divine life. The class-leader is a man "full of faith and of the Holy Ghost." Upon his deeply furrowed brow are traces of many sorrows, but the countenance, beaming with heaven's own

light, tells the victory of faith. He is only waiting on the margin of the river till the Saviour shall say, "It is enough, come up higher."

Hoary heads, whitened with the cares and bereavements of many long years, are here, by their counsels and experience, strengthening and encouraging the young disciples who are just beginning to learn the way.

Here is one just delivered from the bondage of intemperance. Struggling against the force of habit, warring with a depraved appetite, exposed to the uncharitable comments of those who should lend a helping hand, he feels that though faint he is yet pursuing. May the blessing granted "to him that overcometh" be his.

A sister, in humble garb, "poor in this world's goods, but rich in faith," comes up hither to gather new strength for her soul, in the sweet and holy feeling that pervades the place. Poor and unknown, beyond the limits of a small circle, with no humble cot on earth to call her own, how little does the world, that rudely passes her by, realize that a princess in disguise is in its midst.

And yet another, absent in body, but present in spirit. On a couch of weariness and pain, long years of her life have been spent, yet such is the efficacy of our holy religion, that she is able to say, "The time passes so quickly, all is pleasant."

THEN.

How oft, as this little band has met, and the presence of the Master has been felt in their midst, and heaven has "come down their souls to greet," has the eye of faith seemed to catch a dim vision of the glory that shall be revealed? On the broad plains of the heavenly world, by the side of the beautiful river, whose crystal stream flows from the throne of God, beneath the spreading shade of the tree of life, whose rich fruit refreshes the weary pilgrims, if faithful to their God. This little band may gather and tell the story of their pilgrimage, and sing praises to the Captain of their salvation, who hath brought them safely through.

These aged pilgrims, with new life and

vigor, with frames that never tire, shall enter upon the everlasting service of their King, which is their supreme delight. Beyond the reach of sickness, sorrow and temptation, those who have suffered here, experience the sweet rest of heaven. All tears are wiped away from their eyes, and joy, rapturous joy, swells every heart.

Death has parted many whose hearts were endearingly united, to whom the parting was like tearing soul and body asunder, but the loved and parted here, in that bright world meet, nevermore to part again.

Those who have wandered here for many years, in disguise, without their royal robes, their crown, shall receive these emblems of royalty, more glorious, more than ever graced the coronation day of any earthly monarch. And to them shall mansions be given, which shall far outshine the palace of earthly kings. Those robes, those crowns, those mansions, pen cannot describe them, imagination fails to picture their radiant glories, for we know that He who is the Creator of the brightest and most beautiful things that eye has ever beheld, those things from which we form our highest conceptions of the beautiful, the sublime, the glorious, has said, "Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither hath entered into the heart of man, the things which God hath prepared for them that love Him."

"O may the prospect fire
Our hearts with ardent love,
Till wings of faith, and strong desire,
Bear every heart above."

Loved One's Gone Before.

For the Guide.

HARVEY SYLVESTER,

G. W. BALLAN.

HARVEY SYLVESTER, of Buckfield, Me., passed on to glory, Jan. 29th, 1868, aged 62 years, 6 months.

Brother Sylvester was converted some forty-two years ago, while a student at Kent's Hill Seminary, and in due time joined the M. E. Church.

About one year from the time of his conversion, at a Camp-meeting held on

the Hill, he experienced the blessing of sanctification. He was at that time, as he often remarked, filled with the fullness of God, and from that time, to his passing over the river, he had never fallen from that grace.

His health had for years been feeble, but his trust in God unwavering. He cared but little for the vanities and fashions of the world, his whole soul was wrapped up in the doctrine and experience of holiness, and wherever he visited this was his favorite theme of conversation.

In the hands of God he has led quite a number of persons, both in his own and sister churches, to embrace the doctrine, both theoretically and practically.

He died quite suddenly, being sick but a few days, and so quietly did his spirit take its flight, that his companion, who was in the room at the time, did not notice the change. He was one of the old subscribers for the "Guide."

NORTH AUBURN, Feb. 3, 1868.

For the Guide.

OUR DEAR "MAMIE."

"MAMIE," the beloved daughter of Samuel W. and Mary A. Stockton, calmly fell asleep in the arms of her Saviour, on the morning of the 11th of October, 1867, aged 16 years.

With saint-like patience, she endured the keen pains and severe sickness that death imposed e'er she passed these earthly shores. Her departure was as peaceful and serene as the last rays of a summer's setting sun. But oh! with what feelings of sadness do we behold the cold (though faded, yet lovely) form that has, like a cherished flower, drooped and died. Her excellencies were rare; possessed of a kind and forgiving spirit; a feeling heart for those in distress, and nothing delighted her more than acts of pure benevolence and hospitality.

The angel of death has summoned her away while yet her countenance was radiant with joy and her heart beat with youth's first impulses. The step that but yesterday was lightsome and gay has ceased, the voice that carolled so sweet-

ly is hushed; the *smile of affection* that filled her heart with gladness has vanished, and the eye that so eloquently portrayed the feelings of her *innocent* spirit, is sealed with the cold finger of death. But memory delights to dwell on the image of this sweet young flower in whom were blended so many *noble* qualities.

Like a gay young bird, she unfolded her wings upon earth, warbled her sweet song, and ascended to her home in the skies.

And is life's tie now broken,
Since the last word was spoken,
By our departed one?
Nay, though we cannot greet her,
Our love shall still grow *sweeter*,
'Till life's last sand is run.

But, oh! how sad the parting,
We feel death's arrow darting,
Into our inmost soul,
But we again will meet her,
And filled with joy shall greet her,
Where death hath no control.

There we shall live forever,
For nothing can us sever,
From Him who for us died,
While life's fair tree is growing,
And streams of life are flowing,
We'll praise Him *side by side*.

S. W. S.

For the Guide.

SWEET LITTLE D—.

N. J. NICHOLS.

"It is better to go to the house of mourning than to the house of feasting, for that is the end of all men, and the living will lay it to heart." Thus discourses the wise man, and thus thought I, as I stood amidst that group of weeping friends, and gazed with them for the last time upon the fair young face and confined form of the loved one, so soon to be shut away forever from our sight. This was no ordinary mourning, if such a thing might be. Indeed! Indeed! it was a grievous mourning, like the mourning of the children of Israel, or as when one mourneth for his first-born, and she

was the first and only born, who for thirteen summers had brought sunshine and gladness to her home, chasing the shadows away. The echo of her light footfall, the gentle tones of her voice, her merry, rippling laugh, the cheerful hum of her gladsome song, had ever been the sweetest music in her home. No shadow had ever cast a blight over her young heart; no rude blast of earthly sorrow had dimmed the brightness of her hopes. It had ever been the joy of fond parents to shield and protect their cherished one, to guard her carefully from earthly care or harm or woe. It is over now. Their tender care is no longer needed. Our loving All-Father hath transplanted the tender plant to grace His own immortal bowers. But O what anguish did the loosening and lifting of the tendrils of their cherished plant bring to the parent hearts, and the more so, as the stricken mother was herself nigh unto the gates of death, and in a strait betwixt two, whether to depart and be with Christ, or live for the sake of the lonely watcher by her side.

Another look and this must be the last. Sweet little D—, how lovely, even with death's seal upon her brow. Her fair hair parted on her forehead, and nestling in golden ringlets close to her snowy cheek, a smile still resting upon the marble features, which even death could not destroy. Long and fixedly we gaze as if to imprint her image forever upon our hearts.

Now the coffin is closed, and with slow and measured step we follow to the silent city of the dead. Gently the coffin is lowered to its last resting place, the first clod falls upon it, wringing a wail of anguish from crushed hearts, and we turn away, striving to look upward through our blinding tears, for we know we have not left our darling in the cold grave. It is only the casket that held our precious jewel that we have left there, while she who inhabited it, is perchance culling immortal flowers in the paradise of God.

She was lovely and pleasant in her life, yet not on this do we base our hopes for her. Young as she was, she trusted in Jesus. She bade her friends not to

mourn for, for she was going home, going to be with Jesus, and with many such words did she beguile her departing hours, the memory of which shall be in our hearts as the fragrance of the crushed rose. In her portfolio we found in her own hand-writing, a copy of that sweet hymn,

"I think when I read that sweet story of old
When Jesus was here among men," &c.,

with others of like import. Treasured mementoes, treasured as an index to her heart.

Precious Saviour, who hath enfolded the little lamb to Thy bosom, comfort the bereaved parents and send the Holy Spirit to their hearts to draw them after Thee, to teach them how to yield submission to Thy will, to accept Thee as their Saviour, to live lives of faith, of holy trust and willing obedience to all Thy requirements, that when their earthly pilgrimage is ended, they may join their darling in the home of the pure and the blessed.

A light is from our circle gone,
A voice we loved is still,
A place is vacant in our midst,
And never can be filled.
We call her dead, but well we know
She dwells where living waters flow.

For the Guide.

TRIBUTE OF AFFECTION

In behalf of the friends of Rev. Philip Crisfield, who died at Homo Terebon, Louisiana.

MRS. B. P. S.

"Fallen!" Ah the sound is glorious,
With the armor on;
Safe at last; come off victorious,
And the crown is won.

O! how-sweet must be the vision,
As with peering eyes,
Waiting ones, behold the elysian
In the upper skies:

Seeking him to heaven invited,
From our Southern land,
To the saints of heaven united
By our Father's hand.

You will miss him, yes you'll miss him
Many a weary day;
Of your lips will long to kiss him,
Of to hear him pray.

Oft you'll wonder why he lingers
O'er his books to pour,
Oft with sighs and trembling fingers
Ope his study door.

They will miss him,—he delighted
To—(with patience mild,)
Train the mind, oppressed, benighted,
Of the dusky child.

Yes, they miss him, teacher,—brother,—
Hear their pitying plea,
"Send, O send us such another,
Just as good as he."

But the word, "come thou up higher"
Greet his willing ear,
And the coals of heavenly fire,
Burns the offering dear.

'Tis enough; he hears the plaudit,
Hears his Saviour tell,
And, rejoicing o'er the audit,
Bids us all farewell.

LODI, N. Y.

Editorial.

REVIVAL IN OLD DUANE CHURCH.

Names of Penitents Recorded.—Why?—Revival Makes Work for a Church.—Asking Amiss.—Sir Isaac Newton.—Weak Spiritual Children.—Nursing Fathers.—Doves at the Church Windows.—Work for the Sisterhood.—Blood Guiltiness.

When we last wrote for revival department, one month since, we had commenced a series of labors with our dear friends of the Old Duane Street charge, of this city. During the remainder of our stay with this beloved people, the Head of the Church continued to prosper us in our work. Many were sanctified wholly, as from night to night the invitation was extended to those who were seeking to know Christ in His fullness. Penitents, also, gathered at the altar and its surroundings, and about one hundred names were recorded of those born into the kingdom of grace.

The devoted pastor, Rev. T. B. Smith, whom we shall love to remember as a true yoke-fellow in the gospel, was scrupulously careful in noting the names of those who came forward as penitents, that they might be brought under the watch-care of the church. This we always desire wherever called to labor.

We do not think it a light matter, that the Holy Spirit in answer to the intercessions of Jesus, should convict a soul. And if so arrested by the All-Gracious Spirit as to come out and confess Christ before men, *shall it be thought too light a matter for the Church to take special cognizance of?* Surely such ought to be placed under the most affectionate, vigilant care of the church, in order that the first, or if so be, *weakest* germ of spiritual life may be cherished until brought to a perfect development.

A revival makes work for a church membership. If a child is born to a family weak and sickly, it only requires the more loving, careful assiduities of the household to whom it has been entrusted. A church membership that prays for a revival, without calculating on a marked increase of *work*, and exacting self-sacrificing demands on their sympathies, *asks amiss*.

Yes amiss! Because the Father of spirits, the great Giver of spiritual life, would not in-breathe spiritual life into a soul, without placing that new-born one, however feeble, amid circumstances where the spark newly in-breathed may be most carefully guarded and cherished. A spiritual child committed to the care of a church, where skillful-nursing fathers and mothers are wanting, might die for want of care. And thus many do die for want of nursing. Particularly is it thus where spiritual life is in the feebleness of earliest infancy. And is it not asking *amiss* on the part of church communities, to plead for a great increase of spiritual children without making due arrangements for a great increase of work?

The biographer of Sir Isaac Newton tells us that when he was first ushered into natural existence, he was strangely small, and the spark of life so exceedingly feeble, that the utmost care was needful for months to cherish life in that little sickly form. But the blessing of life's Giver prospered those efforts, and thousands have been made spiritually and intellectually stronger by the products of his giant mind.

And thus might many a spiritual prodigy be reared, to bless the world, and perhaps from some who have seemed so feebly born, that the question has been asked—"Will they?—Can they live?" Yes, they will live,

by the blessing of the great all-loving Father of Spirits, if that first faint spark of spiritual life is only guarded by that church family in her collective and individual capacity.

Does that young man or youth, who for the first time has manifested a desire to come to Jesus, present himself either at the altar, vestry, or anxious-seat, let his name be taken. The tender, gentle Holy Spirit has sent him as a dove to the church window. Surely she must hasten, and in sympathy with her Lord stretch out the hand and take the feeble comer in, ere the adversary has time to intimidate. The more feeble in purpose, the more important that not only the *prayers* of the church, but some earnest *work* on the part of the church be done. Let some man of strong sympathetic piety be sought out, and the feeble seeker be committed not only to the care of the church as a whole, but also to some one individual, who may watch for his soul, and through the power of the indwelling Christ, lead him on from strength to strength.

Does a trembling female present herself as a seeker of salvation? Remember, she would not have thus characterized herself as in need of the sympathy of Christians, had not Christ first been in pursuit of her. He came to seek and save the lost. And now, as the *sought out of the Lord*, she comes as sent by the Divine Convincer to commence a new life. Though not yet born into the Kingdom, she is on the threshold of new life. Her state demands travail—labor of soul on the part of the household of faith. With due strength on the part of the church she will enter upon the infancy of her new life.

And now, if that church community would be saved from the charge of blood-guiltiness, what careful nursing will be requisite. What a solemn trust has been committed! "Take this child and nurse it for me," says the High and Holy one. What shall be done to secure the safety of that immortal trust? Not only is the affectionate sympathy of that church community as a whole demanded, but some special agency must be employed. Some one must be singled out from the multitude of female disciples, who as a nursing mother may tenderly and wisely cherish the new-born one. Not more truly are nursing fathers and mothers needed in the family relation,

than in the church relation, and any church that permits spiritual children to die in her midst, which the most vigilant, self-sacrificing care might have prevented, brings upon herself blood-guiltiness.

WHO SHALL PREACH?

The faithful servant of Jesus counts no success that falls short of saving souls. The idea of *preaching* the gospel is proclaiming Christ, and present salvation through His atoning blood. Men are on the verge of eternity. Thousands and tens of thousands are on the brink of the bottomless pit, and the proclamation of the gospel must be given under such circumstances as to reach them at once.

Let the message of salvation be urged on their attention, whether at home or abroad, in the garret or cellar, in the counting-room or parlor, or by the wayside, and let it be done by all sorts of instrumentalities, young or old, men, women or children. Let each one proclaim the message, so that all may hear; for how can they hear without a preacher, and how can they preach unless they be sent.

We will not reject a man-ordained ministry. They have their work to do. Neither will we reject the heaven-ordained ministry of *all* Christ's disciples. To whom does He not say, "I have ordained you that ye should go and bring forth fruit, and that your fruit should remain?" The Head of the Church would fain call into the field a great many more of those preachers, who, like those scattered men and women in the early days of Christianity, went everywhere preaching the word. Who may not find work? and where may not work be found?

In the days of Nehemiah the walls of the city were quickly reared. Why? Because the people had a mind to work. Let us pray for largeness of heart, for a mind to work, remembering that we are our brothers' keepers.

EXPLOITS.

We sometimes talk of what faith will do. There is no question on the subject. Faith *in God* raises the dead, and makes poor, frail man omnipotent. You may say that is strong language, but who does not know that "the

people who do know their God shall be strong and do exploits." Did not the incarnate Deity say, "He that believeth on me, the works that I do shall he do also; and greater works than these shall he do, because I go unto my Father." See John xiv, 12.

How true it is that Christ has taken glorified humanity to heaven to represent us there, and leaves His redeemed saved family on earth, as members of His body, "bone of His bone, and flesh of His flesh," here to represent Him. And not one of His believing ones but may now say with Paul, "I can do all things through Christ which strengtheneth me."

A dear Presbyterian minister, filled with the power of the Spirit, often used to exclaim in our hearing, "I have just as good a Saviour as St. Paul." And may not you and I say the same? Was not just as much of the precious blood of Jesus shed for you, and for me, as for St. Paul?

COSTLY CHURCHES.

We love to see a good, neat, commodious, and dignified place of worship. We have no objection to either tower, spire or bell of proper dimensions. It seems reasonable that a temple devoted to the Lord of the universe—the Almighty, Maker of all things—the Creator, Redeemer, and Saviour of the world—should, as far as circumstances allow, in structure, be calculated to arrest attention and inspire reverence. From a child the sound of the church-going bell exerted a sort of hallowing influence, as though a voice from the upper world was, in solemn inspiring tone, loudly demanding the attention of mortals to the interests of the soul.

We were visiting a place, noted for a dearth of spiritual life. It was Sabbath morning, as we listened to the call of the melodious church bell, and thought of the many neglectors of salvation, that we presented a *special* request to the God of the Sabbath which brought a *special* answer. We asked that as the notes of that bell fell on the ear of some neglecter of the means of grace, it might, in reproving tones, remind him of the interest of his soul. The evening of that eventful day brought to our knowledge the *special* answer. One who had habitually absented himself from the house of God had

been induced to come, and now, rejoicing in his new found Saviour, his confessions were about thus: That morning, as he heard the bell calling the people to the solemn assembly, he was arrested to think, as never before, of what had long been his wicked neglect of the interests of his soul and the means of grace. He resolved it should be so no longer. He prepared himself and hastened to the house of God. And now, on the evening of that holy Sabbath, he had proved that the way of the Lord is in His sanctuary. If one soul outweighs all the wealth of the world, was not the salvation of this soul worth a thousand times more than the cost of all the church bells ever made.

We might speak of other instances of remarkable interest, where during a period of several days in succession, every day, both afternoon and evening, the church bell has sent forth its heavy and commanding peals, bringing in the people from the surrounding regions, proclaiming in their ears that their immortal interests was now the work of the hour. And thus has the bell been a helpful auxiliary in our revival labors. But we did not mean to dwell thus long on this one particular. Yet we would say, as a whole, that we think a church dedicated to the worship of infinite purity should be scrupulously neat, properly commodious, and comfortable. Anything needlessly *expensive* or *gaudy* is at least in *ill taste*; and not only in ill taste, but the error reaches farther. Does not the God of the Temple say, "The silver is mine, and the gold, and the cattle upon a thousand hills." Can it be pleasing to Him that money should be taken out of His treasury to the amount of \$100,000, \$200,000, and even \$300,000, for the purpose of fostering a taste for display, when one equally commodious and comfortable might be reared for forty or sixty thousand dollars. When we think of the many places in God's dominions in need of churches, and the people destitute of the means for building, and then remember that we are all brethren, we cannot but feel that there is often much misappropriation of our Lord's money, which a right apprehension of the principles of holiness would rectify.

An editorial in the last Philadelphia *Presbyterian*, after mentioning the fact that the Methodists in various places have recently

erected churches costing large sums, expresses the hope that Presbyterians will take the other tack, build \$40,000 and \$50,000 churches, and endeavor to gather in the multitude. "Costly churches," says the editor, "bring in their train costly worship, operatic singing, worldly, self-seeking trustees, and generally the absence of godly people, and of the precious influence of the Holy Spirit."

Revival Miscellany.

CHEERING INTELLIGENCE.

During all the winter months, most cheering intelligence from all parts of our favored country has greeted our ears. Could we present an aggregate of the multitudes brought over from the ranks of sin, to Christ, it would cause the high exclamation, Glory to God in the highest! to resound through all the ranks of the redeemed, and spread dismay amid the camp of the enemy. Our religious exchanges from all along the line come richly freighted with news which has filled heaven with rapture.

The editor of the *Northern Christian Advocate*, in reporting from his part of the division of God's sacramental hosts, says:

"Times of refreshing from the presence of the Lord" upon His Church, have rarely been more general than now. The whole church is visited with these gracious seasons. The revival column in the papers of other denominations is as common now as in the papers of our church. These reveal a state of spiritual life, truly cheering to every child of God. What is quite remarkable, we have had this state of revival for several years in succession. Can it be that the Church of Christ is coming back to her normal condition? Revival is only the development of healthful life. Wherever the church has this, there will be growth, not only in the spiritual condition of the membership of the church, but conquests will be made from the world in the name of the Lord. This is universal experience. Let us have, then, in the church, constant, healthful, spiritual life, and we shall have constant revival. Oh that the church would come up to this state of grace, and stand before the world in her strength

and in her beauty, "fair as the moon, bright as the sun, and terrible as an army with banners." We are warranted to expect it, it must come, is it not coming, are not these years of general revival the evidences of its approach? Such will be the millennial state of the church, and that state is nearer than ever before. How near, none can say. Some think it is at our very doors. May we not pray, "Come Lord Jesus, come quickly!"

It will be seen that even our Quaker Friends are arousing from their general state of quietness and joining the battle-cry. There has been a gracious revival in New Vienna, Iowa. A writer says:

We had been holding a protracted meeting in the town for a week, but no showers of blessings seemed to descend. Then, a minister in high esteem among the society of friends—D. H., was drawn to come among us on Sabbath evening. He preached Christ with great power, and a real impression was made. On the very next evening, I. H. D. (another minister of high standing among the Friends,) came and proclaimed the unsearchable riches of Christ to a most attentive and awakened audience. On Tuesday evening I. W., an old minister of the Friends, came; he preached with unction the cross of Christ. Results followed: many souls were converted to God. Other preachers of the Friends' Society came, and for two weeks the work went on—a glorious work indeed! There have been nearly sixty conversions. Over forty have given in their names for church fellowship. Many of the Friends, of all ages, attended the meetings, to whom the meetings were likewise blessed! Nearly a score of them found peace and joy in believing. The elders of the Society of Friends gave us their company and services too; some of them going to the homes of the ungodly, beseeching them to be reconciled to God! On the succeeding Sabbath, at 9 a. m., we had preaching from the Friends, and in the evening D. H. and I. H. D. preached to a crowded house, many standing outside. These remarkable meetings closed on Sabbath evening.

MODEL REVIVAL.

A revival of extraordinary interest is now in progress in the South Second Street Church Brooklyn, under the pastoral care of our devo-

ted and earnest brother, Rev. W. H. Boole. The work began with the disciples of the Saviour, scores of whom have received the baptism of fire. Meetings were held for several days, both afternoon and evening, some time before special efforts were made in invitations to the unconverted.

While the Church was thus arming herself with strength, manifestations of convicting power were observable in the social and family surroundings of the members, very many of convicted ones, have since been converted, and great are the rejoicings in the tabernacles of the righteous. Thus, judgement begun at the house of God, and on the same principle that three thousand were pricked to the heart, after the one hundred and twenty were filled with the Holy Ghost, has multitudes of convicted sinners been brought to God.

Entire households have been saved, and the most violent, noted opposers of the Christian faith, are now devoted, earnest loving disciples, and zealously engaged in bringing others to the Lamb of God. Romanists have been overpowered and fallen under the unsheathings of the Spirit's sword, and then raised by the life-giving Word, have stood up to witness that Christ alone hath power to forgive sins and raise to newness of life. Persons who have not attended the means of grace for years, and resisted all the agencies of grace hitherto used, to enlist them in the service of God, have been impelled to come to the temple, which through the prevalence of mighty prevailing prayer, seems surcharged with Divine influence, and on first entering have been powerfully convicted, and before leaving have been numbered with the saved. Surely God is good to Israel.

The Lord grant that His people in every region may thus arm themselves for the mighty conflict. No tame work will meet the emergencies of the day. Our enemies are lively and strong. Valiant hearted men and women, filled with the might of the Spirit, are everywhere needed.

If *Church Communities* in every part of the land would thus set themselves apart, and by way of preparing for mighty conflict, fully equip themselves for the battle, as many have done in the South Second Street Church, there would be no need of pausing, but

spring-time and summer campaigns would be alike successful. But alas, how few are willing to take time to be holy!

North-Baltimore Station, S. Barnes and R. Norris, pastors, has had, thus far, a year of truly wonderful prosperity. About September 1st, 1869, a revival commenced at their First church, (the Monument St.) which resulted, in the course of three and a half months, in the conversion of some three hundred and sixty persons. About three weeks ago the work broke out at the Second church and still goes on with increasing interest. At this latter place over fifty have thus far found peace. Thus, over four hundred, in a few short months, have been added to the Lord in this one charge. A remarkable feature of this work is the much larger proportion of adults and of males and of persons in middle and advanced age, whom it has embraced as subjects of renewing grace.

Lambertson, N. J., a correspondent writes: The Spirit of the Lord has been richly poured out. Thus while the tithes have been brought into the storehouse, the God of Israel has been proved therewith, and has crowned the offering with spiritual tokens, which have filled the hearts of pastor and people with great joy. Brother Graw has been favored with three revivals during his pastoral term in Lambertville, resulting in the conversion of one hundred and eighty precious souls. And while this has been the case, the work of *full salvation* has been wrought in the hearts of many believers. "Holiness unto the Lord" is written on the doorposts, and the children of Zion are "joyful in their King." Lambertville now ranks with the very best appointments in the New Jersey Conference.

Coventryville, Pa. Rev. John Allen writes: "We are now in the seventh week of one of the most remarkable revivals of religion that has ever occurred in the village of Coventryville. We have had as high as forty at a time seeking for pardon at the altar of prayer, and as fast as some obtain the blessing others crowd into their places. The holy influence is all abroad. Men and women, young and old, married and single, whole families, seeking God and praising Him for His forgiving

mercy. How long it will continue at this rate it is impossible to say, but as yet no signs of abatement appear. A large number have already professed conversion, perhaps one hundred or more, and still the number grows.

Kingston, Pa. We commenced extra meetings by observing the "Week of Prayer." The meetings have continued with glorious results. Over one hundred and twenty-five conversions up to the present, and still the work goes on. The tide of salvation is rolling over our town and into the Wyoming Seminary. This popular institution, whose halls are filled with students, is illuminated with the burning light of the cross. Its faculty are earnestly working to bring each student into the "ark of safety."

Last Sunday which was our quarterly meeting, was a memorable day. Dr. Nelson our beloved Presiding Elder, who has been so prominent in this work, preached an able sermon. About one hundred spoke in love feast and nearly two hundred came forward to the Holy Communion. I received fifty-eight into our church on probation. Many more will unite soon. Including those who have united previously, over one hundred have been received on probation already this conference year. Glory to the Lamb.

I. T. WALKER.

Indianapolis District, South-Eastern Indiana Conference.—Dr. Holliday says: "Having read with interest from week to week the tidings of victory from our various moral battle-fields, and having had the privilege of being at the front all winter, I send you the following items: There have been over six hundred accessions to the church on this district during the past round, distributed about as follows: Asbury, J. H. Lozier, 55; Edinburg, W. Maupin, 65; Franklin, J. M. Crawford, 12; Shelbyville, T. G. Beharrel, 30; Sugar Creek, Jesse Miller, 100; Hope, S. C. Noble, 20; Mt. Auburn, A. Kennedy, 45; Fairland, S. Pinckerton, 60; Acton, J. H. Tomlinson, 80; Southport, M. L. Wells, 100; Greenwood, F. S. Turk, 25; Waldron, F. S. Woodcock, 20, and a few conversions and accessions on St. Paul Circuit, under the labors of W. A. Thompson. Samuel Longden is also laboring faithfully and with some success on St. Louis Circuit. Most of our churches are

crowded to overflowing, and a much larger proportion of the people are attending preaching than I ever knew before."

Vincennes District, Indiana Conference.—John Kiger, Feb. 20th: "The work of revival is still progressing in the bounds of this district. I have accomplished about three-fourths of my second round, and up to this time over nine hundred have been received into the Methodist Episcopal Church, and nearly that number converted. Some of the meetings exceed, in the manifestations of Divine power, anything I have witnessed since 1841. All the charges, except two or three, have, more or less, shared in the revival influence."

Terre Haute, Indiana.—J. W. Husher. "Since my last note, our work at Asbury Chapel has been going forward. There seems as yet, no slacking up of interest. Eight joined the church last night, making, since our meeting commenced, 136, and to all appearances the glorious work has just begun. Brother C. A. Brooke, our pastor, is not very well, yet is working earnestly and faithfully."

Hilliard Circuit, Ohio Conference.—S. M. Bright, Feb. 19th: "God is pouring out His Spirit in a wonderful manner upon the village of Hilliard and its vicinity. Up to last night, Feb. 18th, 195 were added to the church, and the interest is as yet unabated. A weight of Divine power is resting upon the community."

Centenary Church, New Albany, Indiana. Rev. James Hill: "Our services have been in progress three weeks, twice per day. Many are converted; about sixty have been added. The interest is increasing, and our spacious house does not hold the congregations that attend, some to witness and others to share in the excitement and blessings."

Indianola Circuit, Illinois Conference.—Rev. B. Newman: "On this circuit over 150 have left the ranks of the wicked. The most of them have found peace in believing in the Saviour, and still the work goes on."

New Jefferson, Iowa.—Rev. W. D. Collins, pastor: "The Lord has been with us in power. Fifty-two were added to the church. Sixty

have been received since Conference. The entire circuit is under revival influence."

Union Circuit, Iowa.—Rev. I. G. H. Armitstead, pastor: "We have just closed a protracted meeting at New Sharon. Over one hundred conversions took place. Several have been sanctified. The Quakers joined with us in the meeting, and kindly lent us their church-house. Revs. H. Allen and O. P. Crawford, local deacons, assisting much in the good work. The whole town was moved by the revival influence. Accessions to the M. E. Church, 72; joined the Quakers, 32; received since conference, 97.

East Baltimore Conference.—The work of holiness is advancing, and about one hundred conversions have occurred on the Westminster Circuit, Rev. Messrs. Amos and Cook, pastors.

Havre de Grace charge, Rev. C. F. Thomas, pastor, has enjoyed a gracious revival; over sixty converted, and numbers sanctified.

One hundred and fifty souls have been converted on Warrior's Mark charge, of whom 125 have joined the M. E. Church, Rev. J. W. Haughawout, pastor.

On Middletown and Jefferson charge, the number of conversions during the conference year is reported at one hundred. Rev. A. M. Kester, pastor.

The meeting at Latrobe, Rev. M. J. Montgomery, has closed with an accession to the church of 78 souls. It was a time of great power, occasioning awakenings in stores, shops and taverns. It extended also to other churches and stimulated them to greater earnestness.

Garland Street, Flint, Michigan, Rev. E. R. Hascall, pastor. A series of meetings resulted in the conversion of between sixty and seventy; fifty of these have already joined our church, and the good Spirit still abides with us.

A gracious revival has visited the church at Deposit, New York Conference, and about fifty have professed conversion. It is the design of the members to enlarge and improve their church, and funds are being raised for the purpose. Rev. J. G. Oakley, is closing a prosperous three years' term.

St. Paul, Minnesota.—Rev. D. Cobb writes: "We are having a glorious revival in old Jackson Street. Near thirty have been converted or reclaimed, and yesterday about forty in the Sabbath School were seeking Christ. Many of the converts are heads of families."

Camden Mills, Illinois.—"Protracted meeting at Camden Mills just closed. Result during the week's effort, 124 accessions to the church, and perhaps a still larger number of conversions. We commence immediately at another point on the circuit."

The revival in Pine Brook, N. J., continues with unabated interest. Seventy persons have professed religion up to the present writing—Rev. Wm. C. Nelson, pastor.

Over one hundred have united with the M. E. Church in Orange, as the result of the revival.

Hackensack.—Early in January a revival commenced in the M. E. Church in this town, of which Rev. S. Cowins is pastor, and up to February 10th, 120 had professed religion, and 80 united with the church, and the work seemed but just begun.

Flemington.—A glorious work of revival is in progress in the M. E. Church in Flemington, Rev. D. Walters, pastor. Many have been converted, and 98 have already joined the church.

There is a good work of grace in Hedding Church, Jersey City, Rev. J. Hanlon, pastor. About forty have professed conversion.

Bushnell, Illinois, Rev. P. Warner: "A meeting has resulted in the conversion of 94. 66 have joined us on probation, and several of our members have professed sanctification."

A gracious revival has prevailed in Buckhannon Station, Rev. W. E. Williamson. About ninety conversions and eighty-four accessions to the church are the result.

The Lord is visiting the Kingwood charge, Rev. W. C. Wilson, with gracious outpourings of His Holy Spirit. A recent meeting at Newbury resulted in ten conversions and accessions to the church. During the confer-

ence year, 135 have been received on probation.

Saybrook, Illinois.—Rev. G. B. Wolf informs us of a revival at Cheney's Grove where fifty have been converted and seventy-seven added to the church.

Clermont, Iowa.—At Eldorado forty have joined the church. The work is going on.

Correspondence.

For the Guide.

THE VENTURE.

ROBT. NEWMAN.

I have given all for Christ. Time, talents, influence, family, and estate, with every earthly interest. Casting all my care on Jesus, relying wholly on Him, I go forth in His name and strength, without purse or scrip, to learn to labor, and to live in the field or die in the ranks; resolved to follow Him through evil or good report, darkness as well as light, proclaiming a full, free, and present salvation, unfurling everywhere the precious banner of love—"Holiness to the Lord"—and as regular as the morning breaks upon the mountains, with scarcely an exception for the past three years, has it brought with it such a blessing, there was not room to contain. My peace flows like a river. O, how good is God! I am now rejoicing in His love, and as I am greatly indebted to the "Guide" for its invaluable help in leading me to the heights of holiness, please accept my thanks; and I would say, Lord bless the "Guide," and will that noble host of contributors pray for me, that I may retain that love of Christ which passeth knowledge, and with His blessing, go forth conquering and to conquer.

For the Guide.

HOLINESS NOT ENTHUSIASM.

I had an interview yesterday with a gentleman who had been perusing a number of the "Guide." He came to let me know he wished to become a subscriber. Previous to this he viewed the subject as enthusiasm, but I offered him a number and requested him to peruse it. Through respect he took it and read it, and yesterday he said to me, "I am

a member of the Missionary Baptist Church, as you know. I have been trying for two years to lead a Christian life, and to enjoy religion daily; but O, I felt a void which was not filled. I lacked something, but knew not what I was reaching for." Then, with tears of joy, he exclaimed: "Now I know what I lacked; it is a holy heart. In reading one number of the 'Guide' my mind has become enlightened on the glorious subject of holiness, notwithstanding all my former prejudices to the doctrine and its advocates."

There is but one experimental witness of full salvation at present in our circle of acquaintance; but, bless the Lord, he has lately enabled several of us to *covenant together* to seek the blessing until we obtain it. I believe the Lord will come, and come quickly. O, for power to offer a perfect offering! O, for power to exercise that living faith which brings the blessing. Dear friends, bear with me; my soul is athirst for living water; I long to be filled with all the fullness of God. Precious, promised, blessed Saviour, all power is thine.

W. M. LORD.

HAYWOOD Co., Tenn.

For the Guide.

VISITING ON THE SABBATH.

J. GARRABRANT.

While reading the article "Precious Sabbath" in the last number of the "Guide," I felt moved to write a few lines, hoping that it may be the means of opening the eyes of many to see the sinfulness of indulging in the reprehensible practice of making the Lord's Day a day of pleasure in visiting our friends. Oh! how much have I witnessed, with pain and sorrow, this evil among professors of religion. Little do they think of the injury they are doing, not only to themselves, but to the cause of religion, by giving to the enemies of the cross an occasion to speak evil of us. This practice is more general among the churches in the country, although city professors are not free from this sin. It may seem a small matter to some to visit their neighbor of a Sabbath afternoon, and spend a few hours in conversation. But what kind of conversation do they have? Is it edifying to the hearers? Are they showing to those around them, who may be strangers

to God, that they have been with Christ and learned of Him? Are they redeeming the time, and by their Godly conversation, helping each other up the hill of Zion? Are they endeavoring to win souls to Christ, and saying:

"Oh, come with me, we'll upward go,
And climb the hill together;
And as we walk, we'll sweetly talk,
And sing as we go thither."

Alas! this is not the case; but, on the contrary, you will see the misguided brother and his family, as soon as the morning service is over, hasten to his neighbor's house, where a bountiful dinner is provided for them; and when the meal is finished, away they go over their land, talking about the crops for the coming week; then back to the house again, and spend the remainder of the afternoon in idle, worldly talk. Not one word have they for Christ, no holy conversation is there, no sweet communing 'with one another. The morning's devotion is forgotten. Their serious and solemn thoughts are left at the house of God, no more to occupy their minds until they again enter His sanctuary. God have mercy upon such Christians! Can they ever expect to become holy men and holy women? Never, until they resume their ways, and try to walk in the light of God.

We must be holy if we would walk the streets of the New Jerusalem. It is written in His word, "without holiness no man can see the Lord." We are commanded to remember the Sabbath day, to keep it holy; and if we keep the Sabbath holy, we may expect to become holy and sanctified, and the blood of Jesus Christ will cleanse us from all sin. God speed the day when all who bear the name of Christ may become Bible Christians, loving His word, sit beneath the "shadow of the cross," search the scriptures and learn more of the meek and lowly Jesus. How much more pleasing it would be in the sight of God, and more profitable to our souls, if we would be more careful in keeping holy the Lord's day. How much faster we would run in the heavenly race and not grow weary. And O, how our Heavenly Father would shower down His blessings upon us.

"In holy duties let the day,
In holy comfort, pass away;
How sweet a Sabbath thus to spend
In hope of one that ne'er shall end."

For the Guide.

TRIBUTE TO THE "GUIDE."

MRS. SARAH G. BRAYDON.

Please send a copy of your book,
Again we do subscribe,
And for its presence we shall look,
The visitor—your "Guide."

It is a messenger of good,
Always refreshment brings;
Unto the mind is healthy food,
It tells of heavenly things.

Are ever glad to see it come,
Eager to read it through,
And those who visit at our home
Converses with it too.

No fiction on its page we see
And no discordant strife,
But all in harmony agree,
Seeking eternal life.

We would that more did take this guest,
With it acquainted be,
If they are seeking holy rest
They'll love its company.

Go on, thou messenger of peace,
And chant redemption's song,
Still may thy numbers yet increase
And swell the mighty throng.

What good this visitor hath done
No human eye can scan,
But in the future 't will be known
Beyond life's narrow span,

Go boldly on, and forward press,
Cheering our Israel-band;
Writ on thy banners, HOLINESS,
Bound for the promised land.

The Tuesday Meeting.

The meetings for the promotion of holiness, held in New York for many years past at the house of Dr. Palmer, Rivington Street, have been removed to his new residence,

23 SAINT MARK'S PLACE,

near the Bible House. The meetings are held at 2½ o'clock every Tuesday afternoon.

LED BY THE SPIRIT.

REV. BROTHER B. wanted such a Christian experience as God would have him enjoy, and having studied upon it for several years,

he could not reach any better conclusion than that it was best to be led by the Spirit. He had heard of various phases of Christian experience, and sometimes had longed for them, but had concluded to let God lead him in this, and desired no better form of prayer than *Thy will be done*. He had a blessed teacher, the Holy Ghost, and He taught him such blessed things. But his experience varied; sometimes he was full of joyousness, and sometimes he hadn't a bit. But he lived the life of faith, and it was a glorious life. He expected the Holy Ghost would show him things that otherwise he would not have perceived, and this had been the case especially for the forty-eight hours past. Indeed he never had such a year as that one had been. Several weeks ago he was unwell, and very much oppressed, and his experience since then had been very different from that it had been before; he found he had'n't that power, or unction, and vivid realization of Spiritual things that he had before; and the Spiritual thermometer went down, down, down, until it was almost in the bulb, and yet he gave his testimony when he had opportunity, and it was to the praise of His grace, and he prayed for grace always to stand up for Jesus wherever he should be, and God had enabled him to do so; and hence he had had a good experience for years past. As the year drew to a close he had to acknowledge that it was not going to be so blessed as the first part. He did his duty to a great extent because they were duties, but he did not like to do them, mainly because they were duties, yet better so than to neglect them. Jesus was hiding Himself more and more only last week. Temptations flowed in powerfully. One night he laid on his bed, and O how these inward temptations pressed in on him. Yet there was such an inward crying for God, that he knew it was from God. In the morning he thought he would fast, and this always did him good. In the first part of the day he was good for nothing, but in the latter part, the sparkling of God's face was very beautiful. He thought he had been living near to God during this depression, and that God was purposely depriving him of His presence. He was teaching him lessons desirable to know. He was sure his faith was stronger for it, and ever since then he had

been greatly blessed. His duties were all joys; he felt them to be so, though a few days before they were not so. Since that unction that came on the afternoon of the fast day, that same feeling had come over him again with increased sweetness and power, and in the morning as he waited on God, searching the Scriptures, O what a blessed light broke upon him. He had been taught that it was absolutely necessary for Christians to have frequent baptisms of the Holy Ghost if they would go steadily forward. During this time of darkness, he had been asking God for such a baptism of the Holy Ghost, and as he had been without it a little longer than usual, he had to confess that he had some fears whether He was ready to bestow it; but on the fast day, how his faith was settled and strengthened. He felt deeply in his soul—had studied the experience of the sanctified for these years past, both his own and others, and he felt deeply the necessity of this baptism of the Spirit, and they were obtained when we waited patiently on God in the Spirit.

THE NARROW-WIDE WAY.

REV. W. B. spoke of the work of God in his charge. He had been greatly benefited by the experience of Bro. B. He often felt that he could illustrate his experience in no other way than that of a little child who had taken hold of Christ to lead him. He used to think the Way of Holiness was so narrow, if he should attempt to walk in it he could not; but he had come to rejoice that it was so narrow, and now he would not widen it an inch if he could. He could not carry anything of wilful neglect, or that was sinful or worldly in it. And yet he had learned that in the very centre of that way, there was the richest fruit, and ripest clusters of grapes; and his soul feasted while walking in the very centre of this narrow way.

REV. BRO. I.: The way is very narrow but is broad enough, and he did not want it any broader. He enjoyed the most ample freedom, the most perfect privilege; he was not hampered, not perplexed, not annoyed. The devil always did annoy God's children, but he never was on friendly terms with the devil, and never on remarkably good terms with the world's people, and all the hostile influences that he met now, he always met, but now he forgave

the authors of them. He was a much happier man than before he was fully sanctified, and had less of perplexity, less of trials, more perception of the divine presence, and could not conceive of a faith that did not apprehend God. His faith took hold of Jesus Christ, and he was very conscious of it, but then he was always very much of that way. When he became a convert to the Christian faith, from infidelity, the Lord gave him a great blessing. He was of that class of persons who did not stand long on the brink; he went one way or the other. This had led him into some difficulties, but on the whole he felt abundantly satisfied. He would not be misunderstood. There was enough of perplexities and difficulties; all had enough of them, but it was best to take them joyfully.

EVER VICTORIOUS.

He used to fight with the Devil and sin, long before he had this grace, and he stood it out tolerably well, but in the midst of it would often have to cry out, "O wretched man that I am, who shall deliver me?" but now when he was in the fight, he said, "Thanks be unto God who giveth us the victory." He had fought with the adversary as much as any person in this room, but he had victory granted him all the time. He would rather be a conquering saint than an angel, for he did not want to go to heaven until his work was done. He wanted rest when he had fought his way through. He had a feeling of assurance now, the first fruits of the better land. Glory be to God for full salvation! He did not want to feel any better, and he had the baptism that comes down from heaven, and every once in awhile God poured it specially upon him. "All hail the power of Jesus name" was then sung.

SEEKING AND FINDING.

A brother felt like bearing his testimony. He had often prayed for the privilege of assembling with the people of God in that place, but this was the first opportunity of the kind he had ever enjoyed. In 1854 he was born into the kingdom of God. A good brother said to him while at a Camp-meeting, "Do you enjoy this blessing of sanctification?" He replied God blessed him very often. "But do you enjoy this great blessing?" "No," he answered, "I do not." "And

why don't you seek it?" He at once began to seek it earnestly, and soon thought he had obtained it, but gave way to doubts. After many struggles, a passage of the Word of God was quoted in his hearing, and there he took hold by faith, and he was filled with the Spirit. Then he could not keep his mind off of the blessed truth, "The blood of Jesus Christ, His Son, cleanseth us from all sin." He thought of something to preach from the following Sunday, and the Spirit of the Lord gave him this passage, "Sanctify them through Thy truth, Thy Word is truth," and then a plan for its discussion. On Sunday morning he preached—the power came down upon him, and soon there were a number in his little charge who could say, "The blood of Jesus Christ, His Son, cleanseth me from all sin." His companion had been sceptical on that subject, but a good sister loaned him a couple of Sister Palmer's books, and his wife had read them, and one day she claimed the blessing, and the power came down, and she wept much, and said, "I cannot help weeping for joy." So God had been visiting his charge and sinners had been converted, and he gave all the glory to God.

THE CHILD PREACHER.

SISTER B. had been thinking except ye become as a little child ye shall not enter into the kingdom of heaven. A little child in her family was a wonderful preacher. Brother G had said one day to her little one, "George, if you go and ask God to give you a new heart, it will be easier for you to keep still." He did go away, and afterward, coming to her, said, "Mamma, I did pray for God to give me a new heart, and I think he did, but I don't know how he did it." So if we ask in faith for a clean heart, God will give it, but you may not know how it is done. She had been for years under the mistake that the blessing of sanctification was an attainment and not a salvation. She remembered the shrinking from the sentiment which she experienced years ago when she heard Sister Palmer speaking of full salvation, say, There is nothing in the Bible said of an attainment, but a salvation. She wished they could all act on the spirit of the first prayer offered that afternoon, then they would experience this grace.

A PRESENT FAITH.

SISTER P. How true it is that Christ is

the end of the law for righteousness to every one that believeth. Not that can, or will, but that believeth. Her mind had been very much arrested by the thought expressed by a brother present. He who spared not His own Son, but gave Him for us, how shall He not also with Him freely give us all things. We all stand on one ground and Christ is the end of the law for righteousness to every one that believeth, and she felt she could set to her seal that God is true.

They might have holiness that afternoon, and that would bring a present heaven, and as gifts were always free, they need not look for any fitness in themselves. Their faith should go up to the highest point. If they had thousands, or millions in their possession, they might give it all for the realization of an indwelling Saviour, who of God is made unto us wisdom and righteousness and sanctification and redemption. This is a pearl of great price, and it cannot be received without giving all for it. Was there one there who would not give all for Christ and take Him for a present Saviour from all sin, and prove Him as the end of the law for righteousness to every one that believeth?

Book Notices.

THE HISTORY OF THE GREAT REPUBLIC, Considered from a Christian Stand-Point. By Jesse T. Peck, D. D. Published by Broughton & Wyman, 13 Bible House, New York.

The leading idea in this interesting and able work is God, as the underlying cause and wise director of the events of American History. Dr. Peck brings to the work diligence, candor, a clear and vigorous style, great breadth and comprehension of view, and above all a deep piety, which enables him easily to indicate the presence and benevolent designs of the great Master-Builder in the long series of acts and events which he delineates. Such a work has been greatly needed, and is well deserving a place among the books of every Christian family. It must be evident, we think, from its perusal, that God has chosen this land as the predestined theatre of ideas and activities, not only political and scientific, but religious, which have a close connection with the reign of Christ on earth. And it is upon this ground especially, that we commend it to our readers, as not only well fitted to instruct by the great body of information which it contains, but as adapted in a high degree to impress the mind with a sense of God's wonderful presence in the nation, and with the great responsibility which rests upon every American citizen.

For the Guide.

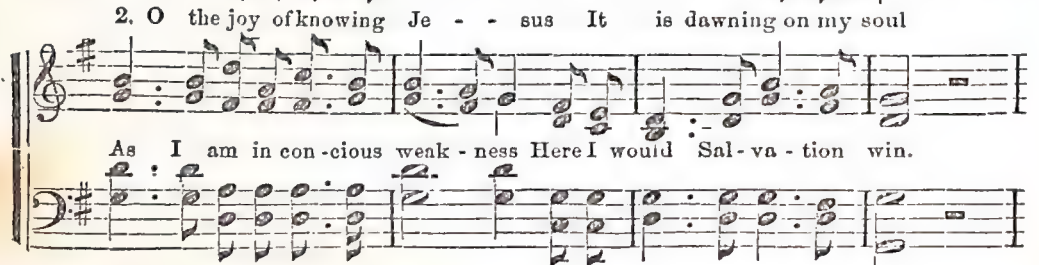
Clinging to the Cross.

Words Composed by Rev. B. M. ADAMS.

Music by E. J. COFFIN.



1. Sad and weary with my long - - ing, Filled with shame because of sin,

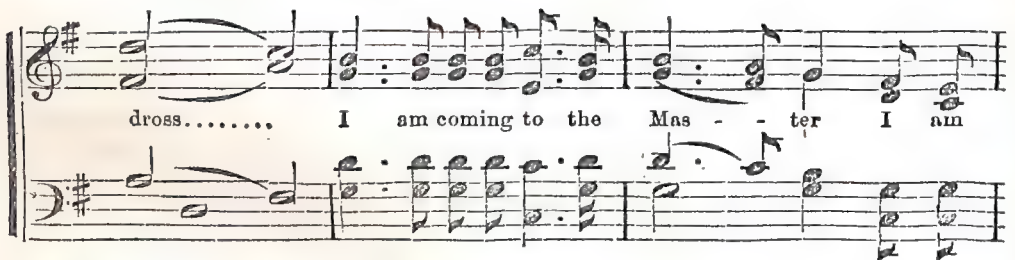


2. O the joy of knowing Je - - sus It is dawning on my soul
As I am in con-cious weak-ness Here I would Sal-va-tion win.

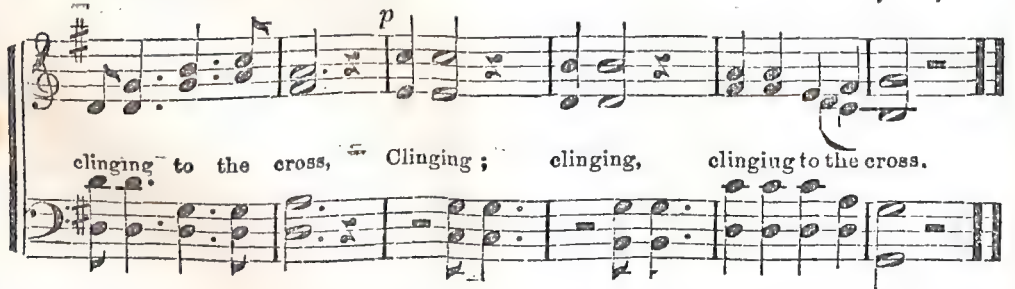
I finding his sal-va-tion And the pow-er that makes me whole.
CHORUS can express



All I have I leave for Je - - sus, I am counting it but



dross..... I am coming to the Mas - - ter I am



clinging to the cross, Clinging; clinging, clinging to the cross.

Guide to Holiness.

MAY, 1868.

For the Guide.

MY HUMBLE TESTIMONY.

REV. R. L. CUSHMAN,
INDIANA CONFERENCE.

I FEEL that I should record the goodness of God in granting me a pious father. He was always free to talk to his children upon the subject of religion. He has gone to glory now. As soon as I was converted, which work was very thorough and powerful, my father urged me on at once to higher attainments in religion, putting into my hands, for perusal, such books as "Wesley's Plain Account of Christian Perfection," and the "Life of Mrs. Fletcher."

For months after my conversion I rejoiced almost constantly in the favor and presence of God. The subject of holiness was of deep interest to me. I thought sometimes I was wholly sanctified when converted, and I was somewhat strengthened in that persuasion by hearing older Christians express such belief. But I was never fully satisfied, and I would caution any one against trying to be satisfied, if he has not received as clear an evidence of his sanctification as of his justification.

Often I have been brought by the Spirit almost to the point of surrendering all into the hands of God, and trusting in his willingness and power, to save from all sin. I will ever remember an occasion of this kind during my third year in the ministry. It was just at the close of a gracious revival. I had received a specimen number of the "Guide," and the first piece I read was a most searching and earnest exhortation to in-

stant consecration, and present faith, in the all-cleansing blood of Jesus. The Holy Ghost, in mighty power, backed the appeal, and I was almost ready to yield, but the suggestion so often made by the enemy, "You can't live such a life, especially as you are young," had its designed effect upon my action, and I deferred the matter "till a more convenient season."

I shall ever regret that I did so. I have so often grieved the Spirit since, as the result of that wrong choice. God came and pleaded with me as though it were "face to face," as a man pleading with his friend, but oh, I would not consent to live a holy life. My friend, whoever you are, who may read this imperfect sketch, if God is so pleading with you, yield at once, fearless of consequences, and you will be saved from many painful reflections. "The meek will He guide in judgment, and the meek will He teach His way."

But to refer to my especial experience upon this subject. I can see now that I was brought by the gentle leading Spirit gradually to the point of giving myself wholly up to God. I recollect a few days before the final surrender, while praying with a family, my desire rose almost to agony for power to love God with *all* the heart. I was so wrought upon, that I could hardly complete my prayer.

I at last set apart a day (Friday, the 15th of February, 1867) as a day of fasting and prayer, with special reference to this blessing. As I shut myself up in my study, and knelt down, with the

Bible open before me, and alternately read, and wept, and prayed, I felt the powerful assistance of the Holy Spirit. I then walked the room, reading the "Guide" and "Faith and its Effects." I then read the Bible upon my knees, and prayed as before. The struggle was intense, when, receiving power from on high, I gave myself wholly to the Lord for time and eternity, and with the heart believed the offering was accepted.

I received the witness of sanctification when, after praying that God would allow me to open upon some passage of Scripture suited to my case, my eye rested upon the 12th chapter of Isaiah. I began to read it, and when I came to the second verse, "Behold God is my salvation, *I will trust and not be afraid,*" I was so sweetly overpowered with a sense of the presence of my sanctifying God, and His glory, that I could but hide my face in my hands, while my soul breathed out unutterable praise. I felt (I cannot express it better than that)—I felt that the very Shekinah overshadowed me—that I was in the inner sanctuary of God's presence, and directly opening my eyes, and through my tears of holy joy catching at intervals the other portions of the chapter, I involuntarily pressed the Bible to my bosom and kissed it again and again, as the visible medium of the Spirit's operations upon my soul. Truly the prayer of the Saviour was answered in my case,—"*Sanctify them through thy truth, thy word is truth.*"

Being naturally very timid, I, as most others, had my temptations about the public profession of what God had done for me, when seeking guidance through God's Word, after earnest prayer, I opened the Bible, and the first passage that caught my attention was the 10th verse of the 43d chapter of Isaiah, "Ye are my witnesses, saith the Lord." I had often heard the passage repeated, but had no remembrance of where it was. Most powerfully, too, was that wonderfully appropriate passage impressed upon my heart, so that for hours after, I could not refrain from praising God aloud, even as I passed along the street.

I need not go on and tell how this

great grace has kept me till the present, but if this meagre sketch will be the instrument of encouraging seekers after Holiness, and comforting and strengthening those who have started upon the "high way," I will give all the glory to my God.

For the Guide.

SPIRIT ECHOES

A. T. ALLIS.

Backward from a neighboring hillside,
Human accents oft are flung,
As distinctly, as if ringing
From another's mocking tongue.

Christian hearts, in right position,
Echo back the words of love,
Be they e'er so softly spoken,
Which are spoken from above

Hear Him saying: "Cast your burden
On the Lord, who cares for thee."
Echo says: "I'll cast my burden
On Thee, Lord, most thankfully."

"Souls that labor, heavy laden,
Seeking rest, come unto me."
Promptly from the heart's deep fountain
Echoes, "I *will* come to Thee."

When we hear the Master saying
As to Peter: "Follow me,"
Quickly goes the echo upward,
"Master, I *will* follow Thee."

Or, like Him, we hear Him asking
Once or thrice: "Lovest thou me?"
Echo answers: "*Lord, Thou knowest*
That Thy servant lovest Thee."

Once again we hear Him saying
Tenderly: "Abide in me."
And again does echo answer,
"Lord, I *will* abide in Thee."

And the Spirit's gentle whispers
Softly breathing through the soul,
Are as clearly echoed backward
As when vocal accents roll.

But the heart of earthly pilgrims
Over life's uneven track
Only when in right position,
Give the answering echo back.

STEPHEN'S MILLS, N. Y.

For the Guide.

THE OLD PATHS;

OR,

CARVOSSO'S EXPERIENCE OF HOLINESS.

BY REV. W. H. POOLE.

It is recorded of a French general, that he was so much beloved by the army while he was living, and his name so venerated when he was dead, that they requested to have his name left on the regimental roll, and that when his name was called, the whole regiment responded, "died upon the field, with his armor on." Such, to the church of God, is the venerated name of the man, who, for sixty years, led his class into the green pastures and beside the still waters; whose experience affords a fine illustration of the true Christian soldier, living in possession of the whole armor of God, and dying at his post with the armor on. Such was Carvosso.

I select his experience because he was one of a large group, to whom the old paths of holiness were distinctly marked, and in whose experience and life we can clearly see the different stages of growth and development, as he went on from being a child to be a young man, and then a Father in Israel.

From his distinct and definite profession of perfect love, as seen in his life, we may learn:

1. That there is, connected with a clear evidence of justification, strong and deep convictions of the importance of a deeper work of grace in the heart.
2. That there is a direct and satisfactory testimony from the spirit as to the time when God accomplishes that great work within us.
3. That the profession of the blessing of perfect love is necessary, in order to its continued enjoyment.
4. That it does not, in any sense, raise us above the necessity of the atonement; but that it makes the atoner and the atonement all the more precious.
5. That while it does not raise us above trials, sorrows, and bereavement, it sanctifies to us those bitter waters.
6. That, although the enjoyment of perfect love does not admit of outward or inward sin, yet it admits of the pres-

ence of numberless physical and mental infirmities, errors, and mistakes.

In quoting from his memoir, I omit the number of the pages, to save room. He says:

"In the same happy frame of mind which God brought me into at my conversion, I went on for the space of three months, not expecting any more conflicts; but O, how greatly was I mistaken! I was a young recruit, and knew not the warfare I had to engage in. But I was soon taught that I had not only to contend with Satan and the world from without, but with inward enemies also, which now began to make no small stir. Having never conversed with any one who enjoyed purity of heart, nor even read any of Mr. Wesley's works, I was at a loss, both with respect to the nature, and the way to obtain the blessing of full salvation. From my first setting out in the way to heaven, I determined to be a Bible Christian; and though I had not much time for reading many books, yet I blessed God, I had His own word, the Bible, and could look into it. This gave me a very clear map of the way to heaven, and told me that 'without holiness, no man could see the Lord.'"

INBRED SIN.

"It is impossible for me to describe what I suffered from 'an evil heart of unbelief.' My heart appeared to me as a small garden, with a large stump of a tree in it, which had been recently cut down level with the ground, and a little loose earth strewed over it. Seeing something shooting up I did not like, on attempting to pluck it up, I discovered the deadly remains of the carnal mind, and what a work must be done before I could be 'meet for the inheritance of the saints in light.' My inward nature appeared so black and sinful that I felt it impossible to rest in that state. Some, perhaps, will imagine that this may have arisen from the want of the knowledge of forgiveness. That could not be the case; for I never had one doubt of my acceptance; the witness was so clear that Satan himself knew it was in vain

to attack me from that quarter. I had ever kept in remembrance,

*'The blessed hour, when from above,
I first received the pledge of love.'*

IS TAUGHT OF GOD.

"What I now wanted was inward holiness, and for this I prayed and searched the Scriptures. Among the number of promises which I found in the Bible, that gave me to see that it was my privilege to be saved from all sin, my mind was particularly directed to Ezek. xxx. 25, 27—'then will I sprinkle clean water upon you.' This is the great and precious promise of the eternal Jehovah. I laid hold of it, determined not to stop short of my privilege; for I saw clearly the will of God was my sanctification. The more I examined the Scriptures, the more I was convinced that without holiness there could be no heaven. Many were the heart struggles which I had with unbelief, and Satan told me that if I should get it, I should never be able to retain it; but by keeping close to the Word of God, with earnest prayer and supplication, the Lord gave me to see that nothing short of it would do in a dying hour and the judgment day. Seeing this, it was my constant cry to God that he would cleanse my heart from all sin and make me holy, for the sake of Jesus Christ.

"I well remember returning one night from a meeting, with my mind greatly distressed from a want of the blessing. I turned into a lonely barn to wrestle with God in secret prayer. While kneeling on the threshing-floor, agonizing for the great salvation, this promise was applied to my mind: 'thou art all fair, my love, there is no spot in thee.' But, like poor Thomas, I was afraid to believe, lest I should deceive myself. O, what a dreadful enemy is unbelief! Thomas was under its influence only eight days before Jesus appeared to him; but I was a fortnight after this groaning for deliverance, and saying, 'O, wretched man that I am! who shall deliver me from the body of this death?' I yielded to unbelief, instead of looking to Jesus, and believing on Him for the blessing; not

having then clearly discovered that the witness of the spirit is God's gift, not my act, but given to all who exercise faith in Jesus, and the promise made through Him."

IS SAVED.

"At length, one evening, while engaged in a prayer-meeting, the great deliverance came. I began to exercise faith by believing, I shall have the blessing now. Just at that moment a heavenly influence filled the room; and no sooner had I uttered or spoken the words from my heart, I shall have the blessing now, than refining fire went through my heart, illuminated my soul, scattered its life through every part, and sanctified the whole. I then received the full witness of the Spirit that the blood had cleansed me from all sin. I cried out, 'This is what I wanted! I have now got a new heart.' I was emptied of self and sin, and filled with God. I felt I was nothing, and Christ was all in all, Him I now cheerfully received in all His offices; my prophet to teach me, my priest to atone for me, my king to reign over me.

*'Amazing love! how can it be,
That Thou, my God, shouldst die for me?'*

This full salvation he says he experienced March 13, 1772. He says, "O, what a salvation is that which Jesus has purchased for poor sinners! It is a full, free, and present salvation; a salvation from all sin, its guilt, its power, and its very in-being; and a salvation into all the glorious image of God, and all by simple faith."

THE BAPTISM.

"I was one night so filled—so overpowered with the glory of God, that had there been a thousand suns shining at noon-day, the brightness of that divine glory would have eclipsed the whole. I was constrained to shout aloud for joy. It was the overwhelming power of saving grace. It was a weight of glory that I seemed incapable of bearing in the body, and I, therefore, cried out (perhaps unwisely) 'Lord, stay thine hand.' In this glorious baptism, these words came to my heart with indescribable power,

"I have sealed thee unto the day of redemption. Glory to God, I feel the blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth me from all sin. I am become a living temple, glorious all within, I can now love God with all my heart, with all my mind, and with all my strength."

ANOTHER BAPTISM.

"I have had a fresh plunge into the fountain. My Saviour has not only washed my hands and my feet, but my head and my heart, and he hath clothed me with the garment of salvation, he hath covered me with the robe of righteousness. Glory be to God! This is a morning without a cloud. I generally glide very happily along the heavenly track, having my sails swelled with the precious gales of grace from the spicy hills of Zion.

"I can say, with good Lady Maxwell, 'My evidence for sanctification is as strong as a cable, fixed to an immovable rock, and as bright as the sun at noon-day.'

"My soul," says she, "is like a ship in full sail on the boundless ocean of redeeming love."

I need add no more. Comment on such an experience is unnecessary. May the reader enjoy the same like precious faith.

GODERICH, CANADA, 1868.

For the Guide.

THE DOXOLOGY.

MISS A. MILLS.

It was not time to close our meeting, neither were we disposed to separate. Why then sing the Doxology?

We were praying that sinners might be converted, but they refused to come to Jesus; hence no song of praise for them on earth, or in heaven; nevertheless Jesus was being glorified. With the heart one had believed unto full salvation, and with the mouth had confessed that perfect peace reigned in his soul; and that was why we sung as we did,

"Praise God, from whom all blessings flow."

Yes, *all* blessings, and among the countless train what one can be found

that should call forth a sweeter song of praise than the blood-bought boon of perfect love? To every one that feels from moment to moment the all-cleansing blood applied, life is a continual doxology. He sees God in every thing. The snow flakes, as they fall upon the frozen earth, are emblems of divine purity. The glad-some sunshine reminds him that his God is a sun and a shield. The storm sweeps by, and he thinks of Jesus his shelter from the storm of Divine wrath. Earth, with all her myriad forms, animate and inanimate; the heavens, with all their starry worlds, sing praises to the Power that has created them; laud and magnify the Love that sustains them, and he unites in their song, and his lips frame the question, "What is man that Thou art mindful of him?"

If creation, with her varied tones, praises the Eternal One, how much more should man, the fallen but redeemed, not with corruptible things, but with the blood of the Son of God?

Blessing and glory and honor be unto Him who hath led captivity captive, who wills to abide in the hearts of men, and cleanse them from all their filthiness and all their idols. Even when sorrows are multiplied, and there are deep waters of affliction, troubles on every side, he who has learned to cast all his care on Jesus, proves that he has not an High Priest who cannot be touched with the feeling of his infirmities. The Comforter is near, the floods cannot overwhelm, nor the flames devour. Even here victoriously he sings the praise of Him who maketh all things work together for good to them that love him. In what are called the little things of life he finds shades and lights intermingled in various unexpected ways, and he presses on amid these alternations, not with blunted sensibilities, but with a stillness of soul known only to those who rest in God. The world understands him not, because it knows nothing of the love that fills his heart. It may think him wanting in courage, because he returns not railing for railing, but he knows in whom he has believed, and at His command he goes forward, whatever may be the apparent danger.

He fears not, while his Immanuel leads the way, confident that if he shrinks not he will come off more than conqueror, and share in the eternal song of triumph at last. He stands up, not for self but for Jesus, and it is because he is thus forgetful of self, that he finds praises so often in his heart, and on his tongue. It is all "unto Him that loved us."

Not that he thinks less of his bodily and intellectual powers than in times past. He now looks upon them as the Lord's property—talents entrusted to his care, which he would turn to the best possible account, rescuing them from their perverted state in the service of the devil, to be normally engaged in the work of a Master who will not require them to be used in vile drudgery, but in bearing light burdens and crosses, underneath which lie praise-inspiring blessings.

How ennobling to feel that we belong wholly to such a Saviour as Jesus is! Many are thus giving up all for Christ, and finding all in Him, and angels and men unite in ascribing praise to the Lamb. Each one whose heart has thus become the source of doxologies, intensely desires that others may join the song of praise. His words have love's attractive power. Simple they may be, but the theme is noble—a Saviour's love to fallen man. Hearts are moved and respond, "O that I knew where I might find him!" Their eyes are turned towards the cross, and beholding the Crucified, straightway sighs are exchanged for the song, "Praise God." Others bear the faithful witness, as out of the abundance of the heart he speaks of present salvation, full and free, and they ask, "Can I at once be made whole?" "Will Jesus save me fully now?" The Spirit, through the Word, replies, "Behold now is the accepted time: behold now is the day of salvation." The eye turns from the last cherished idol to Jesus, and "Praise God" is the language of heart and lip.

O, what doxologies would earth and heaven hear, if all the forgiven would at once enter the "Highway of Holiness," and in the spirit of their Master, be everywhere seeking to win souls. "Not sloth-

ful in business, fervent in spirit, serving the Lord."

MT. CARROLL, 1868

For the Guide.

WHAT GLORY!

MINA.

"If I go and prepare a place for you, I will come again and receive you unto myself, that where I am there ye may be also." This is, indeed, the language of love. What greater bliss to the loving than to know that they are loved, and to dwell in the presence of the object of their love!

God has been pleased to call the redeemed the bride of Christ, and as the Father hath loved Him, even so has He loved His own. In that wonderful prayer He says, "And the glory which thou gavest me, I have given them, that they may be one even as we are one. I will that they also whom thou has given me be with me where I am; that they may behold my glory, which thou hast given me." One in Christ; what glory!

TRUSTLAND, 1868.

For the Guide.

HEAVENLY ASPIRATIONS.

MRS. HELEN M. BRADLEY.

O Lamb of God, whose precious blood
Flows ever in a cleansing tide,
I pant to hide me in that flood,
And there abide.

Thou art my only righteousness,
No merit of my own I plead,
O deign my waiting heart to bless,
In sorest need.

Thou only knowest, Lord, how blest
Are they whose hearts are truly clean,
May I not have this wondrous rest,
This heaven within?

Whiter than snow, Thy words declare,
Shall be the soul that walks with Thee:
In robe of righteousness so fair,
Array Thou me.

With Thy pure light O may I shine,
To show a world how sweet Thou art,
How heaven's own beauty can refine,
A human heart.

For the Guide.

THE RELATIONS ADJUSTED

REV. S. W. BROWNING

Who can estimate the importance of having the relations of the soul with God rightly adjusted? The writer is fully convinced, from experience, that more depends upon this, as to individual happiness and efficiency, than many understand. Our enemy, Satan, is so subtle a foe, that if he has altogether lost hope of turning aside the devoted soul, and leading it to renounce its allegiance to God, he will still seek to disturb the rest and hinder the usefulness of one who is fully purposed to keep the consecration of body, soul, and spirit complete, and to walk in all the commandments of the Lord blameless, by His assisting grace.

God's will, as to the path of duty may be known *by those who live near to Him, and in sincerity seek His guidance.* First, By the direct influence of the Holy Spirit upon the mind. Secondly, By the suggestions of His ever faithful word. But Thirdly, and more certainly by the openings of His providence, indicating the reliable character of these former teachers. The inclinations of one's own mind may be mistaken for the impressions of the Spirit. The tendency of one's own desires may lead to the selection of certain passages of Scripture. But when these are confirmed by the distinct leadings and openings of Providence, how can we mistake the mind of the Lord! Will our Heavenly Father leave any in uncertainty as to what He would have them do, when with desires for His glory, and in the spirit of obedience, they inquire for His will? Assuredly no!

The great thing to be sought after, then, and secured, is such a spirit of submission to the will of God—indicated by His Spirit, Word and Providence—as shall lead to a ready acquiescence therein, and faithful discharge of the duties of the sphere which we are thus manifestly for the time being assigned. Thus shall our peace continue to flow as a river, and God, even *our* God, shall be honored and glorified in us and through us.

For the Guide.

SANCTIFICATION.

M. J. G. M.

"Put on the whole armor of God." "This is the will of God, even your sanctification." That we may attain to any state of grace, it is of course, necessary to believe that state attainable. Would one ever receive the forgiveness of sin, doubting or disbelieving the *possibility* of receiving forgiveness, or of Christ's *power* to forgive?

So do we believe that *here* we may be "pure in heart," "pure, *even as He is pure*?" 1st. John iii. 3. Do we believe that the "blood of Jesus Christ, His Son, cleanseth from *all* sin—from *all* unrighteousness?" 1st. John i. 7-9, and that "He gave Himself for us, to redeem us from *all* iniquity?" Titus i. 14.

Do we believe that He is able to "establish our hearts *unblamable in holiness* before God?" 1st. Thess. iii. 13.

Do we believe and pray with the Apostle that we may be "sanctified wholly, soul, body, spirit," not at death, but in life? for we are to be "*preserved* blameless unto the coming of our Lord and Saviour, Jesus Christ."

"Then, having these promises, dearly beloved, let us cleanse ourselves from all filthiness of the flesh and spirit, perfecting holiness in the fear of God." 2nd. Cor. vii. 1.

Let us at once seek to attain to this great blessedness, for now is the accepted time, *to-day* is the day of salvation; *now* is the Fountain open, *now* may we wash and be clean. But how to step into these Bethesda waters, for we have no strength of ourselves? Ah! "my God shall supply all your need,"—"my grace is sufficient,"—not only to sanctify and save, but to assist us to "lay aside every weight, and the sins which so easily beset us,"—to enable us to make an offering complete and perfect—to lay our little all upon the altar, little in reality, but still *our all*,—and how the soul shrinks from the sacrifice—oh! the agony, the anguish of self-crucifixion. Ah! it is no small thing to consecrate all to God, body, soul, spirit, time, talents, influence,

reputation, aye, *all of life, a "living sacrifice,"*—yet nothing else will meet the demands of our God.

But how shall we know when the offering is perfect and entire, the sacrifice complete! "If in anything ye be otherwise minded, He will reveal even this unto you." Come, then, oh my soul, and with heart and life all dedicated to God, accept the blessing Christ waits to bestow; "from all thy filthiness and from all thy idols, I will cleanse thee," this is the word of promise, cast thyself upon it, and sure as thou dost believe, and, doubt not, refining fire shall go through thee, all thy dross shall be removed, and the assuring Spirit shall sweetly whisper, "the work is accomplished, thou art wholly mine."

WEST WINSTED.

For the Guide.

HOURS OF LIGHT.

In the Religious Experience of Pres. Edwards.

A. C. B. L.

"Once, (says Edwards) as I rode out into the woods for my health, in 1737, having alighted from my horse, in a retired place, as my manner commonly has been, to walk for divine contemplation and prayer, I had a view that for me was extraordinary, of the glory of the Son of God, as mediator between God and man, and his wonderful, grateful, pure and sweet grace and love, and meek and gentle condescension. This grace, that appeared so calm and sweet, appeared also great above the heavens. The person of Christ appeared ineffably excellent, with excellence great enough to swallow all thought and conception, which continued, as near as I can judge, about an hour, which kept me the greater part of the time in a flood of tears and weeping aloud. I felt an ardency of soul to be, what I know not how otherwise to express, emptied and annihilated; to lie in the dust and be full of Christ alone, to love him with a holy and pure love; to trust in him, to live upon him, to serve and follow him, and to be perfectly sanctified, and made pure, with a divine and heavenly purity. I have several other

times had views very much of the same nature, and which have had the same effect. God, in the communications of his Holy Spirit, has appeared as an infinite fountain of divine glory and sweetness; being *full*, sufficient to *fill* and satisfy the soul; pouring forth itself in sweet communications, like the sun in its glory, sweetly and pleasantly diffusing light and life."

Are there not such hours of light in the experience of every true believer? when for a season we are permitted to enter, as it were within the veil, and catch a glimpse of "the glory yet to be revealed" to our wondering minds? Though we may "walk with God" every day, yet we need these special seasons of—transfiguration—shall I call them? to quicken our spirit's real discernment, which might otherwise become dimmed with the influence "of the things that are seen and temporal." "The flesh is weak," so that we could not long endure these overwhelming views of spiritual things that are sometimes vouchsafed to us; but how tender is our dear Redeemer, our elder Brother, our Saviour, who remembers we are but dust, and reveals himself as we are able to bear it. He feeds us "with food convenient for us," that we may go from strength to strength, till we are perfected, and made meet to "awake in His likeness," and be forever satisfied.

How strange that any who have been saved by His grace, should so forget "the rock whence they were hewn, and the hole of the pit whence they were digged," as to suffer their love to grow cold, and their faith to fail. It would seem that gratitude to the great Deliverer would draw them nearer and nearer to Him. Is it not too often because the word of God is not made a constant prayerful study? Jesus said, "the words that I speak unto you they are *spirit* and they are *life*." These words must be hid in the heart or there can be no life or light within; and they that walk in darkness grope like the blind, and stumble at noonday.

Dear reader, may the word of Christ dwell in us so richly, that it will not

only "be a lamp to our feet," but a light, shining so clearly that others may see, and be led into the King's Highway, the way of holiness, cast up for the ransomed of the Lord to walk in.

For the Guide.

MY CONVERSION.

MRS. J. R. SHEARER.

At the time of my conviction I was twenty-one years of age. I was at a camp-meeting, held near Richmond, Ohio, Sept. 1858. I had been the subject of deep conviction for seven years, and for about three years attended class and discharged every duty. Afterwards I began to neglect class, and was very irregular in my attendance upon secret prayer. Yet all this time I was the subject of deep conviction. I finally went back to the world, became careless, and took part in frivolous amusements, until the summer before my conversion, when my convictions became deeper and more pungent than ever. I now became more earnestly engaged, my eyes were open to behold the imminent danger to which I was exposed, and I was more earnest in prayer than I had ever been before. In this condition, I was much troubled with the Calvinistic doctrine of unconditional election and reprobation, and I conceived that I was one of the reprobates, and was about to give up in despair.

One day, while engaged in an agony of prayer, I exclaimed, "O Lord, how long before I shall be delivered from this grievous bondage." It was then impressed upon my mind that at the camp-meeting I might find deliverance. In company with my two brothers I attended the meeting. For some time the tempter was incessantly busy. At the first invitation, it was suggested to my mind, that the people knew I was a member of the church, and if I went forward the impression would be that I was a backslider, and thus the confidence of my friends would be destroyed. I was, for this reason, inclined to wait for a more favorable season. These temptations were successful until the next Monday evening, when I had made up my mind

not to go forward during that meeting. A general prayer-meeting, which had progressed with great interest and power, was drawing near to a close, when my brother R. came to me and asked if I was ready to return home. I replied that I was. He said he could not go just then, as my brother Wm. was at the altar of prayer. This news entirely overcame me. I was altogether broken up. I burst into tears, and, without much hesitation, found my way to the altar of prayer. I at once became deeply engaged. I was in great distress and agony of mind from that time until the next day in the afternoon. When I first kneeled at the altar of prayer, I could scarcely believe that Christ died for me. When interrogated upon this, I could not reply in the affirmative. The impression, however, vanished away, after a friend spoke to me of my interest in the death of Christ. To my darkened understanding it brought the light of hope. I now saw that the fault was in myself. This led to greater earnestness. I wrestled in mighty prayer to lay hold of the blessing, which I now saw was my privilege to obtain.

On Tuesday afternoon, as I went up to the grove, I clearly apprehended that salvation was by faith, and not by works of righteousness which I had done, or might do. I then gave up the notion of merit, and renouncing myself, strove to believe. When the invitation was given, I at once went forward, determined that I would not give the struggle over. I became still more deeply engaged. I cast myself wholly upon the mercy of God in Christ Jesus, and was willing to receive the blessing in any way, at any time, and in any place that he was pleased to bestow it. It was now that I seemed to draw nearer and nearer to the blessing, for my faith beheld the bleeding Lamb suspended upon the cross, and beholding me with a look of tender compassion. The time of deliverance now arrived. Mercy stooped down to raise me up from the terrible bondage of guilt and condemnation, and O! how glorious the change! How sudden the transition from despair to glorious liberty! Before

the realizing light of faith the gloomy shadows of my former distress fled away forever. There seemed a kind of scenic representation of my Saviour standing before me, invested with an indescribable glory, and with a crown in His hand. At the instant I beheld my name written down in what I supposed to be the "Book of Life." I was also distinctly conscious of the presence of my departed father, sister and brother, who had all died in the Lord, but now stood by, and with an awful solemnity looked upon the scene. Their forms were bright and glorious, but far exceeded by the glory of the Saviour. The whole seemed to transpire in a moment, but in a manner vivid beyond description.

Filled with a joy unspeakable, and full of glory, I called for my mother, that I might tell her the news of my conversion. She came and took me in her arms, and rejoiced with me, praising God, while tears of joy ran down her cheeks. I then called for my brother William, who had been at the altar, he was brought forward, and mutually embracing each other, we both shouted for joy. My aunt, a deeply pious Christian, came to me, and after rejoicing some time, sank down powerless. As I had been for some time afflicted with an affection of the throat, my friends remonstrated against my violent exertions of voice, for I continued to praise God with a loud voice, for a long while. After I had thus been engaged till near evening, my joy subsided into a settled peace. I then partook of some refreshment, and walked out with a friend, who for some time before had been wholly sanctified. She related her experience, and exhorted me to be faithful; and her godly life and conversation have been eminently serviceable to me thus far on my journey. My mind was in a very happy frame until the meeting closed.

The closing meeting was appointed for the relation of experience. I took up the cross—gave in my testimony, and then returned home, enriched by the "Pearl of great price." Since then, the enemy has often endeavored to rob me of my confidence, by suggesting that I

should not be able to persevere. But grace has ever been given in proportion to my day, and I have, up to this time, foiled every temptation of the adversary, so that by the grace of God I continue unto the present, after an interval of nine years. With joy I raise my Ebenezer, and exclaim, "Hitherto the Lord has been my helper."

For the Guide.

THE PASSPORT.

W. M. D. H.

How sweet to feel that Christ is near,
And dwells in every part,
And sweeter still to know that He
Supremely holds thy heart.

That when temptations bitter come,
He bears thee in His hand,
Through every dark deep cloud you pass,
Nearer that happy land.

Christian, Christ never cast a cloud
Across thy narrow path,
That did not prove a rich reward,
And brighten that thou hath.

It is to strengthen thee in love,
To prove that love Divine,
Will bear thy soul above earth's cares,
Prepare thee for that clime

When free from all temptations power,
Sin, death, and earthly care,
Thy soul shall bask in heavenly joys,
Thou'lt rest securely there.

If there's no measured heights and depths,
Lengths, breadths to Jesus' love,
Then why not drink of this dear cup,
And shine a star above.

'Tis offered *free*, thank God! and Him
Who died on Cavalry,
He conquered death and rose again,
And intercedes for thee.

Then take upon thyself this life,
Of purity and love,
Let Jesus lead thee here below
To brighter scenes above.

INDIANAPOLIS, IND.

For the Guide.

HOW TO SUCCEED.

G. L. GAYDE.

I remember reading of a young man, who, in the course of a few years, squandered a large estate. Reduced to absolute want, he one day went out with the design of putting an end to his life.

He came to the brow of an eminence which overlooked the estate he had lost. He sat himself down, dropped his head, and remained for some time in fixed thought, then suddenly sprang up with a vehement exulting emotion, while a gleam of hope irradiated his eyes he exclaimed, "They shall be mine again." He made his resolution and formed his plan. He now hastened to execute it. The result in due time was complete success, with the addition of other property.

There was another, who, after long darkness and distress of mind, exclaimed, "If there be a God in the universe, I will seek Him and find Him, and devote myself to Him." That man, as his life proved, is now in heaven. Our success does not depend so much on our laying hold, as on our holding on. It is not he that sets out and for a while runs well, but he that endureth to the end that shall be saved. We might as well not lay hold, as not hold fast. Indeed, it is better not to vow than to vow and not pay.

CHELZENHAM, PA.

For the Guide.

OLD-FASHIONED SINGING.

BY MRS. E. R. WELLS.

How frequent the remark, "Singing in our churches is not what it once was; that was singing that made the heart glad." How many sigh for the old familiar strains sang by hundreds in the great congregation. But, alas! the warbling of a few voices, the tasteful ceremony of a select number, the performance of a few Christless souls, is often substituted for the praises of those who go to worship God in His sanctuary.

Methodism received in its earliest infancy a baptism of joy, the joy of assurance. This emotion demanded a voice, a tongue; it must sing, its gladness was

irrepressible. It was this inner impulse that made the singing of early Methodism a power in itself, and contributed largely to its success. Crowds were attracted by the joyousness of its melody, in distinction to the slower and more solemn tones of other denominations. There was an earnest heartiness in it that reached the masses, and found a ready response. To be a Methodist was to be a singer, for nearly every Methodist sung. The preachers made the valleys and hills ring with the independent, triumphant hymning of Charles Wesley; while from the membership in workshop and field, kitchen and parlor, continually ascended the songs of happy hearts. The freeness and fullness of salvation were themes that called out the native impulses of the soul, and woke to music the inner life. Gladness was their characteristic; while simplicity of worship and freedom from restraint, were the natural results of joyful experiences.

These inward springs of cheerfulness, and founts of praise, could find no more appropriate channel than through the immortal lyrics of the Wesleys. These were instinctive with a deep devotional spirit, and no possible phase of experience, but here found utterance. Evangelical in sentiment, elevating in effect, and with a rigor of diction unrivaled; at times tender, sympathetic, and penitential; then exultantly triumphant, they found a response in the joyful hearts of the early Methodists, and were as the wings of seraphim to bear them in an ecstasy of devotion to the mount of praise. These psalmodes were so expressive of Methodist characteristics and theology as to indoctrinate the Church without the help of catechisms or systematic training. Through the aid of song, our fathers and mothers became adepts in vindicating our peculiarities, and were much more pure in doctrine and greater lovers of discipline than many of their sons.

But when shall these good old times return? When shall we hear the grand old "continental" tunes, attached to the burning, praising hymns, expressive of experience, roll in mighty, swelling har-

mony, from all our congregations, and our social meetings enlivened by the heart-stirring revival melodies of later times? We answer, when our experience, as a Church, partakes of a like character with theirs. This may or may not exclude choirs from our sanctuaries; but it will open lips long sealed, and cause a universal desire for simplicity of worship, earnestness of devotion, and union of praise. When the joy of assurance is general among us, then shall we sing the same ringing melodies; when this joy is abounding, we must sing, it is the spontaneous outgushing of a heart filled with praise.

Our strict adherence to forms of worship, has something to do with our listlessness and heartlessness, our sleepily-uttered prayers and proxy praises, but our experience more. What though we have double steepled churches and velvet-cushioned pews, do these present our heartiness of praise? Alas! the trouble is mainly with our experience. Undue attachment, and conformity to the world, hushes the harp-strings, and no music but that which satisfies a sordid earthliness, comes from the heart's deep fount. Let the Church awake to a spirituality commensurate with her numbers; let her form dilate with the energy of a new baptism, and her great heart be washed anew in the blood of Jesus, and such a revolution in all our worship would ensue, as to heighten the rapture of angels, and cause a triumphant doxology to ascend before the throne.

Our hearts burn within us when we sing in the Spirit; there is an intenseness in our worship when a live coal from the altar, fires our songs with seraphic fervor. Feeling, real, genuine, old-fashioned feeling, must sway the soul, and then it will find voice in the sublime lyrics of our Zion, with an earnestness and fervidness that will fire cold hearts with enthusiasm and delight. Such was the music of that song which Moses sung, in stately march, celebrating the high deliverances of Israel, and God's guiding hand through the desert. So David's harp sung a nation's triumph, and sounded a nation's jubilee. Worship in song is

the nearest approach to the worship of the upper sanctuary, earth can give. When the united chorus of a company of believers, rises from hearts newly baptized, how do the mysterious ardors of love, and risings of joy, swell with high praises to God and the Lamb! When the heart and voice unite in hymning praise, it is the faint echo of angelic minstrelsy, the prelude of the soul's eternal song!

But how are we degenerated in this essential of public worship, and weakened in moral power. When deep spiritual fervor joins rhythm, and music is poured forth in song, it stirs the soul as no other influence can, save the Divine. Who has not seen crowds held spell-bound by the revival hymns and melodies of later times? The mere utterances of religious sentiment, first graven upon the heart, and then sung to inspiring strains, have refreshed millions, more from their simple springs, than were ever watered from the pompous urns of orchestras or operatic choirs.

But we need the baptism of the Spirit as much to sing as to preach or pray; we think more, since it is the voice of praise. One of old said, "The joy of the Lord is your strength," but how can one be joyous without Christ in the soul? How can we sing the Lord's song in a strange land? Let all of us, who sigh for the good, old-fashioned singing, have the joy of the Lord within, and cultivate the spirit of song; sing in the great congregation and at the fire-side; in the social meeting and social gathering, "sing lustily," sing joyously, and others, catching the inspiration, will join the strain, and thus a reform be speedily inaugurated. Let us all sing heartily as unto the Lord, with the Spirit and the understanding also, until we join the endless anthem of the skies.

"Yes! music that sweet holy spell,
The language of yon sainted sphere,
In this we will our raptures tell,
And its loved voice our God will hear.

Long He its eloquence hath known,
His young creation with it rang
When first young morning heralds shone
Together they His praises sang."

For the Guide.

SPEAKING IN MEETING.

BY M. ANNESLEY.

This simple little caption expresses a very common usage in the present state of the Church, while the laity are more and more deeply penetrated with this power of usefulness within their own grasp.

The New Testament includes male and female as brethren, and that which applies to the one in Christian fellowship, applies to both. Mercy-drops fall into our hearts while our brethren speak—our courage is increased—borrowed light is shed upon a darkened path—the power of the tempter is broken, while some one explains how he discerned the snare.

"A faithful witness delivereth souls."

So the many little testimonies make a whole, for profit and sweet remembrance. The feeble, inward witness of the Spirit is confirmed and strengthened by that which is a counterpart of our own, and we wonder at the similarity, can only say, "it is the same spirit." If we receive, we must also impart. The fellowship of the Church expressed by being "knit together," exhibits a very close and dependent union, one with another, in common Christian enjoyment, as well as in active duty, and we are under obligations to make known any thing in our knowledge which will lighten our brother's burden, or make his way more joyous and happy. For we are not our own, and every gift or measure of grace received must bring praise to the Master, or we fall short of the command, of letting our light shine. In this mode of labor some have learned to depend upon the help of the Holy Spirit, in the unexpected moments, yet have made a previous preparation by the upward breathing, in view of the probable call of duty.

Others, equally ready, depend much upon the suggestions or train of experience already related; they succeed, and we hear them say apart, "I did not know exactly the course my thoughts would take."

Again, others are prepared, and hold their minds with independence of all about them, and strike out a new and suitable current of thought. It may sometimes require more courage to relate that which is prepared, than to yield to the present impulse of the moment.

Every mind, attentive to the leadings of the Holy Spirit within its own dominion, understands best *how* to lay out its own strength, there we may help, but not dictate. A good woman, now in glory, used to say to herself over a choice bit of experience, "this I must tell in the meeting." Another could make no such reckoning, but conditionally say, "if I am led to speak of it there."

The holy habit of trusting for the timely, special aid of the Spirit, is acquired by use, exercise, and, if we may hazard the expression, a *venture*.

A few of the last will establish the soul in the certainty of the granted desire. We cannot dictate how or in what way it is best to give utterance to the inward blessings received; but this we know, there are some common sense rules which are not grieving to the Spirit, and those who follow them shed light, without tediousness. In meetings generally, there is a pressure of time, and we can only give snatches of experience, not an unbroken thread—an answer to prayer—a trial of faith and patience—the trembling of the soul in conflict, and the victory through unceasing faith, thus we touch upon points for our own comfort, and the aid of those who hear.

It is a holy art, worthy of prayer and Scripture study, to be able to tell what God has done for us, in a tone of voice sufficiently loud to be heard by all, and with a brevity to make a strong impression.

It is a piece of injustice we do not aim at, but fall into, when we consume the time which belongs to others as well as ourselves, and some timid, buffeted one has felt he would be strong there, and helped, if he had just the opportunity of a few moments.

Another one, pent up by contrary

influences, longs for this opening of his heart, without the contradiction of sinners. It is our duty to speak in meeting, it is also our duty to speak loud enough to be heard and understood with ease and comfort to those about us. We should speak as a pleasure, and not as a drudgery.

MY BIBLE.

BY FLORENCE.

The Bible was a dreary land,
Cold, sterile, and with mystery
Beclouded. Listlessly I trod,
Or, with a hasty, heedless step,
Rushed o'er its surface,—glad at each
Succeeding stage, to find so much
Of my dull journey done. Wise guides
These were, who would have taught me of
The hidden glories of the sky,
Or found me wondrous beauty in
The landscape; or they would have brought
Me precious, priceless pearls from 'neath
The soil. So full of dreaming, all
The while, of other climes and scenes,
That to my dim, deluded eyes,
Seemed fairer, long I spurned their words;
And when I reached the finis of
The land, I said with pride, "My task
Is now accomplished."

Glided on

The months. A guide, named Jesus, came,
And bade me follow whither he
Should lead. I rose, and followed up
"The mount of His redeeming love."
From thence, He turned my gaze again
On Bible-land. Its clouds dispersed—
Light broke—I saw a pleasant field,
With luscious fruits and verdure crowned,
And fragrant flowers. I joyed to look;
Ere long, my careful vision saw,
Deep in the vale, a river pure
And crystalline; and on the bank
My guide, with arms extended, and
With pleading tones, me thither called—
Said, "Come, and in this flood I'll make
Thee white as snow." Then in my ear
An evil whisp'rer spoke, "Beware
Of this strange stream. Its waters quench
The spark of genius. It will make
Thee sad, thy life unseemly; men

For the Guide.

Will call thee fool, fanatic, vain,
Or Misanthrope; 'twill make thy name
Reproach." Still Jesus plead. I felt
He loved me—that each moment fresh—
My loit'ring pained His heart. I dared
Not longer spurn the voice that pierced
Me through with sweetness, as it yet
Cried "Come." Descending by a straight
And narrow path, I ran and threw
Me on His breast. One arm He clasped
About me; placing one soft hand
Upon my forehead, in the flood
He plunged me, till I felt above
The limpid, warm waves closing; then
He raised His child, and spoke this word
That thrilled my being—"Thou art clean."
Swift to a loftier height He bore
His burden. Lo! the scene! My eyes
Were but half oped before. The light!
The glorious light! The whole land glows
With heavenly radiance!

God is

Its sun. The boundless sky, from which
The light descends, or welcome shower,
Is His great Spirit, hov'ring o'er
His works. The law is one grand plain
Of verd'rous bloom. The prophecies
Are shadows full of symmetry,
While prophecies fulfilled are tall,
Majestic trees, that lift their forms
E'en to the azure. Charms my ear
Enchanting music—harmony
Of virtuous deeds and holy lives,
Its sweetest strain—the life of Christ.
I love to gaze afar, where stand
The mountains, hiding e'en their heads
In clouds of mystery; for though
My mortal vision cannot view
Their summits, 'tis enough to see
God's glory in the clouds, and to
Adore the Infinite. And there
Are nearer joys. Exultant now,
I pluck and taste delicious fruits
Of precious promise verified
To me; while, to my brow, there came
Sweet-scented breezes from the bloom
Of promise gardens that shall yet
Be mine. My loving guide now points
Away, where, in the distance far—
A line of light unrivalled, bounds
My sight; and, in soft cadence, says,
"Mid the perennial blooms of that

Fair, blissful, boundless land, shall be
Thy home." Again I glance o'er all
The landscape. Here my every sense
Is pleased, I ask no higher bliss,
Than, fixed upon this rocky cliff,
To spend my days.

Such is God's truth

Two book-lids compass round the land.
Some sacriligious hand may seize
It—fire devour—the flood engulf—
Or dire misfortune bear away
My cherished treasure; so I'll hide
It in my soul, beyond the reach
Of men or elements. From week
To week, from day to day, I'll grave,
With study for my chisel, on
My mind, the words Divine—inspired;
And with the stamp of prayer, I'll fix
Them on my heart. Not all will have
This holy hoard of untold wealth.
A jewel casket is God's book.
Proud atheist! the Bible is
Not thine. Thou mayest possess the box,
Admire its polished surface, pry
The lock: *long as thou hatest truth*
Thou shalt not open! The gems are mine!
I have the key! and while I live,
I'll clasp these sparkling jewels to
My heart, and cry, with joy and praise,
My Bible!

For the Guide.

THE GIFT OF POWER STILL ESSENTIAL.

M. D. W.

We are aware that there are those who deny the above assertion, and say that this gift was only designed for the Church in her infancy, under the ministration of the apostles, in order for its complete establishment. That it was only to be co-existent with those miraculous gifts of the Spirit bestowed upon the Church for the confirmation of the new Covenant. But we ought to be exceedingly cautious how we cherish such a sentiment, lest we be reckoned among those who in the "last days" were to have a "form of godliness, but denying the power." The declaration of Peter to the assembled multitude, who were wonderingly beholding the new and strange manifestations which followed the baptism

of the Spirit, ought to decide unquestionably this point. "Repent and be baptized every one of you and ye shall receive the gift of the Holy Ghost, for the promise is unto you and to your children, and to *all that are afar off, even as many as the Lord our God shall call.*" The "call" to repentance has extended to the present, and the promise is for all who obey that call! The promise referred to in the 1st. chap. 4, 5, "Commanded them to wait at Jerusalem for the *promise of the Father*—ye shall be *baptized with the Holy Ghost* not many days hence." When was that promise of the Father first given? By the prophet Joel, see 2d. chap. 28, 29. How do we know that this is the "promise" alluded to? By Peter's application of it, Acts ii. 16. But is this the same as the gift of power? Yes. Proof, Luke xxiv. 49: "Behold I send the promise of my Father upon you, but tarry ye in Jerusalem until ye be *endued with power from on high.*" "He said unto them, ye shall receive *power*, after that the Holy Ghost is come upon you." Connecting the texts, we establish the point that the promise of the Father embraces the gift of power, as well as the baptism of the Holy Ghost—that they are indeed identical, and that "the promise" is for all Christians to the end of time.

And why is not the same degree of power essential for the Church to-day, to give potency to her efforts to overthrow the strong citadels of iniquity, and dethrone infidelity, which in its varied forms, and diversified phases, is undermining the principles of our holy religion, and weakening faith in the heaven-sent, God-inspired Bible; and to counteract the spirit of formality and worldliness everywhere so rife?

It is not the Seminary, the College, and the Theological Institute that qualifies the minister for the great work of soul-saving; but the same essential baptism of the Spirit—the same gift of power—the same holy anointing that came down on the primitive Church. If this be not true, will you tell me why the preaching of so many, who have the educational and theological qualifica-

tions, is almost powerless, so far as relates to the salvation of souls? With this endowment of the Spirit-power, men of limited abilities and erudition, have accomplished mighty effects.

Many there are of high intellectual talents, who have had them refined and polished in the laboratory of metaphysical science and theology, and their sermons are very systematically arranged—they are replete “with the words of man’s wisdom”—sometimes they shine with brilliant thoughts culled from classic lore, and very musically they fall upon the outward ear, and the sensibilities are captivated by their eloquence, but they penetrate not the heart—they awaken no slumbering conscience—they reveal no covered sin—they rend not away the veil of darkness which the god of this world has cast over the minds of those who believe not, shutting out the light of the glorious gospel of Jesus Christ—they stir up no feeling of love, adoration and praise to the Most High—they kindle no fire upon the smoldering embers, they move no heart to action for God. The sinner still pursues, without alarm, the downward path to the pit of woe. The sleeper slumbers on, all unconscious of the fact that it is the lethargy of death which has rendered him thus insensible. The skeptic rushes madly on in his unbelief, totally regardless of the unquenchable fire and undying worm that most assuredly awaits him at the end. The moralist wraps around him the garments of self-righteousness, and dreams, O how vainly, that all shall be well hereafter. The worldling still clings to earthly pleasures; the covetous grasps his wealth with tightened fingers, forgetful of the declarations of Holy Writ—“Ye cannot serve God and mammon.” “If any man love the world, the love of the Father is not in him.” “The friend of the world, is the enemy of God.” “Covetousness is idolatry.” “How hardly shall they that have riches, enter the kingdom.” “The love of money, is the root of all evil, which some coveting after, they have erred from the faith, and pierced themselves through with many sorrows.”

Regardless of the command, “*Be not*

conformed to the world,” the fashionable and popular religionists, scorning the idea of peculiarity, turn aside from the footsteps of the Master, and courting the favor and honors of the world, seeks to go to heaven in silver slippers. Loving pleasure more than God, they are found in the halls of mirth, the assembly, of the worldling, the levee and the fair, and, alas, too often at the theatre, the social dance, the billiard room and the card table, while their seat is vacant in the prayer and conference room. They bear no marks by which they can be distinguished from those who profess no love for Jesus.

Without accepting of the cross of Christ as their daily badge of separation from the world, without the practice of self-denial, destitute of inward spiritual life, fruitless branches, clouds without water, yet they hope for future joy, of immortal blessedness.

We said that the preaching to which reference has been made, failed to reach these hearts, and awaken them to a consciousness of their peril. Now what shall be done to arrest the sinner, speeding on with the rapidity of the whirling spheres, to the burning lake?

(To be Continued.)

For the Guide.

MY EXPERIENCE.

ANSON ABBOTT.

This evening, as I have been meditating on the past, the present, and the future, my mind has been carried back over the lapse of fifty years, at which time I find myself a wicked, ungodly youth of sixteen years, deeply convicted of sin, with a sense of the just wrath of God hanging over my head. My religious training had been such as teaches that all for whom Christ died, must, and would be brought in and converted, and when once converted there was no possibility of being lost. I might “hope” to be saved, but to say I knew I was “converted” or felt an assurance of pardoned sin, would have been madness, and to talk of Christian “perfection,” or “holiness,” was nothing short of blasphemy.

At this stage of my experience, one

Sabbath morning I had designed going to meeting, and commence a religious life, but being solicited by young companions to join them in pleasure-seeking, I yielded to their invitation and spent the day in pleasureable sin, promising the Lord it should be the last of Sabbath recreation. I asked to be indulged but this once, and then I would serve Him.

From the moment I made the request, and yielded to the temptation, the insulted Spirit took its departure, and left me to follow the inclinations of my carnal mind, which I did with avidity; and for upwards of seven years, I followed the rounds of sinful pleasure, seemingly with no remorse. Supposing that I was a "reprobate," and not one of the "elect," I tried, therefore, to make the most of the pleasures of the world.

At this stage of life, forty-two years ago the 26th of December, I attended an evening meeting where the Spirit of the Lord was powerfully at work, but I remained unmoved, and seemingly immovable, and went home glorying in the hardness of my heart. The following morning, while thinking over the scenes of the previous evening, the Spirit of God caused all the sin of my past life to pass in review before my mind, like an electric flash, and I cried "Lord save or I perish." But instantly the tempter said, "It is too late, your day of grace is past," and I partly believed it, and for twenty-four days I groped in the dark, despairing of finding mercy at the hand of God, until I became willing to submit to His will whatever it might be, and I said, "Lord if it be Thy good pleasure to send me to hell, Thy will be done." And glory be to His matchless Grace, no repentant sinner ever perished there. That moment my burden rolled off so suddenly and yet so fully, that I would not believe that it was really gone; fearing lest my convictions had left me again, to go on in sin as before. Thus for two days I was in doubt. Like Thomas, I wanted tangible evidence of the power of Jesus to save.

I then attended an inquiry meeting with young converts, and while listening to their testimonies, I felt my heart burn within me, and I "hoped I had religion."

But I sat myself down on the "stool of do nothing," and there I sat for nearly three years, until I became backslidden in heart, lost all the evidence of a change of heart, only as I referred back to past experience of two or three years' standing.

Being dissatisfied with the evidence of my acceptance with God in that state, I changed my course of life, I changed my religious associates, and place of worship, and went where I heard sanctification preached, prayed and enjoyed. My prejudices gave away, my heart exclaimed, this is what I want. I saw the fullness spread like an ocean before me, and oh! what a fullness! I plunged in the fountain and it proved effectual to cleanse from all sin. I arose to all the life of God. I could with Wesley sing

"I rode on the sky, freely justified, I,
Nor did envy Elijah his seat."

Yes, I did triumph in the God and rock of my salvation, and could sing.

"Far, far above all earthly things,
Triumphantly I rode,
I soared to heaven on eagles wings
And found, and talked with God."

And thus for months I lived as on Pisgah's top, endeavoring to discharge every duty, and thereby show my faith by my works, until I felt moved by the Spirit to go and talk with a professed infidel on the subject of his soul's salvation; and I prayed to be excused, and finally refused to go.

From that time my joys abated, and at times I felt a barrenness of soul, which left an aching void that the world could not fill. But from that time to the present the subject of "holiness" has been the delight of my soul. Let cross-providences in the world come, let the tempter hurl his fiery darts, let my mind be ever so much depressed by worldly care and trials, this implicit trust and confidence in Jesus, as a present Saviour, produces joy and gladness, springing up in the soul whenever the subject is introduced.

PLAINFIELD, MICH.

A science must be learned before it can be taught.

SCENE IN A RAILROAD CAR

DR. W. C. PALMER.

HAVING occasion, a short time since, to make a hurried visit West, on retiring to rest in one of the sleeping palaces plying between New York and Cincinnati, I heard a person repeat, in a clear emphatic tone, "The Lord is my Shepherd, I shall not want." In the morning, on looking around among the passengers, I saw two young men, one of whom, I thought, might have been the individual whose voice I had heard the evening previous, just as I was committing myself for the night into the hands of my ever faithful Creator. I soon took occasion to speak with these young men, and on inquiring of one who appeared feeble as to the state of his health, he answered,

"I am very ill, much more so than my friends are willing to admit. I have been East, on purpose to consult with the best physicians in our land, but have not been benefited in the least; indeed, I am much worse than when I left home."

"Have you been to the Physician that cures all manner of diseases?" I inquired. There is a Physician that was never known to fail in any one case that was brought to Him. Upon one occasion his attention was called to a case that was thought to be too desperate, for, after they had urged it upon His attention, they came and said, 'Trouble not the Master, for she is already dead;' but his skill met even this one."

"Do you think He could cure my body?" inquired the young man, with eagerness.

"I do not know as to that, but of one thing I am certain, your soul is much more diseased than your body, and is of infinitely more importance, and Jesus is ever ready and willing to heal the sin-sick soul. When those four men brought their palsied friend to Jesus, he saw that his soul was much more in need of His skill than the poor palsied body, so Jesus attended to the most important part first, and said, 'Thy sins be forgiven thee,' There were those standing by who began to reason in their hearts, they did not utter it with their lips, 'Who can forgive

sins but God only?' But Jesus, perceiving that they thus reasoned (as though he would have said it is but a small matter to heal the poor body, though so fearfully palsied, in comparison to what I have done), but that ye may have a proof that I have done it, and that the Son of Man hath power on earth to forgive sins. 'He said to the sick of the palsy, Arise, take up thy bed and walk.' And now Jesus sends me to you to-day with this message, 'Him that cometh unto Me I will in no wise cast out.' On no account will He cast you out if you come to Him."

"What! if I come to Him through fear? I have been so tormented, such terrible forebodings the past few weeks, that I have been tempted to take my own life, and would have done so, but for fear of the future."

"I don't care from what cause you come, only so that you do come. Jesus says, irrespective of causes, COME! I suppose the jailer came through fear; he was about to take his own life, but himself and his whole household were saved before morning. There are a diversity of operations, but the same Spirit. In the case of Lydia, perhaps, it was love. We don't read that she shed a single tear; she simply opened her heart to receive the Saviour. Paul was three days before he found his heart's desire, but this is the longest time we have in the Bible of finding Jesus."

"Do you believe in a special providence?" said he.

"Yes, I do. This young man sitting by your side, as I was purchasing my ticket, the clerk at the office inquired which route I would take? answered Pan Handle route. Had he not been there, I probably might have taken the other road, and then I should not have had the privilege of delivering this sweet message from Jesus to you."

The young man then sitting by, said that about six months ago his friend had resolved to lead a Christian life, but seemed to have failed in his attempts, that after having completed his college course, he had entered the Episcopal Theological Seminary in view of entering the ministry, but after pursuing his studies

one year, concluded that he had no fitness for the ministry and had given it up and had entered into mercantile life, had been very much prospered, but since his resolve to lead a different life, he had been almost in despair, and that he himself had taken the journey East on purpose to bring his friend home, and last evening, as I repeated the words, "The Lord is my Shepherd," my friend said, "I wish he was my Shepherd."

This identified the young man as the one who I heard repeat, "The Lord is my Shepherd," and resuming the conversation I said to the sin-sick young man, "He is your Shepherd—'God is Love,' and in the greatness of His love 'He gave His only begotten Son' to die for a lost world. Now gifts are *free*. If we pay anything for an article, even to one cent, it is not a *gift*, but gifts must be *received* before we can call them our own. Jesus is God's unspeakable gift to our fallen guilty race. You cannot purchase a gift. God wants you to accept of His gifts, even of His Son Jesus as *your* Saviour just now, here in the cars He is willing to save you."

He was too near the Kingdom for Satan not to make an effort to divide his mind, between Christ and the instrumentality used to direct his attention to the one and only Saviour, and with a look of surprise exclaimed, "To what denomination do you belong?"

"That makes no difference. I know I have found my way to Jesus. He saved me on my thirteenth birthday, and he has permitted me to introduce quite a number of my friends to Him, He has never refused any that I have brought, and this I believe to be the privilege and the duty of every one that makes the acquaintance of Jesus. I know that Jesus would have you come at once and be healed."

"But I am so selfish, so vile, I have been trying for months, but I grow worse and worse."

"You would have saved yourself long since, if you could. You have been trying to have Jesus go in partnership with you to save you, but He will not do it. He will have the honor of doing the

whole business himself. Instead of *trying*, suppose you just now do the thing. It is an *act* between God and the soul. You certainly admit that you are not your *own*, and if not your own, to *whom* do you belong? There is certainly proprietorship somewhere. Has Jesus purchased you with His precious blood? Do you admit the claim? Then just here say, *I do belong to Jesus!* Surely you have His own word to assure you, 'Him that cometh unto me I will in no wise cast out.'"

I left the young man and returned to my seat. About an hour had past when he came and sat down beside me. He was trembling with emotion, and as he extended his hand wet with cold perspiration he said,

"I have had a terrible struggle since you left me, but it is *DONE!* *Jesus saves me!* It does not matter now what be comes of this poor body. I know if I should die here in the cars I should go to heaven. Glory be to Jesus!"

We parted that evening as the cars stopped at Columbus, Ohio, feeling, and saying, though we might not meet again on earth, that we should meet in heaven. With the promise on his part that from henceforth his life-work should be to introduce his friends to Jesus.

Loved One's Gone Before.

LAST DAYS OF FLORENCE A. FOSTER.

PROF. GEORGE S. HARE.

THE heavenly world is near us, all around us, not far away. Sometimes the veil that separates us from its spiritual realities is partly drawn aside as a dear one passes through, and lo! we see how near, how real, how glorious are "spiritual things," and how we walk upon the very verge of immortality always—only too deaf, and too blind, and too earthly to catch the music that is ever rolling, or to feel the glory that is perpetually shining in God's realm of love.

On Friday morning, March 6th, FLORENCE A. FOSTER, eldest daughter of the Rev. R. S. Foster, D. D., went home, and the last days of her earthly life were so heavenly, and bore

such witness to the reality of the sublimest and most spiritual teachings of our holy religion, that for the Christian comfort of her many friends and the edification of all who will read, they should be written.

She was converted at Evanston, Ill., in the spring of 1858. Her Christian life from that day forward was even and steady; a life of principle and purity, never demonstrative, but never vacillating. At school, in Europe, at home with her friends, and amid her books, it was always manifest in her conduct that she was living for immortality. About ten months before her death her health began to fail, and shortly after, as if looking to a fatal termination, she told her friends, that with her soul "all was well," and then with her usual reticence ceased to speak upon the subject. Her health gradually and surely wasted; but she lived right on as she had always lived, calm while her friends were in agony at the approaching separation, confident and collected, walking by faith. On the 11th of December, while her uncle, Dr. Miley, was praying by her bedside, the Saviour whom she trusted sent her a new baptism of the Holy Ghost; her faith seemed changed to vision, her natural reticence was overcome by the grace given, and she "could not but speak the things she had seen and heard." She said at once that she had never before fully understood the Saviour's promise: "I will send the Comforter."

Heretofore her religion had been a principle, now it was a *comfort*. Her room became as a sacred shrine to the household, whither they went to see and hear of heavenly things. If worldly topics were introduced, she would raise her finger and say, "This place is sacred." The family had been depressed, cast down, almost overborne with sorrow. Now their burden was lightened. The prayers of hundreds that loved them were being answered. From that room a power of comfort went forth and spread through all the house. The separation, the sorrow, the loneliness must come; but the Holy Ghost was there before it, and they knew, as they had never known, how real are the sublime verities of Christianity.

About a week before her death, Rev. J. Luckey, to whom she had become greatly attached, while seeking to instruct and benefit

the convicts in Sing Sing prison, was called to administer a family communion by her request. She had always found the sacrament of the Lord's Supper her chief help, and this she said was the "holiest hour of her life." Words can not describe the peace and the glory that filled her soul and the house from that hour. Almost the entire night before her death was employed in tender and touching leave-taking of her family. She spoke separately to each in words which may not be repeated. After resting a little she opened her eyes and said, "How beautiful! Mother, I've been thinking I could tell you *more*, more than you could bear. Just think of it, to be changed in the twinkling of an eye." Pausing a moment, she lifted her hands and said, "I'll tell you how I feel," and then in a subdued voice said, "Be still, and know that I am God; be still and know that I am God; be still." Her mother said, "My darling, I did not think you would leave us so soon." She answered immediately, with a heavenly smile, "I am not going to leave you; I am going to be always near you till you all come home. *You will all come, I know you will.*" But, said the mother, "I hoped our Heavenly Father would restore you." "Mother," said she, "he is restoring me. That is just what he is doing." Then, hushing all lamentations, she exclaimed, "Beautiful! The room is full!" and extending her arms, "It is open, all open."

From then till death her face fairly shone as with a divine radiance. The next evening, at eleven o'clock, the family were suddenly summoned to her bedside. At her request a young lady stood by her and sung, "Let me go, for Jesus calls me." Her father called on a friend to pray, and as he prayed that the fear of death might be removed, she said, "There is no fear, there is no fear!" After prayer she exclaimed, "Though a pilgrim walking in the valley, the mountain tops are *gleaming, gleaming*, from peak to peak. I have not had a cloud nor a doubt since the twelfth of December." Then her eyes closed, and in a moment her lips moved, and she whispered, "Now, now! quickly, quickly! quick, quick, quick!" and with the word "mother" upon her lips, she fell asleep without even a sigh. Do we not live in the midst of spiritual realities?

Editorial.

WRINKLES.

THIS morning at the breakfast table, Mrs. S. spoke of a dream she had a short time since, which had been made useful to her. She thought she had suddenly received due notice that very shortly she was to appear in the presence of the King of Glory. She felt greatly the solemnity of the summons, and went to a mirror, to see if her dress was in proper order for the glorious, yet solemn event. She was rejoiced to see, on first glance, that her robes were beautifully white, but on nearer inspection, observed that her dress was *wrinkled*. This caused much perturbation of mind and sorrow. In haste she endeavored to smooth it, feeling that she was not fit to appear in the presence of her Lord. In her anxiety, she awoke, more than ever quickened in her perceptions in regard to the necessity of ever standing arrayed, not only with blood-washed robes, but "without spot or wrinkle or any such thing."

We select the preceding scrap from our diary of a few months since. If it should cause those who are waiting for the coming of their Lord, to walk with more holy carefulness, amid a world abounding with pollution and incentives to wrong, we shall be thankful.

O, to be found "without spot or wrinkle, or any such thing." It is not enough to be generally right, but it is greatly important to be wholly right in *particulars*. It is an unspeakable privilege to present all the redeemed faculties of body and mind, a living sacrifice through the cleansing medium of the Lamb newly slain; but there is still greater blessedness in being filled with the Spirit, and making the entire of life in all its *particulars*, in a word, its sum total, a manifestation of the fruits of the Spirit. Perfect love is good, but when joined with perfect faith it is better, and when the grace of perfect humility is added, it is still more attractive. Said one, in referring to her two friends, "They wear the garments of humility *gracefully*."

It has been said that time is but the dressing room for eternity. Has not the cry gone forth, "Behold the Bridegroom cometh!"

One is called out to meet Him unexpectedly, a little sooner than another, but O how soon will the summons come to all.

Less than one week ago, a friend of the writer, who was an official member in a church community, was in usual health; his body has now been resting in the grave over three days. He was called at a moment's warning. If he had on the white robe, and was without spot or wrinkle, all is well with him. But if, as a class-leader, he was neither enjoying the blessing of heart purity himself, or leading his class members to the all-cleansing fountain, how will he meet the Great Shepherd of the sheep, and give an account of those committed to his care? Surely through his instrumentality, they ought to have been led into green pastures and beside still waters.

Let those reading these lines resolve from this hour they will be found not only without spot, but without *wrinkle*, listening to the voice of the Master, "Be ye ready, also, for the Son of Man cometh in such an hour as ye think not."

THE FAMILY RELATION.

"He setteth the solitary in families," yes, *He* doeth it,—He whose name is LOVE,—infinite in wisdom, goodness and power, has ordained the family relation. What God has pronounced "*good*," must be pre-eminently good. It was when the world was in its primal state of blessedness and beauty, before sin had cast its blight, that the loving Father of the universe looked upon man in his solitariness and saw that there was something yet wanting in order to complete the bliss and beauty of Paradise. And what that need, was soon made manifest in the declaration, "It is not good that man be alone."

It was, therefore, an ordainment of the all-loving Father of the universe that man should have a *helpmeet*, and it was thus that the conjugal relation was instituted by the God of infinite love, not only in the view of peopling earth, but heaven.

How beautiful to look upon is a family, where the united head, as one in the Lord, are mutual helpers in rearing a family for the abodes of immortality. As one little immortal after another is committed, they with all thankfulness receive the blessed

trusts. Listening to the voice of the Divine Giver, they hear Him say, "Take this Child and nurse it for me, and I will pay thee thy wages." What a blessed charge, and who can calculate the recompense! If the Sovereign of England had entrusted the care of a child for training in the family to one of her most devoted trust-worthy subjects, saying, "I will pay thee thy wages," there are few families in Britain but would regard themselves signally honored, and would expect in return a Queenly recompense.

But how much greater the honor, and how inconceivably greater the recompense, that the Sovereign of the universe will bestow on those parents, who by virtue of their heaven-ordained union, with thankfulness receive each precious immortal child as a priceless gift from the hand of God to train for glory, honor, immortality and eternal life. Yes, *Eternal life!* Think, dear parents, of each little immortal, however numerous your progeny may be, as one more star to shine in the diadem of your Saviour and Redeemer forever and ever. Perhaps some one reading these lines may say, but what if my children should not be saved? Has not He who has entrusted them to your keeping said, "Train up a child in the way it should go, and when it is old it shall not depart from it."

Could you ask for a stronger assurance than the WORD of the Immutable Jehovah? Another may be saying, I have but little of this world's goods, and what if with a large family, I should come to want? Does not He who setteth the solitary in families, and who, as each blessed heaven-lent boon gives these precious ones to your arms, say, "The silver is mine, and the gold is mine, and the cattle upon a thousand hills." If he has said "I will pay thee thy wages," will you dare indulge the thought that He whose name is Faithful, will be unmindful of His promise?

But my health is poor, and I am afraid that the consequent amount of care may shorten my days. Ah! and are you afraid that the Judge of all the earth may not do right? Perhaps the light of eternity may reveal that the failure of your health may have been in no small degree the result of an unwillingness to glorify God in your

body and spirit which are His, in view of the sphere in which he has placed you.

The conjugal relation, with all its ministries of love, are just as truly ordained of God as are the ministries of the sacred desk, and the individual who trespasses against its sanctities, ever and anon suffers heaven's penalties. If the records of the spiritual world were open to us, as to the sainted Paul's heaven-illuminated eyes, in regard to how many wrong doings would we see it written, "For this cause many are weak and sickly among you, and many sleep, for if we would judge ourselves, we should not be judged, but when we are judged we are chastened of the Lord, that we should not be condemned with the world." The ordainments of heaven are in infinite love, and for the highest possible good of a redeemed world.

As with the Israelitish nation on Mount Ebal and Gerizim, we pronounce our blessings and curses, by the course we pursue in the sight of the All-Seeing. Purity, Peace, and Prosperity stand closely connected, "For the eyes of the Lord run to and fro throughout the whole earth, to show Himself strong in behalf of them whose heart is perfect toward Him." What a beautiful type, reminding one of Paradise regained, is a family where parents and children, united in the Lord, are hand in hand walking heavenward. "Blessing and being blest, and ever grateful for heaven's bestowments." Lo children are an heritage of the Lord, and the fruit of the womb is His reward. As arrows are in the hand of a mighty man, so are children of the youth. Happy is the man that hath his quiver full of them; they shall not be ashamed, but they shall speak with their enemies in the gate. Our mind has been urged to this train of thought by reviewing some disclosures which a cotemporary calls

STARTLING FACTS.

Prof. S. Loomis, M. D., in a recent opening lecture before the Medical Department of the Georgetown College, says:

"In England, Scotland, Ireland, Belgium, Norway and Sweden, the number of males born is slightly larger than that of females. At the age of twenty, however, the excess is reversed, and continues so through life. But in New England and New York there is the same proportion at birth, with a still greater

reversal between the ages of twenty and thirty. At the latter age the excess of females is 75,000, at which time they begin to rapidly die out; so that, by the age of forty, the entire excess has disappeared and 2,000 beside; while at fifty, the excess is the other way by 20,000! Prof. Loomis asserts that in every decade, 95,000 females pass away in the very prime of womanhood who would have lived had they been born in either of the above countries of Europe. 'Gentleman,' he adds, 'these are facts of to-day; the facts of our communities and of our women; the facts that stare our medical men broadly in the face, however unwilling we may be to acknowledge their truthfulness.' He also says that in the State of New York there are 197,000 families whose silent solitude is never once broken by the music of childish prattle; that while one quarter of all the wives are thus absolutely childless, 19 per cent. have only one, and 18 per cent. only two children each. Well does he declare that in presence of such facts, no physician can remain longer blamelessly silent.

"A similar condition of things is affirmed of Massachusetts, where families are becoming extinct by decay throughout the entire state. 'Some of the great laws of human existence are being persistently violated,' he says, 'and it is especially within the scope of the medical profession plainly and fully to expose these fatal errors.'"

THE NATIONAL CAMP MEETING.

The friends of holiness are looking forward with lively interest to the Second National Encampment, to be held in July, in Lancaster, Pa. It will no doubt be still larger than the first, and we hope much more rich in spiritual results. The Committee of Arrangements will have a meeting soon, and perfect the programme. Some suggestions have been made, to the end that the second week in July is rather too early. This will no doubt be considered. The grounds will be very accessible for friends in New York and vicinity by two lines of railroad, viz.: Central New Jersey and Morris & Essex—probably reaching the ground without change of cars, and at moderate expense, under an excursion ticket arrangement. During the intervening months we would bespeak the continual, ear-

nest, united prayers of the lovers of holiness, in behalf of this meeting. Why not look for *thousands* to be converted and sanctified? The beloved son of Bishop Simpson, who was brought to the foot of the cross at Vineland, has recently gone to rest. It will always be a pleasant remembrance to the sorrowing friends, and especially to the honored parents, that the meeting was made such a blessing to their household. Holiness is *power*, and the general church will understand it more and more. The meeting at "MANHEIM," or whatever particular spot in Lancaster county may be selected, we trust will be a place for the daily coming down of heavenly *manna*.

G. HUGHES.

BROOKLYN MEETING FOR THE PROMOTION OF HOLINESS.

For the information of the friends of holiness who may be sojourning temporarily in the city of Brooklyn, we would call attention to the general meeting held on Friday afternoon, at 2 1-2 o'clock, at No. 276 Adelphi street. These meetings are largely attended and have been *greatly* favored with the presence of Him who baptizeth with the Holy Ghost, since their establishment at the opening of the year 1868.

Revival Miscellany.

CHEERING INTELLIGENCE.

THE winter is passed, and spring, sweet mid-spring, with her balmy airs and mantle green and early flowers, with buds of promise, has again visited our land. But as we bid adieu to the winter of 1868, with its snowy garments and wintry blasts, let us as Christian laborers in the great harvest field, look back upon its inspiring phases. What God hath wrought! Thousands and even tens of thousands who entered upon the first day of winter with hearts cold and hard as the frigid zone, have melted under the out-beamings of the Sun of Righteousness, and through His genial, all-transforming influences, have entered upon a new and beautiful life, endless as the days of heaven. All evangelical denominations have shared in the most blessed visitation. A recent article in the New York *Independent* says:

"Were this paper the organ of any geo-

graphical section of any single denomination, we might perhaps hope, by surrendering several columns to the record, to be able to give the particulars of the great work in some corner of the great fold. But looking as we must over the whole territory of our Christian labor and its various denominations, this is plainly impossible. The various organs of the Methodist Episcopal Church, that most active and successful denomination, are crowded with local information of this kind. We have taken pains to add up the number of converts recorded in the Methodist papers for the single week past. We find 8,201 cases of hopeful conversions reported by Methodist preachers. The numbers reported in other denominations are, as might be expected, much less, but yet large, including about two thousand among the United Brethren, over a thousand among the Presbyterians, and nearly a thousand among the Congregationalists, the Baptists, and the Lutherans."

Iowa Conference—Drakesville.—Rev. O. Burgess. A glorious revival is in progress. Over 40 have been added to the M. E. Church, most of whom have received the spirit of adoption. Several are heads of families, and many promising young men and women.

West Liberty.—Rev. C. Morey.—The revival on this charge still continues. Since the last notice 42 have joined the church, making a total of 133.

Albia District.—Rev. J. Burgess, P. E., reports much progress in this portion of our Lord's vineyard, and, thus far, an increase of over 500 by conversions and additions on the district. The ministers are laboring with all diligence, and with general acceptability. Nearly all the charges have shared, somewhat, in revival influence.

Mattoon District.—Rev. Peter Wallace, P. E., writes: "My second quarterly meeting commenced at York, Saturday, Jan. 25th. Thirteen members comprised the entire society. Our beloved Methodism, from some cause has never had a permanent foothold here. On Sunday night one came forward for prayers; Monday, near 20 came, and at night more came than could find room at the benches, weeping in the open space around the altar. Tuesday, at the forenoon meeting, 23 united with the church, and at night 31 more, mak-

ing 54 in one day. I left on Wednesday morning to hold my quarterly meeting on the Martinsville Circuit. Returned to York on Friday, being absent two days, 71 had joined the church and over 50 conversions. I think I have never seen this equaled. Bro. Gregg, I think, is master of the situation. York Circuit will now be able to do a good part by her pastor. -Glorious revivals all around the district."

Rev. W. F. Cowles, of Muscatine, has had a very extensive and powerful revival in his charge. About 100 have been converted and joined the church.

Rev. W. Dennett, of Ashbury Chapel, Mt. Pleasant, has held revival meetings for near two months, and received over 60 on probation. Methodism in Mt. Pleasant, in both charges, numbers near 300, and its motto is still "onward."

Atwood Circuit, North Indiana Conference, Rev. A. Davis.—We have just closed our revival meetings on this charge for this Conference year. The results are 233 accessions and about 300 conversions. Our meetings were attended with the great power of God to kill and make alive above any other I ever attended; and the hallowed influences have reached almost every part of the circuit.

Homer Circuit, North Ohio Conference, Rev. S. R. Squire.—I have just closed my third protracted effort on this work. The Lord was with us at every appointment, and on this little circuit souls were born again. About 125 professed to find peace; 93 joined the Methodist Episcopal Church, and the balance went to other churches at Homer. Rev. C. P. Dowens is the pastor of the Presbyterian Church here, and is a man of God and an efficient worker in Christ's vineyard. He and myself held a joint meeting between the two churches, which resulted in great good, not only in uniting the heart of Christians, but in saving many souls.

Newark Circuit, Indiana [Conference, Rev. F. A. Eller.—We have just closed up our protracted effort for the winter. The conflict has been long and severe, but God has been with us to the end. The results of our labors since I last wrote, are 104 accessions—total since Conference, 168; since June 23d, 212.

Kansas Conference—Emporia Station, Rev. S. E. McBurney, writes that Emporia is being visited by a wonderful display of God's grace. Nearly one hundred have determined to live godly lives. Three meetings a day. The church is rising to a higher plane of religious life. The influence has reached the State Normal School, located here, and already many of the students have professed to have found Christ.

Brother Leonard, of the first charge, Leavenworth, Kansas, has had a good meeting, with about 50 accessions. Brother Leah, who has the pastorate of the second charge, is meeting with success.

Rev. H. H. Fairall, Monticello, Upper Iowa Conference, writes: The protracted meeting on this charge resulted in 50 conversions. Of these 40 were heads of families, several being over sixty years of age. Many of God's people were sanctified, and the conversions clear. There are 28 copies of the "Guide" taken, and they are helping the converts up "Zion's Hill." To God be all the glory.

Correspondence.

Unless letters are written for publication, we are careful to withhold the names of correspondents, but we often receive letters similar in bearing to one, a portion of which we will here transcribe, with the answer.

"I have for two years been preaching on the subject of Christian purity, more frequently and earnestly than usual—have been seeking it as well as I know how—am *now seeking* it. I believe the blessed Jesus is able and willing to save me fully and freely. I believe with all the *faith I have*, that he will save me now, but still I do not *realize* any special joy or *peace*, beyond what I have felt before. So far as I know, or can see my heart, I have consecrated my all to God."

HOW TO BE SANCTIFIED WHOLLY NOW.

You say my dear brother, that you believe with all the faith you have, that Jesus *will* save now, &c. I think you will never be able to get one step farther until you believe that He *doeth* it now—not that He *will*, because

that suggests something in the *future*. You may be saying, How can I believe that He *does* purify my heart, until by some sensible realization the Holy Spirit bears witness to my heart of the fact? Let me ask, "Did you never trust the word of a friend, without some additional assurances,—something *beside* the bare declaration?" Let me give a case in point. You ask me by letter, if I will come to Z. In return I write, Your invitation is accepted, and you may expect me to be with your people on the first Sabbath of next month. Would you hesitate under such circumstances announcing to your people on the strength of my word, that we would be with them at the time appointed? I am sure you would not. How singular it would be should you write in reply to my letter, "I cannot *realize* that you do accept my invitation." I certainly would think strangely of it, but would probably write in return, "No matter what your feelings may be in regard to the subject, I of course *do* accept your invitation, and on the authority of my word you may announce the fact to your people."

THE BIBLE IS GOD'S WORD. The conditions upon which God will receive you stands written. See ii. Cor. 6-17-18. You comply with those conditions. That is, you separate yourself from the world, and lay all upon the altar erected by God whereunto the unholy may come and be made holy—the unclean and be made clean. And now you want the *evidence* that God *DOES* receive you.

If in the case above quoted your people should ask, "How can we *know* that Mrs. P. will come," you would say, you may *know* it, *because she says so*. "But we want the *evidence* that she will come." Would you not say, "Mrs. P's. word is its own evidence!" Now I will say on the same principle, but in a much higher sense, GOD'S WORD IS ITS OWN EVIDENCE. My word is fallible, and the accomplishment of it subject to contingencies. God's word is infallible and not subject to contingencies. Heaven and earth shall pass away before one jot or tittle shall fail. His word is *spirit* and *life*—the *living* voice of the living God.

And now that you have complied with the conditions upon which God has promised to receive you, it is the *duty* of the present moment to believe that He *does* receive you?

Do you ask *why*? Because it stands written, "*I will receive you.*" If you ask *when*, God says *now*. To doubt it, is to grieve His Spirit. "He that believeth not maketh God a liar!"

You say that you do believe that God is both able and willing to do it *now*. Mr. Wesley says, "To this confidence, that God is both able and willing to sanctify us *now*, There needs to be added yet one thing more, a divine evidence and conviction that He *doeth* it. In that hour it is done. God says to the inmost soul, "According to thy faith be it done unto thee!" Then the soul is pure from every spot; is clean from all unrighteousness."—*Editorial.*

The Tuesday Meeting.

Meetings for the promotion of holiness, are held at the residence of Dr. Palmer,

23 SAINT MARK'S PLACE,

near the Bible House, at 2½ o'clock every Tuesday afternoon.

SISTER L—, We are sitting together in heavenly places. While we were singing,

"O bear me away on your snowy wings,"

I thought if the earnest was so sweet, what will it be when we are all gathered home! It seems to me I can think of our circumstances in no other way than as a school. The term will soon close, and we will be gathered in our Father's house. I feel that I want to be educated for that home. I want to have every hour employed in improvement, while I am at school. It is so precious when we know this heavenly Teacher is such a friend, and so infinitely wise, and so infinitely loving. You have often heard me say that I have found some joy. Well, it does not decrease. One of my temptations—I think I will use that word—is, perhaps, not to fully declare all the blessedness I feel. Oh it is such satisfaction and solid joy, as the blessed word says, to serve the Lord with gladness. Now I don't want to depress or discourage any, who are led in any other way, but this is my experience. I do praise the Lord that it is easy to serve Him with gladness. I never feel more nerved up to endure, and serve, than when my heart is full of the joy of the Lord. Oh, we have such a rich Father and a faithful

friend, and so ready to supply all our want. If we have faith

We'll taste ev'nen here the hallowed bliss,
Of our eternal home.

Faith is the secret of the joy of the Christian. Let us be obedient and faithful Christians, and we will be happy.

REV. G. H.: The difference between my experience now and what it used to be when I was in a state of conscious acceptance, but not clear as to my heart being cleansed from sin, is, that it was with an effort that I retained constant comfort—that I made any advancement in the way of life. I loved Jesus, I felt, I knew I did; and yet, O how hard work it seemed to keep myself just where all the time I felt clear in my acceptance. I was watching myself so carefully and was so afraid I would make a mistake—trembling and fearful, and having a great deal of trouble of this kind. You all, perhaps, have been there and I need go no further. But now my experience is that of a blessed rest in Jesus. I do not have to make an effort to keep my heart right. I give it to Jesus and He makes it all right. If the enemy comes and tells me, "there was a little feeling in your heart that was not right, you are not what you think you are," I say to Jesus, "here is my heart, I give it to thee." I just keep giving myself to, and throwing myself on Jesus, and all the time I have great peace of mind. I learned the lesson a long while since—(and I think I learned it from Dr. Palmer). In case troubles and temptations did come to try me, and I began to doubt, and hesitate, and wonder, whether all was just right, the more I kept looking at myself the worse I felt. When I got into that experience, as I did in the first few months, of believing in Jesus for full salvation. I heard an incident related of the Dr. in regard to the way he got rid of the enemy, was to cry, "Glory be to Jesus. The enemy does not like to hear the name of Jesus praised." This has been the means of a glorious victory to me. My wife said to me the other day, "You must be peculiarly constituted; you don't know much about dark hours." I do have moments of sadness, but very seldom; nor have I the great joys or sad forebodings that seems to be the experience of some, but trouble of spirit I do not know much about, for I have learned

that this blessed experience permits me to go to Jesus with everything.

Nothing that I experience, that is of sufficient importance to give me any trouble, is too insignificant to take to my Heavenly Father—whether it is temporal, physical, mental or moral; anything that troubles me I roll it on Jesus and I find he sweetly bears all my burdens. When I heard the expression made use of, "I am trying to breathe," it struck me that that was my experience when I was in a justified state, it seemed as if I had a pressure; I knew I had some spiritual life, but Oh when by faith I was enabled to take Jesus as my present, complete and full Saviour, it seemed to me it was easy work to believe in Jesus and to breathe His Spirit; it was no effort to believe, I did it constantly. Jesus is mine, and He saves me every day. I want to live this experience and spread it wherever I go. I want to be instrumental in bringing some others to this fountain.

Mrs. P.: It may be useful to some here if I should tell how that conversation occurred of which Brother HALL spoke. It was several years ago, Bishop and Mrs. HAMLINE, were dining with us. Mrs. HAMLINE addressing herself to Dr. P. said, "Doctor, we all have our trials and our temptations; we talk about them, but I never hear you speak of trials and temptations; don't you have them?" Well, I really think I was more curious to hear the answer than Mrs. HAMLINE was. I had noticed for many years that Dr. P. was always ready to give a word of consolation to others. I never heard him enumerate a great number of temptations and trials like some others. When he would go to his class meeting, he had something to tell about the goodness of God, the blessedness of trusting in Christ, and so on; and so I was really wishful to hear the answer. It was about like this, "Really Sister HAMLINE, I have so much to do with the trials, afflictions, and temptations of others, being constantly around among the sick, that I do not have time to parley with Satan and so when he comes, I say 'Glory be to Jesus.' There is nothing that Satan hates so much as that; he cannot bear to hear the name of Jesus praised, because he is a conquered foe." It is a glorious truth that Satan is a conquered foe, and he knows who his conqueror is;—

Christ is his conqueror, and a conquered foe does not love to sit in the presence of his conqueror, and hear his name praised.

One of the greatest battles ever gained in the days of Jehoshaphat, was won by *believing* and *praising*. It really must have required great faith and courage to have done so under the circumstances. It was at a time when Israel was in an impoverished condition. Three or four nations combined against Israel in their weak condition, and threatened to swallow them up. What could they do but cry to the Lord? and they did cry to the Lord, and their wives and little ones, all appeared before the Lord. Some one rose in the congregation, as they were thus assembled, and told them to believe in the LORD so they should prosper. When the order for the battle was given, they went out to meet the combined army believing and praising the Beauty of Holiness. That army was smitten, and the spoil was so great that it took them three days to gather it. O how many battles since that have been gained by believing and praising! I think I have had more than a hundred victories in the same way. I am confident I have. We may have victory, every one of us, through our Lord Jesus Christ.

A BROTHER. I will tell how God sanctified my soul as near as I can. Twenty-seven years ago the 28th day of last month God converted me—pardoned my sins, and sometime afterward He gave me such a discovery of what there was in my heart, it was so evil, that I had a dreadful struggle to get the mastery over it. It is true there was a great deal of ignorance. If I had had good teachers they might have helped me. I met with opposition, and I was four years struggling over these evils. When I was tried, I would show bad tempers, and had terrible struggling with them. I prayed God to deliver me from them. I continued to seek, and after holding on, I found that I was gaining the mastery over them in one form and another. I never had conversed with a person who enjoyed the evidence of a clean heart. I knew that although I was converted, I was not all I should be; but I continued to consecrate all as fast as light came to my heart.

After four years of struggling I met with a sister who enjoyed the blessing of a clean

heart. She gave me more light in ten minutes than I ever received in the four years of my Christian life. I had two miles to walk to church on a Sabbath day, and one day the Spirit came to my mind that, "four years ago you were an enemy to God." I said, that is true." "You did not love the Bible." "That is true." "You did not love God's people." I said, "that's so." "What a great change has taken place in your heart since that." "That's so." The Spirit came to me with this promise, "Blessed are they that hunger and thirst after righteousness, for they shall be filled." When the Spirit led me to that, I said, "I believe that he can save; I believe that He can save to the uttermost, and I believe it now." The good Spirit helped me over every difficulty so that I can never explain fully. There was such a manifestation of the Divine presence came down on my soul that I felt wonderfully happy. But the measurement was, that I was to be filled with righteousness. I was in for measure. I began to examine my heart to see whether it was full of righteousness. I think I found there was a little vacuum that was not quite full. I thought I could have a little more, and I said it over again, "Blessed are they that hunger and thirst after righteousness." I said, "I believe Jesus Christ uttered that word; I believe that He can save to the uttermost, and I believe it now." Another wave from the eternal world came all over me, and I felt it to the ends of my fingers—felt it as sensibly as though there had been water poured on to me. I continued my examination, for I wanted to be sure that I had good measure. When I said the third time, "Blessed are they that hunger and thirst after righteousness," I believe that Jesus uttered it, and I believe that He can save to the uttermost. That was the first time I ever shouted "glory to God." I was one of the stillest Baptists you ever saw; but when I got that baptism, the vessel was full. I shouted, "glory to God, I have got it." I trembled and shook all over like a poplar leaf; my soul was so happy that I was afraid to stir; I felt such a peace in my soul, it was so glorious and blessed, that I was afraid I would lose it. I was afraid I would jostle that blessed Spirit.

Just at that time the devil met me with a terrible temptation; God gave me discern-

ment to see at once that it was the devil "You had better," said the adversary, "not say anything about it; it would be an awful thing to lose it." It appeared to me I could meet all the devils that could be got in a ten acre lot, and tell what God had done for me. That was twenty years ago when I felt the virtue of that blood, and I feel it to-day, for God has been keeping me. The devil often tries to make me think I am somebody when God answers my prayers. That is about the meanest temptation a man could have. When I pray that God would give me a love for souls and after He saves and pardons them, the poor, mean devil tries to make me believe that I have done something. I have to pray God to keep me just as humble as my Master, that I might be kept low, that I would be willing to tie up the Master's shoes. I have not a dollar in the world, but when I have Jesus Christ to fill my entire nature I have everything.

REV. G. W.: I very often come into this meeting with a purpose not to speak, but I very seldom come here unless I do speak. The truth is, my purpose not to speak cannot stand before the impulse to speak after the meeting goes on a while. My soul gets on fire when I come into this place; not only in this meeting but wherever Jesus is honored—especially here—but in other meetings where Christ is honored, where the dear saints of God speak in honor of the Prince. I do want to say something. I was very glad that my brother here told us one thing—that he had not a dollar. You see that his joy, the gladness of his happy face is not dependent upon what the world calls a *sine qua non*, viz: that without wealth, a man cannot be comfortable. He might have told us of some rather severe conflicts along the line of temporalities, that would have moved our hearts. I believe in my soul that when the things that this world calls essential to a man's comfort are removed, if he has Christ, he is comfortable. I know that: I have known it lately. There comes into my soul such desolation that I hardly know how to live in view of my circumstances.

On Sabbath night I was left alone in my parlor; I was glad the gas was not lighted, all the light I had was from the fire in the grate. I felt that I would give everything I

had in the world if I could have an hour's talk with my boy. I felt such a desolation, such utter poverty! I felt as though no man in New York was as poor as I was. Pretty soon, joy and rest came to my soul. I am a witness here to-day that a man can be stripped and yet holding on to Jesus be peaceful. If the richest man in New York, should come into this room and by some arrangement could trade with this brother and take the salvation which he enjoys without a dollar, this brother would be a *pauper* and that man would be a *millionaire*.

As has been intimated by sister PALMER, the Lord is not a hard master. Every soul can pass into the state of heavenly rejoicing. All the Lord wants you to do, if you are away from him, is to say, "I have done wrong and I am going to be right from this moment; I will follow the Lamb wherever he goes, at any expense to myself." You could scarcely get the words out before there would be that glorious change—for the whole of this sanctification is just putting your will over into God's will. When a man says in his soul trustingly to Jesus, "Amen to Thy plan," he has gone into entire sanctification. Entire sanctification, in a single sentence, is the subordination of the human will to the Divine. * * * I do not like to speak much about myself—I am so afraid I will overstate, and yet, how can I overstate my enjoyment when the Lord Jesus gives me great peace in my soul. I am seeking for a deeper, more perpetual peace.

REV. J. W. HORNE.: We are wonderfully in harmony with one another, so it seems. The meeting this afternoon seems so pure, so sweet, and so full of Jesus. I am happy to say to the glory of Jesus that I feel pure and happy myself. As soon as I had an opportunity of looking upon God my Father through Jesus Christ my brother, everything was open; there was nothing between God and my soul. I cast myself entirely into His hands and around and underneath me were the everlasting arms of His love. After I rose up I began to ask myself, "Well, suppose Jesus Christ were disposed to do this and the other thing with you?" I listened, and my soul said, "Very well, let him do whatever he pleases; he doeth all things well." This gives me such rest. He is too wise to err, too

good to be unkind. I feel that my soul goes out toward everything that is good, pure, lovely, honest, and honorable. There seems to be such an opening up of the whole universe before me; my spirit seems to go out along the lines up to God, Christ and heaven; my soul is kept in perfect peace and rest continually. I want to live in this world doing no harm and doing all the good I possibly can. I rejoice in God, who keeps me through my blessed Saviour, moment after moment in perfect peace, and this afternoon my whole soul goes out towards God and loses itself in Him. Whom have I in heaven but Thee, and there is none upon earth that I desire beside Thee. God is the strength of my heart and my portion forever and ever. Glory be to the Father and to the Son and to the Holy Ghost, as it was in the beginning is now and ever shall be.

Book Notices.

PIONEER EXPERIENCES; OR, THE GIFT OF POWER RECEIVED BY FAITH. ILLUSTRATED AND CONFIRMED BY THE TESTIMONY OF EIGHTY LIVING MINISTERS OF VARIOUS DENOMINATIONS. BY AUTHOR OF "WAY OF HOLINESS," "FAITH AND EFFECTS." &c., &c. INTRODUCTION BY REV. BISHOP JAMES. Published by W. C. Palmer, Jr., 14 Bible House, New York.

"Ye are my witnesses, saith the Lord." A witness testifies of that he knows, and speaks of that he has seen. Wavering testimony is ruled out of a court of civil jurisprudence. Here on these beautiful clear pages is spread out for the inspection of thousands the world over, the unflinching, unsophisticated testimony of eighty living Ministers, a large portion of whom have never seen each other in the flesh. Many of them are scattered at far distant points, over the land; some in Europe, others in our own country; some taking their observations from one denominational standpoint, others from another; yet all in perfect agreement testifying to one thing. And what is this one grand rallying point at which they have arrived? It is this, that Christ is our Saviour, able to save to the uttermost all that come unto God by Him. That, to those who comply with the conditions, he fulfils the promise for which Jesus commanded His disciples to wait. With one accord they testify that the day of Pentecost has fully come, that just so soon as they in deep humility before God were ready to come to the resolve,

"Myself in all things to deny,
Thine, wholly 'Thine, to live or die,"

they were enabled to apprehend the faith that brings the POWER,—yes, "power from on high." And what they were enabled through this endowment of power to apprehend, and do, can only be known by reviewing carefully

these pages, which we commend to the prayerful attention of all Christians, whether of ministry or laity.

A SERMON, preached in Pawtucket Church on Lord's Day Morning, Feb. 16th, 1868, by Rev. J. BUFFUM. "One shall be taken and another left." Text, 1 Cor. 15th Chapter, 51-52.

The views advocated in this excellent sermon, is the near approach of Christ, and the importance of a readiness to meet him at his coming. It presents the subject in a light not familiar to many, and we would advise our readers to get the sermon, and read, learn, and inwardly digest. We are not quite sure that we can adopt all the views here presented, without more careful study of the Word, but we wish to say that we have long had a most precious appreciation of the blessed theme of our Lord's coming again.

"His chariot will not long delay,
We hear its rumbling wheels, and say,
Triumphant Lord appear."

CHRISTIAN SEPARATION FROM THE WORLD: Its Philosophy, Obligation and Extent, considered with special reference to Popular Amusements. By Rev. S. H. PLATT, A. M., with an Introductory Letter by Rev. Dr. CUYLER. This is a Treatise of 52 pages.

Our friend, Rev. S. H. Platt, is not a common thinker, as those who have read his former productions will remember. In explaining and enforcing the duty of Christian separation, he begins at the foundation, and doing so, dives deeper into depths of causes than some people will be disposed to go with him. That it would do some mothers good to read the book we are sure. We hope many may be profited by it. It is unique, and deals with the subject whereof it treats from a stand point not often taken. Retail at 20 cents. Can be had of the Author, Rev. S. H. Platt, Brooklyn, L. I.

OUR NATIONAL OBLIGATIONS TO ACKNOWLEDGE GOD IN THE CONSTITUTION OF THE UNITED STATES. By J. H. McILVAINE, Professor of Political Science in Princeton College; and RELIGIOUS DEFECT OF THE CONSTITUTION OF THE UNITED STATES By Rev. E. R. CRAVEN, D. D.

We have received these two ably written articles.

We are called a *Christian* nation. But will it not be a matter of astonishment with many to know that the name and sovereignty of the God of nations is not acknowledged in the Constitution of the United States.

We will hope that this great defect was not intentional with the framers of our Constitution, but grew out of the idea that politics and sectarianism must not mingle. Says the Rev. Dr. McIlvane, the subject stands before the minds of great numbers in this form: "Civil government is for civil purposes alone, it has nothing to do with religion, consequently it cannot legitimately acknowledge a God; and thereby it would virtually lay under civil disabilities those who do believe in God." This, says the Doctor, is true. That is, "civil governments are for civil purposes, but it does not follow that nations and governments have no right to acknowledge as such their God and Preserver, by whom they are ordained and established, and from whom all their powers are derived. With equal truth it may be said that marriage is for the propagation of the race, to

supply men's want of society, of communion with his kind, but it does not follow that God is not to be recognized in the marriage relation."

We wish that these able documents might be read by the masses in our country. If our limits would allow we would quote largely, but we are heartily glad that a semi-monthly journal, devoted to the cause of Public Morals and National Religion, is published, entitled, THE CHRISTIAN STATESMAN. This Journal will maintain the following fundamental positions: "*Civil Society is a Divine institution—Nations are moral persons and are bound by the moral law—The Lord Jesus Christ is the Ruler among the Nations, and should be recognized as such—The Holy Scriptures, as a Revelation of His will, are the Supreme law of Nations—Civil office cannot be righteously or safely given to immoral and wicked men.* Price, \$1.00. Address "The Christian Statesman," 1329 Vine St., Phila.

METHODIST QUARTERLY REVIEW:

The April number has just come to hand. It is as ever an intellectual feast. For those who wish to keep pace with current Religious Literature, but whose time is circumscribed, it furnishes a sort of compendium, which cannot be too highly appreciated; while to ministers, and persons of more leisure, it presents a fine digest that will assist materially in separating the chaff from the wheat in the choice of works. We say thus because an idea prevails, to some extent, that this excellent Quarterly possesses but little interest for other than the ministry, whereas, its diversified reading commends it equally to the laity. It is, in fact, a sort of library within itself, furnishing in each quarterly number a digest of information more than equal to what might be found in some half dozen ordinary volumes.

Children's Corner.

LITTLE GIRL IN COURT.

REV. D. F. NEWTON.

A little girl, nine years of age, was offered as a witness against a prisoner who was on trial for a felony committed in her father's house.

"Now, Emily," said the counsel for the prisoner, upon her being offered as a witness, "I desire to know if you understand the nature of an oath?"

"I don't know what you mean," was the simple answer.

"There, your honor," said the counsel, addressing the court, "is anything further necessary to demonstrate the validity of my objection? This witness should be rejected. She does not comprehend the nature of an oath."

"Let us see," said the Judge. "Come here, my daughter."

Assured by the kind tone and manner of the

Judge, the child stepped towards him, and looked confidently up in his face, with a calm, clear eye, and in a manner so artless and frank that it went straight to the heart.

"Did you ever take an oath?" inquired the Judge.

The little girl stepped back with a look of horror, and the red blood mantled in a blush all over her face and neck, as she answered—

"No, sir."

She thought he intended to inquire if she had ever blasphemed.

"I do not mean that," said the Judge, who saw his mistake; "I mean were you ever a witness before?"

"No, sir; I was never in court before," was the answer.

He handed her the Bible open.

"Do you know that book, my daughter?"

She looked at it, and answered, "Yes, sir; it is the Bible."

"Do you ever read it?" he asked.

"Yes, sir, every evening."

"Can you tell me what the Bible is?" inquired the Judge.

"It is the word of the Great God," she answered.

"Well, place your hand upon this Bible and listen to what I say; and he repeated slowly and solemnly, the oath usually administered to witnesses.

"Now," said the Judge, "you have sworn as a witness; will you tell me what will befall you if you do not tell the truth?"

"I shall be shut up in the state prison," answered the child.

"Anything else?" asked the Judge.

"I shall never go to heaven," she replied.

"How do you know this?" asked the Judge again.

The child took the Bible, and turning rapidly to the chapter containing the Commandments, pointed to the injunction, "Thou shalt not bear false witness against thy neighbor." "I learned that before I could read."

"Has any one talked with you about your being a witness in court here against this man?" inquired the Judge.

"Yes, sir," she replied. "My mother heard they wanted me to be a witness, and last night she called me to her room and asked

me to tell her the Ten Commandments, and then we knelt down together, and she prayed that I might understand how wicked it was to bear false witness against my neighbor, and that God would help me, a little child, to tell the truth as it was before Him. And when I came up here with father, he kissed me, and told me to remember the Ninth Commandment, and that God would hear every word that I said."

"Do you believe this?" asked the Judge, while a tear glistened in his eye, and his lip quivered with emotion.

"Yes, sir," said the child, with a voice and manner that showed her conviction of its truth was perfect.

"God bless you, my child," said the Judge, you have a good mother. "This witness is competent," he continued. "Were I on trial for my life, and innocent of the charge against me, I would pray God for such witnesses as this. Let her be examined."

She told her story with the simplicity of a child, as she was, but there was a directness about it which carried conviction of its truth to every heart. She was rigidly cross-examined. The counsel plied her with infinite and ingenious questioning, but she varied from her first statement in nothing. The truth so spoken by that little child was sublime. Falsehood and perjury had preceeded her testimony. The prisoner had intrenched himself in lies till he deemed himself impregnable. Witnesses had falsified facts in his favor, and villany had manufactured for him a sham defence. But before her testimony falsehood was scattered like chaff. The little child, for whom a mother had prayed for strength to be given her to speak the truth as it was before God, broke the cunning devices of matured villany to pieces like a potter's vessel. The strength that her mother prayed for was given her, and the sublime and terrible simplicity—terrible, I mean, to the prisoner and his associates—with which she spoke, was like relation from God himself.

"Mother! watch the little heart;
Wholesome lessons now impart;
Keep, oh keep that young heart true,
Extricating every weed;
Harvest rich you then may see,
Ripening for eternity."

In Memoriam.

Miss FLORENCE A. FOSTER, Daughter of Rev. R. S. FOSTER, D.D.

Words by FANNY CROSBY.

Music by Mrs. JOS. F. KNAPP.

1. My Father speaks, what heav'nly words My
2. God does restore me, mother dear, I

Slow.

p Ritard. *tempo.*

soul with rapture fill! "Be still, and know that I am God!" I hear again: "Be still!" O mother, I could
feel it day by day; Canst thou not trust thy child to Him, And wipe those tears away? A pilgrim in this

Ritard.

tell thee now Of glorious visions fair, In splendor bursting on my sight. Too much for thee to bear.
vale of death, I near the rolling stream: On either side, from peak to peak. I see the mountains gleam.

QUARTETTE.

Beau - ti - ful! Beau - ti - ful! All, all is Beau - ti - ful! Beau - ti - ful! Beau - ti - ful! All, all is Beau - ti - ful!

3 She stood upon the river's brink,
And with celestial eyes
Beheld a heavenly convoy near,
To waft her to the skies.
"Now, quickly, quickly, come,"
In gentle tones she said;
"Mother!"—and with that last sweet word,
Her angel spirit fled.

4 But hark! in silvery tones she speaks
From yonder radiant hill:
"I have not left you—weep no more!—
"I'm near you, near you still.
"I'm waiting on the sunny banks,
"Where angels love to roam:
"I'm watching till you cross the stream,
"I know you'll all come home."

Guide to Holiness.

JUNE, 1868.

For the Guide.
MORE EXCELLENT WAY.

REV. A. H. FAIRALL, A. M.

The Apostle Paul exhorted his brethren at Corinth to "covet earnestly the best gifts," and, also, admonished them not to neglect the "more excellent way," which he called "charity" or "perfect love." He declared to them that the most charming eloquence, the strongest faith, the profoundest knowledge, and the greatest benevolence, were unprofitable without holiness. In the present age, these and other gifts, are coveted more earnestly than is this "excellent way," and too many in the Christian ministry seek the highest culture, instead of the deepest piety. Intellectual attainments are necessary in this enlightened country, and every minister should be educated and cultivated, but these accomplishments alone are insufficient. It is true that knowledge is human power, but holiness is divine power. Christ said to His Apostles, "Ye shall receive power, after that the Holy Ghost is come upon you."

In my experience I have realized that the possession of the "best gifts," without that of the Holy Ghost, does not impart religious power; but not until recently did I *know* that holiness of heart constituted that power. For several years I have thought and read much on the doctrine of sanctification, and desired to enjoy the blessing, and yet I hesitated to make the full consecration which was demanded. I always believed in its attainability by faith, and often sought it, but like Naaman, I expected some super

natural manifestation, instead of obeying the simple command, "wash and be clean." I had severe mental conflicts and considerable distress whenever I read anything on the subject of holiness, because I was deeply convicted of my need of it. During the seven years of my ministerial life I have had success in winning souls to Christ, but I was painfully conscious that I lacked the *full* baptism of fire. I preached in the Pittsburgh Conference four years, and was transferred to the Upper Iowa Conference, in March, 1865. Since then the Lord has brought me through peculiar trials and temptations, and by a severe discipline led me gradually to the Canaan of perfect love. The wilderness of doubts and fears is behind me, and I am now in the promised land of holiness, having been admitted through faith in the merits of a present Saviour. During the first winter I received the evidence that the blood of Christ cleansed me from all sin, and, truly, I have learned new lessons of faith since that time; I can now realize, as never before, what it is to trust in the Lord. My heart is filled with that "perfect love" which "casteth out fear." Religious duty is a delight, and not a burden. The Lord blessed me abundantly, and, according to His promise, is with me "always." Let us all seek and obtain this baptism of power, and then we shall find the "more excellent way."

MONTICELLO, Iowa, 1868.

We know just so much of sanctification as we have felt of its power—no more.

For the Guide.

BE CALM IN ALL EVENTS OF LIFE.

REV. A. ATWOOD.

"In patience possess your souls." How needful this caution to us all. There is quite enough in the transactions of each day to try the spirit, and prompt to fretfulness and hasty remarks—if the consecration is defective or not constantly kept in recollection. And where the most of life has been lived in ordinary religious profession, without the full consecration, habits of temper and language have been formed, which will require much care and watchfulness to radically change. Yet to be holy and let the full light shine, these habits must be overcome, and meekness and love take the place of haste and fretfulness. The young convert, who is soon led into the life of entire consecration, will not have to encounter such social habits, and, therefore, may not have such conflicts. But all will have need to watch and be much in prayer, lest they fall into condemnation through hasty replies, and sudden risings of irritability of feeling.

To cure this entirely we should all take the oft-repeated counsel of Mr. Wesley, "Set God always before you." A present God, like the presence of a distinguished person, always induces caution and quietness among inferiors. If all events are in his hands, and we know and feel that he loves and cares for us, there surely need not be any anxiety on our part to answer objections, or defend our position or character. All will come out right if we keep perfectly silent and calm. When John Wesley was out on one of his ministerial tours, a report was started near his home unfavorable to his moral character, Mr. Charles Wesley wrote for him to come home and defend himself. His reply was characteristic of the holy man, "Having committed my life and character to God, I am not careful to answer in the matter, and shall pursue my work, leaving all to God." (I quote from memory.) "He that feareth is not made perfect in love."

One half of the joy of piety is lost to the person, and one half of its power on

those about us for want of kind and courteous language and feelings in ordinary life. All should see and feel that the good and loving Saviour is training us for completeness. The Holy Spirit may sanctify us wholly, but we have need of training after this to make us complete in all the graces of the Spirit. Paul says, "I have learned in whatever state I am, therewith to be content." Grace had done much we know, but still he refers to his divine education in trial and conflict, his holy and sweet contentment of mind. Our light afflictions, which are but for a moment, work out for us a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory. But this is only while we look at things not seen. The great difference between the fretful and the calm and patient is, that the one looks steadily at the unseen, and the other at matters about them, which disconnected with the unseen always create anxiety and care. The shortness of Peter's vision caused him to deny his Master. Had he seen that all this was connected with a great scheme for the redemption of the race of man, he would have patiently borne the apparent defeat of all his hopes, because of the glory that was to be revealed in the near future. And could present believers see their own history a few years in advance, I am persuaded they would take the daily events of life not only calmly, but with glowing feelings of thankfulness.

We may be on a turbulent sea, but the Lord holds the helm, and we need not fear the ship will either founder or go on the rocks. "All things work together for good to them that love God." If this be true, and who dare to doubt it, there is really no cause for anxiety, whatever may be our lot in life, if we truly love our blessed Lord. Let men speak against our views, slander our characters, or let misfortunes come in all ways common to men, let none of these things move the humble believer from his calm trust in the care and guidance of the infinite One, "Who doeth according to His will in the armies of heaven and among the inhabitants of the earth." "The Lord reigneth, let the earth rejoice," and let not your

hearts be troubled, as ye believe in God and also in Jesus Christ your great High Priest, who has passed into the heavens to plead for you there.

"The cross for Christ I'll cherish,
Its crucifixion bear.
All hail reproach and sorrow
If Jesus leads me there."

PHILADELPHIA, Pa., 1868.

For the Guide.

WHAT OF THE NIGHT?

MRS. HELEN M. BRADLEY.

What of the night? O watchman in Zion!
Moveth the darkness to bring in the dawn;
Breaketh there not in the distant horizon
Glimmers of light that foretold the morn?

What of the night? O watchman in Zion!
Hark! on the hill-tops a song from the sky,
Valleys with gladness re-echo the chorus,
Sing! for the day of the Lord draweth
nigh!

See ye the dawn? O watchman in Zion!
Waiteth thy hosts for the tread of their
King?
Lo! 'tis the hour of thy glorious triumph;
Rise from thy resting! new victories
bring!

Hear ye the war cry? O watchman in Zion!
Shoutings should ring from the camp of the
Lord!
Where are the signs of thy jubilant legions?
Sleepeth thy warriors in helmet and
sword.

Rouse from thy slumber, and gird thee for
battle!
Off from thy spirits dead lethargy fling!
Rally thy hosts to thy conquering standard!
Banner of holiness! cross of thy King!

WALKING WITH GOD.

EDITORIAL.

"Enoch walked with God." And how long? Three hundred years! If you and I were *walking together* if only for one short hour,—how we would talk! Of course we can form some idea of our manner and matter of converse. But

could we have been listeners when Enoch and the blessed and only Potentate, the King Eternal, Immortal, Invisible, were walking and talking together in holy converse,—what should we have heard and seen! Yes, not only have heard, but *seen*. I will tell you how the scene just now seems to portray itself before me.

Enoch as he walks to and fro among his friends, does not seem very unlike the mass of people in ordinary life. I see him as a man of a family. "He begat sons and daughters," and here they are all around him. Still he walks and talks with God. Though invisible to human eye, I see him walking in close companionship with Deity, and hear Divine utterances, and as I see one child after another committed to his trust, the Invisible says, "Enoch, take this child and nurse it for me. Train up a child in the way he should go, and when he is old he will not depart from it." Thus encouraged, Enoch as the father of a household, maintains an onward, upward walk with God, serving his generation according to the Divine will, by showing the advantages of symmetrical piety, amid all the varied relations of life, until the appointed hour for his translation comes, and life's long probation of three hundred years being finished, he ceases to be an inhabitant of earth. "He was not, for God took him."

Had Enoch singled out, if but for a few days, some of the *incidents* by the way, telling us just how God led him, and what the Invisible said to him, how delightfully instructive to you and I, could we just now sit down and trace the record! But are you not my dear friend just now *walking with God* amid all your every day surroundings, as the parent of little ones whom God has given you to train for immortality? Is not the Invisible holding converse with you, and teaching you new lessons continually, by the every day occurrences of life?

For the Guide.

GOD is love, and heaven is the place where God dwells. Then can we not have heaven in our hearts?

SALLIE A. SANTEE.

For the Guide.
THE GREAT SALVATION.

REV. DR. PRINDLE.

That the remedial benefits of the gospel, cover the degeneracy of our fallen condition, is fully shown from the obvious meaning of many scriptures. And, therefore, our Church formula rightly affirms, that the death of the Saviour upon the cross, "made there, by His oblation of Himself—once offered, a full, perfect and sufficient sacrifice, oblation, and satisfaction for the sins of the whole world."

Any provisions of salvation, either in the character of the Saviour, or the means He should originate for saving us, would be but a partial remedy, did it not cover all depravity and sin. And the word of God is not only distinct in its requirements, that we should aim at this standard of character, but it speaks in very clear language, indicating that this was the end of Christ's mission. The Apostle says, Eph. i. 25-27, that Christ loved and gave Himself for the Church, that He might sanctify and cleanse it with the washing of water by the word, that He might present it to himself a glorious Church, not having spot, or wrinkle, or any such thing; but that it should be holy and without blemish." And the Apostle warned and taught every man, that He might present every man perfect in Christ Jesus. And Jude ascribes, glory, majesty, dominion, and power to God our Saviour, because he "is able to keep you from falling, and to present you faultless before the presence of His glory with exceeding joy."

The symbolic representation of Christian character in those who sing and rejoice in Heaven, and of whom it is said, "they have washed their robes, and made them white in the blood of the Lamb," taken in connection with those scriptures that teach us that the blood of Christ cleanses from all sin, unrighteousness, purges the conscience from dead works to serve the living God—and that we have come to the spirits of just men made perfect, in our view, clearly teach us that the gospel is a perfect and full remedy for sin and depravity. And indeed, we might go

a step further and say, that the benefits of the mediation of Christ, were greater than the influence and damage of sin; since grace much more abounds. Christ having come, that we might not only have life, but have it more abundantly; more abundantly, as we may understand him, than we could have had it, under any other relation, though we had never sinned.

In most instances, when the language of inspiration refers to individual character, the terms *perfect sanctification*, and *holy*, mean the same. But there may be some exceptions to this construction.

But is this mature, ripe, perfect state of character to be expected in this life, to be lived and enjoyed? We think so, without doubt. And our belief is founded upon the following facts:

1. God commands this:—I am the Almighty God; walk before me, and be thou perfect. (Gen. xvii. 1.) Thou shalt be perfect with the Lord thy God. (Deut. xviii. 13.) Be ye therefore perfect, even as your Father which is in Heaven is perfect. (Matt. v. 48.) Ye shall be holy; for I the Lord your God am holy. (Lev. xix. 2.) Sanctify yourselves therefore, and be ye holy; for I am the Lord your God. (Lev. xx. 7.)

2. There is a large class of scriptures in the forms of statements, prayers, exhortations, &c., which show that this state may be, and has been attained.

There was a man in the land of Uz, whose name was Job; and that man was perfect and upright. (Job i. 1. Mark the perfect man, and behold the upright: for the end of that man is peace. (Ps. xxxvii. 37.) There must be perfect men, or they could not be beheld and marked. That they may shoot in secret at the perfect. (Ps. lxiv. 4.) There must be perfect ones, or the wicked could not shoot at them. Blessed are the undefiled in the way, &c. Marginal reading, "perfect." (Ps. cxix. 1.) I in them, and thou in me, that they may be made perfect in one, &c. (John xvii. 23.) Howbeit, we speak wisdom among them that are perfect, &c. (Cor. i. 2-7.) When I was a child, I spake as a child, I understood as a child, I thought as a child; but when

I became a man, I put away childish things. (1 Cor. xiii. 11.) Till we all come in the unity of the faith, and of the knowledge of the Son of God, unto a perfect man, unto the measure of the stature of the fulness of Christ. (Eph. iv. 13.) Let us, therefore, as many as be perfect, be thus minded. (Phil. iii. 15.) That ye may stand perfect and complete in all the will of God. (Col. iv. 12.) That the man of God may be perfect, thoroughly furnished unto all good works. (2 Tim. iii. 17.) God having provided some better thing for us, that they without us, should not be made perfect. (Heb. xi. 40.) To the general assembly and Church of the first born which are written in heaven, and to God the Judge of all, and to the spirits of just men made perfect. (Heb. xii. 23.) Make you perfect in every good work to do His will, working in you that which is well pleasing in His sight, through Jesus Christ. (Heb. xiii. 21.) Let patience have her perfect work, that ye may be perfect and entire, wanting nothing. (James i. 4.) If any man offend not in word, the same is a perfect man, and able also to bridle the whole body. (James iii. 2.) After ye have suffered awhile, make you perfect, stablish, strengthen you. (1 Peter v. 10) Herein is our love made perfect, that we may have boldness in the day of Judgment; because as he is, so are we in this world. (1 John iv. 17.) The disciple is not above his Master: but every one that is perfect, shall be as his master. (Luke vi. 40.) For by one offering, he hath perfected forever them that are sanctified. (Heb. x. 14.) But whoso keepeth his word, in him verily is the love of God perfected. (1 John ii. 5.) If we love one another, God dwelleth in us, and His love is perfected in us. (1 John iv. 12.) Let us cleanse ourselves from all filthiness of the flesh and spirit, perfecting holiness in the fear of God. (2 Cor. vii. 1.) For the perfecting of the Saints. (Eph. iv. 12.) And this also we wish, even your perfection. (2 Cor. xiii. 9.) Leaving the principles of the doctrine of Christ, let us go on unto perfection. (Heb. vi. 1.)

SANCTIFICATION.

3. But ye are sanctified, but ye are justified, in the name of the Lord Jesus, and by the Spirit of our God. (1 Cor. vi. 11.) The very God of peace sanctify you wholly; and I pray God your whole spirit, and soul, and body, be preserved blameless unto the coming of our Lord Jesus Christ. Faithful is he that calleth you, who also will do it. (1 Thess. v. 23-4.) Wherefore, Jesus also, that He might sanctify the people with His own blood, suffered without the gate. (Heb. xiii. 12.) That they also might be sanctified through the truth. (John xvii. 19.) He shall be a vessel unto honor, sanctified and meet for the Master's use, and prepared unto every good work. (2 Tim. ii. 21.) To them that are sanctified by God the Father, and preserved in Jesus Christ, and called. Jude i. 1.) How much more shall the blood of Christ, who through the eternal spirit offered himself without spot to God, purge your conscience from dead works to serve the living God. (Heb. ix. 14.)

The following are some of the passages where holiness is applied to individuals.

Ye shall be holy; for I the Lord your God am holy. (Levit. xix. 2.) Sanctify yourselves, therefore, and be ye holy; for I am the Lord your God. (Levit. xx. 7.) Behold now, I perceive that this is an holy man of God, which passeth by us continually. (2 Kings iv. 9.) For Herod feared John, knowing that he was a just man and an holy. (Mark vi. 20.) Present your bodies a living sacrifice, holy acceptable unto God, which is your reasonable service. (Rom. xii. 1.) If any man defile the temple of God, him shall God destroy; for the temple of God is holy, which temple ye are. (1 Cor. iii. 17.) According as he hath chosen us in him, before the foundation of the world, that we should be holy and without blame before Him in love. (Eph. i. 4.)

And now to complete this gospel diagram, we need to add the Apostle's prayer. Ephesians iii. 14-21. "For this cause I bow my knees unto the Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, of whom the whole family in heaven and earth is

named. That He would grant you, according to the riches of His glory, to be strengthened with might by His spirit in the inner man; That Christ may dwell in your hearts by faith; that ye being rooted and grounded in love, may be able to comprehend with all saints what is the breadth, and length, and depth, and height; and to know the love of Christ which passeth knowledge, that ye might be filled with all the fullness of God. Now unto Him that is able to do exceeding abundantly, above all that we ask or think, according to the power that worketh in us. Unto Him be glory in the Church by Christ Jesus, throughout all ages, world without end. Amen."

Now we make this single point; that the apostle is not supposing a conjectural, unreal case in this grand scope of spiritual wonders. He enumerates in this wonderful prayer, but details what is a verity in the salvation of every one saved by the matchless grace of God. He details real facts. And these facts that go vastly beyond all we can ask or think, contain the grandest summary that ever burdened human minds.

But this is not the perfection of angels in heaven, nor the perfection of human beings in their celestial state, when freed from the blinding and obscuring influences of earth, they rise to the revealing light of eternal visions, when they shall see as they are seen, and know as they are known; but the perfection of *man as man*, where errors of judgment and mistakes, mingle in the actualities of life, where we know but in part; in which state, the light that shines upon us is compared to heaven, as only the distant star in the firmament to the sun at mid-day. Fittingly is it said, it doth not appear what we *shall be*, only that when Christ shall appear, we shall be like him. Adoringly, let our hearts be open to receive this great salvation.

For the Guide.

EXPERIENCE OF A LOCAL PREACHER-

REV. JAMES MARSHALL.

Fifty years ago, at a Sabbath School, in the State of Maryland, I received religious impressions, and soon after, dur-

ing my boyhood, joined the M. E. Church, but being among strangers, having lost both my parents, I did not retain my religion.

In the fall of 1827, at a camp-meeting in Pennsylvania, I again united with the Church, and in January after, God in His infinite mercy, pardoned my sins. I at once felt like calling on every one to seek the Lord. I thought when he accepted of me, with all my faults and imperfections, no one would be rejected. I at once commenced exhorting and preaching, and for thirty-eight years I have been trying to do some good, but all that time I felt I needed a deeper work of grace, and I sought the Lord for it, and at times thought I was on the mountain-top, but as often got down in the valley.

Last fall we commenced a protracted prayer-meeting in Williamsport under very unfavorable circumstances. I found myself unprepared, I needed more grace. One evening, our preachers, Rev. D. Smith and Brother Knowles, called in to see me. Brother Smith had "the Guide" in his hand; he handed it to me, and asked me if I wished to read it; I took it to accommodate him, for I did not believe that I could obtain that degree of perfection it advocates, but supposed it some catch penny. About nine o'clock we had prayers, and parted. Brothers Smith and Knowles had considerable conversation on the subject of holiness; I listened, but did not participate. The fact is, I was blind to the great truth.

After they left, I took up "the Guide," because I had promised to read it, and after I commenced I could not stop, until I had read it nearly through. I saw there the experience of many that testified to the great truth of holiness of heart and life; yet in the face of all this I supposed it out of my reach. Our meeting was still in progress, and many were converted. God was doing a great work. I saw the importance of a deeper work in me, but holiness was advancing too far. While I was thus pondering the matter over, I thought I would try for more grace, that I might not be a stumbling block to the young converts.

One morning, early in January, Sister Robert Knowles, in a speaking meeting, stated that she had received the blessing of holiness at the family altar a few days previous. I thought her sincere, but the question, can I have it? or is she deceived? No! this could not be. She is a good woman.

A day or two after I was at another meeting for testimony. When I entered I fell on my knees, and asked God to give me a clean heart. God poured out His Spirit upon me in such a manner as never before. The congregation commenced singing, "Salvation is free." What more could I ask; I grasped the promise, "Salvation is free," hence I can obtain the great blessing. My heart was at once dissolved in love, and it seemed as if letters of living light, and that love that passeth all understanding was in my heart. Glory to God! while I write it all comes up before me afresh, and I feel it in my soul! oh, happy day!

Some three days after this great blessing, as I was in my room, while my wife was preparing breakfast, the enemy approached, and I thought I could hear him whisper, "You are no better than you ever was." I raised my eyes and heart to God to judge between me and my enemy, and these words came to me, "My Spirit shall be as springs of living water." And I had a glorious triumph. My wife came in for family worship. On opening the Bible it looked like a new book, and the Precious Promises seemed as though I had never seen them before, and yet they were all there.

I am getting old and infirm, but glory to God, I am not concerned about the time the Master may call for me. My wife and I are standing on the banks of the river, with some of our family already on the other side, and the rest following on.

Soon after this the brethren commenced a Tuesday night meeting, to seek a deeper work of grace, they increased in interest, and about sixteen have embraced this great salvation, and many now are seeking it.

Our meetings are now held Tuesday afternoons, at three o'clock; they are

well attended, and deeply interesting and spiritual. I will conclude by saying to the Editor of "the Guide," go on with the good work. Eternity will only reveal the amount of good done by your labor of love.

WILLIAMSPORT, Ohio, 1868.

For the Guide.

LOVING THE SAVIOUR.

"Not in word only, but in deed and in truth."

MRS. S. J. STODDARD.

O shall I say I love Thee,
When with Thy friends I meet?
And where Thine honor stayeth,
Thy praises oft repeat?

O shall I say I love Thee,
And tell in sweetest song,
The tender, thrilling story—
Thy pitying love to man?

Yes! surely praise is comely,
And loving words are sweet—
But *can* I say I love Thee,
And not do actions meet?

How can I say I love Thee,
And when the needy cry,
Stretch out no hand to help them,
Although they faint and die?

How can I say I love Thee,
And see the giddy throng
Press on the way to ruin,
Nor raise my voice to warn?

How can I say I love Thee,
And hate my brother still,
And speak those words that worketh
Unto my neighbor ill?

O blessed Saviour help me,
To love in truth and deed,
To do Thy every bidding,
And to my ways take heed.

For the Guide.

RECOLLECTIONS OF THE PAST.

REV. B. SABIN.

THE first ten years of my travels in the vineyard of the Lord to preach the "unsearchable riches of Christ," was in the N. E. Conference charges east of Connecticut River. If I was "blessed

of God" it mattered not where I was sent or how I fared, but to save souls for whom Christ died. I found many living witnesses of His power to save, in those days, a few of them I will mention for the encouragement of Christians in these times.

A. D., 1811, I became acquainted with our good brother Bolls, of New London, Ct., "an Israelite indeed, in whom is no guile," "a burning and shining light" in the Church. When he was converted he was keeping a tavern, and from a sense of duty he erected a family altar in his house, but his old tavern customers calling as usual to be waited upon, greatly annoyed him in his devotions at his altar. To remedy the evil, he cut down his sign and gave up his tavern. Then his dear, unconverted wife would make all the disturbance she could with the furniture and chairs, and even pull him over when he was trying to pray in his family, but these things did not discourage him, he meekly "suffered all" for righteousness sake, "sanctifying the Lord God in his heart, and was ready always to give an answer to every man that asked a reason of the hope that was in him, with meekness and fear."

Such was the even tenor of his life, clear, scriptural, and weighty his testimony to the "all-cleansing blood of Christ," that our excellent Presiding Elder, E. Hedding, could say he "thought he would not be afraid to risk his soul in his stead." Some years after, I inquired of Rev. A. Kent, how Father Bolls was doing? He said, "he thinks he will never sin again with his lips;" then spoke of his remarkable cautiousness in keeping the door of his lips so it was thought he had not spoken a word in three years that he would wish to recall. O, blessed man! If any man offend not in word, the same is a perfect man and able to bridle the whole body."

Also, Mary L., a person of dignified mien, always at the "feet of Jesus," ready and diligent in every good work. After professing religion about ten years, experienced "power to live by faith on the Son of God," said, "for three years

she had not seen the time but that she knew she would go to heaven if she died."

Polly G. could say, "for seven years she had not prayed in secret without the assurance that God would bless her before she went."

Ah! we were compassed about with a cloud of witnesses too numerous to particularize on this New London district in the times of Presiding Elders E. R. Sabin, E. Hedding, and A. Kent.

FATHER KENT.

The course of the latter at his Camp-meeting with those "hungering and thirsting after righteousness," was to collect them in a tent, and inquire of each their state of mind, as in Class-meeting, then all kneeling in silence, search the heart, and look to God for the needed help before vocally praying. Often there would be such gales of heavenly grace, groaning and panting for God, "the living God," as to overwhelm and fill the place where they were! The good Elder would feel the transforming power through his soul and body, constraining him to cry out, "there is power enough here to sanctify every soul in the tent or upon the ground," which saying would thrill the heart of believers to urge on for the prize. It was at one of these meetings in Wilbraham, Mass., when two excellent members of our Church, from a distance, came into the tent, who had been a long time seeking for "entire sanctification"—said to their pastor, "How shall we feel when we get the blessing?" Said he, "You will feel all you want to feel." They seemed to comprehend his words, and as we kneeled and presented their case to the "Lamb of God," the work was instantly done! At this meeting many were converted, and about thirty "sanctified by the Holy Ghost sent down from heaven."

On returning to our homes and fields of labor, several of the preachers stopped in Thompson to tarry the night and preach, and after preaching, called into a brother preacher's house for a season of prayer for "Purity and Power" to

live and labor for souls successfully in their ministry. They had access to the throne of grace, and were two or three hours upon their knees in "sweet fellowship with God" and each other," but one of them did not feel the complete "fullness of God" that he desired, though he professed the blessing of "holiness"—directed and prayed for others to be made holy, there was a want of more in his own heart. He said to himself, "Why don't I feel all I want?" After pondering on his case for a moment, by faith looking to Christ, he said, "I do have all I ask, all I want." This bold claim startled him at first. He looked again to his heart and to Christ for the decision, and found it all right, even so he then responded, "Thy will be done," with a sweetness and fullness of love and of God as to condense all prayer and praise in "Thy will be done." "O," said he, "it is enough, a river smooth as oil; bless the Lord, oh my soul, this is the way, walk ye in it, Amen."

SIXTY YEARS A WITNESS OF PERFECT LOVE.

"It is now more than sixty years since I beheld the wonders of redeeming grace in the salvation of perishing sinners, but cannot say I think 'the former days were better than these.' Nay, after all that I can learn, I conclude there is a thousand-fold more saved in these days than formerly. Conversions are as thorough and permanent; 'full sanctification' is better understood in general, obtained and retained 'by faith in Christ,' more extensively in the Church. Thank God, I have no wish to go back to those days. It is as delightful basking in 'perfect love' to-day as in the beginning. Yea, sixty year's improvement increases its beauty and richness to me. Amen."

"Quick as their thoughts, their joys come on,
But fly not half so swift away;
Their souls are ever bright as noon,
And calm as summer evenings be."

"THE FATHERS WHERE ARE THEY?"

The last words of the sainted Rev. E. B. Sabin. "This is worth praying for; if this be dying, it is very pleasant dy-

ing! Glory, glory, glory!" Said Bishop Hedding, "I used to wonder how it could be that Christ could have mercy on such a poor, miserable sinner as I am and save me. There was a kind of mist over the subject, but within a few days all this mist has been cleared away. I now see such goodness, such glory, such power—such power," repeating the word with great emphasis, "in the Redeemer, that there is now no difficulty in it! It is all plain now! O, to preach Christ. I would rather preach Christ any where, on the hardest circuit, than to have all the wealth and the honors of the kingdoms of this world."

Ah! they live and die well. Amen.

For the Guide.

OUR GREAT DELIVERANCE.

BY A. T. ALLIS.

We feel the burden gone
Which gave us such unrest,
And see no sword of Justice drawn
Aimed at our guilty breast.

The Law's tremendous voice
No more with trembling hear,
Since Mercy bade our hearts rejoice,
And Love disarmed our fear.

Our feet, which used to stray,
Led by Satanic will,
Have learned to walk the blessed way
Which leads to Zion's hill.

The war with inbred sin
Is raging now no more,
Since Jesus reigns Himself, within,
And reigns as conqueror.

Each foe within, around,
Has quailed before His might;
Is fallen lifeless to the ground,
Or put to shameful flight.

But how imperfectly
Can human heart and sense
Yet comprehend and fitly weigh
This great deliverance.

We feel the joys which flow
In sweetly every hour;
But, till in heaven, shall we know
It's glory and it's power.

STEPHEN'S MILLS, N. Y.

For the Guide.

LED BY THE SPIRIT.

H. QUERIPPEL, JR.

THERE are many sweet mysteries in salvation which can never be comprehended only as the Spirit shall make them known. "The Spirit searcheth all things, yea, the deep things of God, and revealeth them unto us." Language, at the very best, can but give a faint idea of the fullness of satisfaction to be found in the complete union of the soul with God. We can never know, or fully estimate, the quality or degree of joy and peace such a state affords, or understand it in all its relations, until we enter in, and the Spirit reveals it to us; then, how far above all our previous expectations, beyond all our former conceptions, so full and complete, substantial and real. Often have we wondered what it was to be united to Christ and be led by the Spirit, but having stepped into the *full* liberty wherewith Christ makes us free; we now know for ourselves.

This being led by the Spirit, is one of the most prominent and peculiar features in the experiences of those who follow Holiness. It is one of those *infallible* evidences by which we may know we have received "the divine anointing"—"the setting apart,"—"from on high," and have passed into that state of conformity to the will of God, represented by *entire* Consecration and Sanctification. The Apostle Paul uses this expression in much the same sense, when he says, "For as many as *are* led by the Spirit of God, *they* are the sons of God." If then we are led by the Spirit, we may with all confidence take to ourselves the comforting conclusion and assurance that *we are* the children of God, "and if children, then heirs; heirs of God, joint heirs with Christ."

From this it will be perceived that the leading of the Spirit, as a feature of Holiness, is not occasional—now and then—but continual and not interrupted. The expression "are led," is in the present tense, and refers to them that are *always* led by the Spirit, *they* are the

sons of God. Now this supposes all such to be in all particulars, at all times and under all circumstances, under the control and direction of the Spirit, or, in other words, they have received "the mind of the Spirit," and are not led by any worldly consideration or selfish interest, but in all their actions are dictated by *love*—God is love.

It also implies a complete crucifixion of self and the eradication of *all* sin. The fountain of life-action no longer throws up mire and dirt, but pours forth fresh, sweet, pure streams of *living* righteousness. The Holy Spirit is the source of the life within. "The mind of the Spirit" is persistently sought in the most trivial as well as in the most important actions of life.

It denotes that state in which entire consecration has been completed, wherein *reason* and the understanding, and the *expediency* are all given up; the *government* is placed upon His shoulders, and He reigns all in all; no reservation of rights or privileges but follow whithersoever He leadeth. Upon no other condition will the Spirit lead than that of yielding up all, and becoming *owned* instead of *owner*.

How sweet it is to be led by the Spirit! We have no anxiety, no care, no fear, for He taketh upon Him all our cares; carries all our burdens; relieves all our sorrows; dries up all our tears, and fills our hearts with complete peace and continual rejoicing. With what gentle care He picks the way for our feet amid the rough paths in life, and when we weary, He, with more than a mother's tenderness, encourages and cheers us.

They that are led by the Spirit walk *blameless* and irrefragable—offending not in the least particular: they have constant union and communion with God their Saviour; they have a clear conception and realization of the personal presence of Christ: they are led in the "way of love;" at each step the world grows more and more dim, and heaven becomes brighter and more distinct.

How many are not led by the Spirit! They desire and wish, and that is all.

If you *want* this great salvation you *can* have it if you *will*. The first thing is, do you want it? If you do, then *WILL* to have it, and *fulfill* the conditions, and *then take it*.

This is the whole philosophy of obtaining that state in which the Spirit leads.

For the Guide.

JESUS DID IT ALL."

MRS. M. D. T.

I was led, when twelve years of age, to give my heart to the Saviour, and for twelve years I tried to live a Christian, yet nearly all the time I was unsatisfied with myself, and felt that I was living beneath my privilege. I did not know what my privilege in Christ was, though having been twelve years in the M. E. Church the subject of holiness, I knew nothing about it.

But last Autumn a kind Providence sent us a pastor who enjoyed this blessing, and I was led through his instrumentality to see that it was not only my privilege, but my duty to be holy. Just as soon as I settled the question in my own mind that there was a fullness in Christ which I did not enjoy, that moment I resolved to seek for it.

My first duty was to lay all on the altar. This did not seem very hard, when I thought that all I had came from God, and why should I not feel willing to trust Him with it, for He has promised that all things shall work together for good to them that love Him, and I felt that even though He should see fit to take my loved ones from me, it would be for my good, and He would give me grace to bear it.

Then I began to wonder why I was not accepted. While reading and praying for light, I saw that I must believe that when I gave up all, it *was* all accepted, and I must believe it simply because it was God's word, and not look for the evidence before I was willing to believe. I soon felt that I could believe that I was accepted, simply because God had said so; and though a load seemed removed from my mind, still I did not

feel satisfied. I wanted my heart filled with the love of God. I saw that it was unbelief that kept me back, and I continued praying for faith, and trying to believe for several days, but I seemed to gain but little.

Finally, one morning, while engaged with my household cares, I was thinking how hard I had tried to believe, and yet I seemed unable to, and I felt such a sense of my utter helplessness that I said in my heart, "Lord! what shall I do? This blessing I *must* have, I *cannot live* without it, and yet I cannot receive it without believing; and I am so weak I cannot believe. Thou knowest I desire to believe, but I am so weak that I am unable to. O Lord! take me just as I am; with all my unbelief, my doubts and fears, and come into my heart Thyself, and *believe for me*."

It seems a strange way to express it; and it seemed a strange thought to my mind; and still that was the only way I could express the felt want of my soul; and the moment I threw myself wholly on the Saviour, and was willing to let Him do all the work for me, even to believing for me, that moment my heart was filled with light and joy, and peace, such as I had never known before. So fully did I feel that my Saviour had done it all; and I could claim no merit of my own, that I thought if any one should ask me if I had gained the victory over unbelief, I should tell them No! I just gave my unbelief to the Saviour, and He gained the victory for me. And since that time I have felt every moment that He was leading me, and I praise His name to-day for a full salvation.

I was a whole week learning how to get rid of my unbelief, and if these lines will lead one soul to give their unbelief to the Saviour, and accept, in exchange, joy and peace in believing, I will thank God that I was led to write them.

IOWA, Mich., 1868.

Theology is a divine chemistry which can be understood only by being studied in the laboratory of the heart.—*Know*.

For the Guide.

THE WAY OF HOLINESS.

P. J. OWENS.

"I will go in the strength of the Lord God; I will make mention of thy righteousness, even of thine only."—Psalm 11-16.

Weak, timid one, wilt dare the path?

Where fell the strong and brave before thee,
Firm hearts have quailed beneath the wrath,

Of sin's wild storm that gathers o'er thee,
The scornful voices of the world,

The taunting lips in mockery curled,
The pointing hands, that fain would write
Some blot upon thy garments white;

Canst thou face these, and still pursue

The narrow way, all dark and lonely?

This path of scorn my Saviour trod,

I will go in the strength of the Lord God,

Rest my heart in His promise true,

And mention His righteousness only.

But thou hast fiercer foes to meet,

They watch for thee with demon malice,

Now scatter thorns to pierce thy feet,

Now wreath with flowers some poison
chalice,

They forge the links of passion's chain,

They build bright thrones for pride's domain,

They steal upon thee unawares,

And whisper through thy secret prayers,

Dost hope their power to withstand,

And still press on, though faint and
lonely?

This thorny path my Saviour trod,

I will go in the strength of the Lord God,

Rest my hope on his strong right hand,

And mention his righteousness only.

Frail one, it is a narrow way,

The saints and martyrs passed before thee,

Who changed the faggot's blazing ray

For shining crowns of endless glory.

The holy ones who left the earth,

Sweet memories of priceless worth,

And wouldst thou dare, unworthy one,

To walk where such as these have gone?

Thy faltering step with theirs keep pace,

Thy trembling heart, dismayed and
lonely,

I follow on where Jesus trod,

I will go in the strength of the Lord God,

Cast my soul on His bounteous grace,

And mention His righteousness only.

Weak and unworthy, timid and frail,

I dare to follow His guiding,

Shall my heart faint, or my courage fail

While I cleave to His love abiding?

Shall I turn back from danger and loss?

My foes will flee from the blood-stained
cross,

On, till the perilous way is past,

Crossing the solemn tide at last,

My soul, in the joy of glorious spheres,

Will sing no longer sad and lonely.

The path of death my Saviour trod,

I will go in the strength of the Lord God,

Through all the eternal, blissful years

I will mention Thy righteousness only.

BALTIMORE, Md., 1868.

For the Guide.

FRUITS OF HOLINESS.

H. L. F.

"We must, therefore, state plainly that when no more than ordinary power of usefulness appears, where no marked religious effects are realized, there is strong reason to doubt whether entire sanctification exists." "We, therefore, put it down as a fact inevitable, that if holiness is enjoyed and lived, it will be diffused."—Central Idea,

This is only a human version of the divine maxim, "By their fruits ye shall know them," and admits of no gainsaying, no denial. We can as reasonably expect to "gather grapes of thorns, and figs of thistles," as where the true vine is planted to gather therefrom only wild grapes; to find that which is contrary to peace and holiness in the lives of those professing entire sanctification.

There is nothing which so fills the soul with trembling, holy awe, as to hear a child of God confess that they are "cleansed from all sin," that they are no longer under condemnation, that they "love the Lord with *all* their heart, and their neighbor as themselves," that they are "wholly the Lord's." We believe that angels in heaven rejoice to hear such testimony, true, earnest, and humble. But we greatly fear that some rest here; satisfied if they can occasionally renew their confession, and fatally believing that beyond this there is no progression, while it is really but the commencement; they are to "go on unto perfection;" "sincere and without of-

fence till the day of Christ;" "filled with the fruits of righteousness, to the glory and praise of God; having their "fruit unto holiness"—their leaf green, and the end everlasting life.

Paul did not rest: far on in his sanctified life he could pray "that I may win Christ, and be found in Him," "that I may know Him, the power of His resurrection, the fellowship of His sufferings, being made conformable with His death." David prayed, "Create in me a clean heart, O God, and renew a right spirit within me." Moses, after talking with God as friend to friend, after beholding the thunders and lightnings, and clouds of Sinai, and the bush, burning yet unconsumed; unsatisfied, could cry, "I beseech thee, show me Thy glory." There are the days of small things in sanctification, as in justification, and while we should not despise them, we are not to be satisfied with them; no attainment in holiness, but admits of that still higher: no degree of faith, but admits a stronger "come up higher"—all things are possible to Him that believeth."

"By their fruits ye shall know them," as we trace the winding stream by the freshened verdure of its banks, so will the fully sanctified soul create an atmosphere of peace and purity, of tenderness and love, of sweet humility, which will be felt by all who come within its influence. Kind looks, gentle tones, soft answers will show the law of kindness dwelling within; the true spirit of our heavenly Master; and we only "know that He abideth in us by the spirit which He hath given us;" that Spirit which leads us not only to ask earnestly and submissively, "Lord, *what* wilt thou have me to do," but "*do* with our might whatsoever our hands find to do." No conferring with flesh and blood; no shrinking from the call of duty, wherever it may lead; whether it be to minister to the spiritual and temporal wants of the suffering ones who love us, and whom God has placed in our hands to develop and perfect our Christian love and sympathy, or to perform offices of kindness for those who love us not, and whose harsher natures and unlovely traits of character

render them repulsive to our finer sensibilities, and cause our good to be evil spoken of; that Spirit which helps us in gentleness and love to "bear one another's burdens, and so fulfill the law of Christ"—to "do good to all as we have opportunity,"—for "to him that knoweth to do good, and doeth it not, to him it is sin"—to live, not only blameless and harmless, without rebuke in the midst of a *crooked and perverse* generation, but to "*walk worthy of the Lord* unto all pleasing"—"to pursue whatsoever is lovely and of good report,"—"that our profiting may appear unto all," to renounce self, to have every desire and purpose of heart and life, in complete harmony with the holy and perfect will of God.

"Their fruits" are known and felt in the prayers of the sanctified ones; no formal tones, no set phrases, but the warm outgushing of a heart in close and living communion with Christ our Saviour—"a heart that always feels the blood so freely shed for us," prayers that with unwatering faith take hold on the promises and plead them in the name of Him whom He heareth always—who has said, "Whatever ye shall ask in my name, I will do it." O, who has not felt the holy, heavenly influence of such divine breathings in the sick-room, the class and prayer-meetings, as though the presence of the Most High overshadowed the place.

"Their fruits" are known by the love of plain dealing in the pulpit and class; the willingness to bear reproof if need be; to receive correction and instruction in the things that belong to our everlasting peace, from those who are "over us in the Lord to admonish us;" "for they watch for our souls as they that must give account—that they may do it with joy, and not with grief;" "and *this* also we wish even your perfection."

"Their fruits" are seen in the increased spiritual and temporal prosperity of the Church; in the earnest, holy lives of its ministry and membership; in the fulfilling of that new commandment that ye love one another: when her withered graces shall bloom into the beauty of holiness; when she shall "arise and shine,

her light being come, and the glory of the Lord being risen upon her;" and, when it can be said, "Praise waiteth for Thee, O Lord, in Zion."

"Their fruits" are seen when laid upon a bed of languishing, and called to endure untold suffering and privation, the language of the sanctified soul will be "it is the Lord, let Him do what seemeth to Him good;" "I know, O Lord, that Thy judgments are right, and that Thou in faithfulness hast afflicted me;" in looking longingly over to that "city which hath foundations, whose builder and maker is God." "I have fought a good fight; I have kept the faith, henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness," said one, whose last, hallowed hours were a fitting close to a pure and guileless life of more than four score years—while the glories of that other world beamed from a face lighted up with a wondrous, immortal youth; "I am going home to Jesus, Jesus, Jesus;" and the silver cord was loosened, and the golden bowl was broken, and the life went out, as a star fades in the light of pure and perfect day. "I know that my Redeemer liveth,"—"they shall walk with me in white, for they are worthy." "They shall hunger no more, neither thirst any more, neither shall the sun light on them, nor any heat, for the Lamb that is in the midst of them shall feed them, and shall lead them unto living fountains of waters, and God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes." And there, "by their fruits ye shall know them."

For the Guide.

THE POWER OF SIMPLE FAITH

AS EXHIBITED IN THE EXPERIENCE OF MATTHEW TIBBY.

LAST March, when on the wide ocean, God, for Christ's sake, forgave my sins. This glorious change took place through the instrumentality of my brother, a sailor by profession.

Soon after my conversion, I was told that there was a higher state to be obtained. I saw it was not enough that I had been brought up out of Egypt, but I must go forward and possess the goodly land—the Canaan of perfect love.

I arrived in the city of New York on the 16th of March, after an absence of thirteen years. I then went to the Tuesday Meeting held at 23 St. Mark's Place, and there, by the help of the Holy Spirit, was enabled to lay my all upon the Lord's altar to be His forever. As soon as I did this, I resolved to trust God's word and believe that he did receive me because He said so.

It was said "an offering presented to God *through* Christ is holy acceptable," and I *believed* it. At the time I had no particular emotion, but knowing that God was ever saying, "I will receive you," I relied on the evidence of His word and believed and confessed that He did receive me. Though Satan pressed hard, I trusted in Christ to save me from the sin of doubting, and thus held on by naked faith four days.

I will not attempt to describe what great conflicts I had with the enemy of my soul during those four days. It seemed as much as I could possibly endure to hold on to the shield of faith, but I had resolved that I *would not* doubt God's word.

Even my own brother, who was in Christ before me, did not encourage me to believe I had the blessing of holiness, because he thought the attainment of the blessing ought to be accompanied with more joyful experiences. But I told him God had said it and that was enough for me.

After this, the Lord did not choose to try my faith on this point any longer. He sent His Holy Spirit to witness with my spirit in such a sensible manner that for some time I could do nothing but praise the God of my salvation. This was more to me than the testimony of ten thousand human witnesses.

If persons reading these lines are now desiring the blessing of purity, let them not look to their *feelings* and trust in them, but look away from their emotions, and take Christ for a full Saviour, trusting in His word alone.

After I had received the witness of the blessing, I related to a young brother *how* I received it, and told him he must trust in the word of God. He was in

like manner enabled to believe, and received the blessing in such a powerful manner that his face shone like an angel's. Glory be to God for the power of His word, and simple faith in the merits of Jesus.

I was formerly a miner, and little did I think when I was digging in the bowels of the earth for gold, that the Lord had such rich treasures for me in Christ Jesus. Every morning I bind the sacrifice afresh upon the altar, and almighty strength is given to keep it there from day to day. It is thus that I hold on my way rejoicing, believing that God is able to keep what I have committed in to His hands unto the perfect day. Jesus enables me to take up my cross daily, and blesses me yet more and more when I acknowledge what great things He has done for my soul. Salvation, honor and praise be ascribed to God and the Lamb forever!

For the Guide.

ADVICE TO THE NEWLY SANCTIFIED.

A. A. H.

How true it is that we are all creatures of change. Times, seasons, surroundings, circumstances, and change of locality have more or less to do with our spiritual state; more so with those who are in the first stages of perfect love.

What can we do to maintain that heavenly-mindedness, that calm peacefulness, that holy sanctity that pervades the soul after it has received the baptism of fire? The thought often occurs doubtless to the newly-sanctified heart, that this glory of high-wrought emotion and holy joy will always remain, and if at any time the Saviour withdraws his sensible presence from such a soul, and leaves them to trust alone in Him, regardless of feeling, it will at once begin to doubt, and perhaps earnestly pray for this weight of glory to return.

Let me say to such, if you have let your gift touch the altar, there let it remain. If your whole body, soul, and spirit are laid a willing sacrifice on Christ, just believe according to God's word

that it is accepted, that your debt is paid, and as long as this covenant is perpetuated between God and your soul, so long you may with boldness claim a full salvation. If anchored to Christ, what difference can it make to us what our feelings or trials are with regard to our acceptance with Him? Our faith that we belong to Him, gives us a continuous victory, and we can count it all joy when we fall into divers temptations.

But we ask again, what can preserve this peace in our souls? We answer; by cultivating a close and intimate acquaintance with God in secret prayer, and when we pray, let us not utter words to no purpose, but ask in humble simplicity for just *the thing* that we need, and at the same time have faith that whatsoever we ask in prayer, believing, we shall receive; also, let us set a close watch at the door of our lips, that no corrupt communication may proceed out of our mouths; and when we are engaged in every day cares, let us take the advice of the sainted Fletcher, and entertain holy thoughts of God and an inward recollected spirit, and keep an eye steadily to Christ and we are safe. Earth, hell, principalities, nor powers can ever daunt our faith while Jesus is our hiding place.

For the Guide.

HID IN JESUS.

BY A CONGREGATIONALIST.

I am entirely surrounded by the presence of God to-day, and my soul is drinking in His glory, and feasting on His love. I desire to tell the readers of the precious "Guide" of an hour I spent alone with God last evening. I had knelt, as usual before retiring, to commit myself to His keeping, and offer again those petitions, that lay so heavily upon my heart, and had been daily, yes, and many times a day, presented to a throne of grace. Not for a blessing for myself; had it been thus, I should long ere this, by faith in Jesus, claimed the fulfillment of His word, but God had laid a burden of soul upon me, and while earnestly pleading before Him, the Spirit gently

whispered "Whatsoever ye shall ask in *Jesus' name* I will do it."

I caught at the words in *Jesus' name*, as never before. I saw such a meaning in them, such power and glory. Instantly I seemed to sink out of self, and saw by the eye of faith, as clearly as I could with my natural eyes, Jesus far above me, and I held him there, right between me and the Father. I was entirely hid, but there was Jesus, my precious Jesus, taking my poor petitions, sprinkling them with His own precious blood, and presenting them faultless before the Father. I knew He could not turn away the pleadings of His Son. And O, the glory that came flooding to my soul; prayer was turned to praise, sorrow to laughter, for only in that way could I give vent to the holy joy that filled to overflowing my poor heart. I knew the word of God was sure, and I could rest upon it. All glory to His name. Then the Spirit showed me that while I had brought this petition day after day, and said "in *Jesus' name*," "for *Jesus' sake*;" there had been a secret something unknown before, which said "because I ask, because I so much desire it." But now glory be to God I could say from the depths of my inmost soul, "for *Jesus' sake*," and victory was mine.

Now I only wait in the full assurance of faith, for the accomplishment of His word, knowing it is yea and amen to those that believe. Praise His holy name forever, and to-day my hold is strong on God. I realize more fully the value of the precious victory gained. Why, God could not fail to answer when Jesus undertook the case. No. He *could not* turn away the pleadings of His Son. O, precious Advocate! blessed Jesus! would that I could love Thee more.

For the Guide.

WHAT IS TRUE RELIGION?

J. W. G. D.

True Religion, is a *peculiar* activity of God, which announces itself to the *heart* of man, changes it, converts it, and restores man to peace with himself, with the world, and with God.

The object of religion is the restoration of *peace*; this can be restored only by an union of man with his Creator, through whom alone he can perceive the true value of everything created by Him, and estimate it properly.

This union is to be produced by a peculiar activity of God upon the heart of man.

This activity is *peculiar*, because it differs from every other Divine agency, and announces itself as such to the heart, so that it needs no other proof, but is its own authority:—as the light of the sun needs no other light to make itself seen or manifest, so this activity of God, directed upon the heart, makes it certain of its nature.

It is the *heart* upon which it acts, purifying and converting it.

It being changed, the whole man is changed; it being converted from the world to God, from sin to holiness, all the activities of which it is the seat will be turned contemporaneously and forever. Hence, while in the state of nature the different activities of mind were at war with each other, they are now brought into harmony, pervaded by one spirit, by one love, and by one object, so that man having God in his heart, will have Him in *his thoughts*, in *his will*, in *his actions*, and in *his feelings*. So that none of these mental activities will feel healthy and joyful without this reference to God.

Religion, then, is always based upon a communication of God to man, and where the regenerating power of the spirit is absent, *there cannot be true religion*.

RIMERSBURG, PA., 1868.

For the Guide.

STOP TRYING.

GEORGE W. POWDER.

Twelve years ago I was converted, and had a clear evidence of sins forgiven, and that I was a child of God, yet I often felt the motions of sin in my heart comprehended, usually in the term, "Roots of Bitterness," and as I read a good deal upon the subject of holiness, and heard from those, who professed to have had

their hearts cleansed from all sin, I think I never doubted either the necessity or possibility of its being done in me, and sought to obtain that experience that would enable me to testify to the fact. Passing over the time up to one year ago, I heard a sermon on the mighty power of sin. It made a very deep impression on my mind. It appeared to be as deadly in its effects upon the soul, as the venom of a serpent is to the body, and I sought earnestly, by prayer and consecration, to be made free from its terrible power; yet I made but little progress.

Learning of the camp-meeting at Vineland, I determined, if possible, to attend there, thinking I might learn something that would enable me to secure the blessing of a heart from sin set free. I was only there the last two days of the camp, but tried to improve every moment. For a long time previous I had been trying to dedicate myself to God, but never felt the consecration complete. At one of the meetings I heard this advice given—"Stop trying to consecrate yourselves, and do it." The last afternoon of the meeting there was an invitation given to all who desired the blessing, to kneel in the altar, and make a full consecration of themselves to God. I bowed there, and endeavored to do so, but could not feel that the offering was accepted. It then came to my mind "stop trying," and do it. I ceased making any more efforts, and said, "Lord, I give myself, my all to Thee, I will strive to serve Thee with all the ability I have, and will wait patiently until Thou shalt give me the evidence of the offering being accepted. When I arose I felt calm, and resigned to the will of God in the matter, and labored earnestly with penitents in the altar till near midnight.

The next morning as I awoke I found these words in my heart, "I will nurse thee as a gardener doth a tender plant." I knew it was the Spirit's voice, and was filled with a peace and comfort indescribable. A few hours after, the Lord gave me such a wondrous view of the blood of Christ—its efficacy and power to cleanse the soul—that, glory be to the Lamb, I felt that were sin a thousand times more

powerful than it was, there was power enough in the blood of Jesus to wash away every stain. I could not rejoice much, but felt a most solemn awe pervading my entire being, as I realized that it cost the life of Him that made the universe to procure my salvation. Glory be to God, He has given me even more than I could ask or think, and I feel that I can, indeed, reckon myself dead unto sin, but alive unto God through our Lord Jesus Christ.

BALTIMORE.

NATIONAL CAMP-MEETING.

Providence permitting, a camp-meeting will be held at Manheim, Lancaster Co., Pa., to commence Tuesday, July 14, and close on Friday, the 24th, the special object of which will be the promotion of Christian holiness. The wonderful and glorious manifestations of awakening, converting, and sanctifying power, which occurred at a similar meeting at Vineland, N. J., last year, have assured us it would be highly advantageous for those who desire to know more perfectly the way of faith, to come together from different parts of our country, and join in earnest and continued supplication to God for the outpouring of His Spirit upon the Church and the world. We, therefore, invite all such, irrespective of denominational affinities, to unite with us in this effort to spread scriptural holiness over these lands.

A few days thus spent in the "tented grove," the mind being abstracted from all worldly interest and care, and fixed upon spiritual and eternal things, may be followed by results of immense benefit to all concerned. We urge you, dearly beloved brethren, to come to this "feast of tabernacles," not for discussion, but for prayer; not for the promotion of a mere dogmatic idea, but for the attainment of a deeper religious experience; not for recreation and amusement, but for solemn and devout waiting before the Lord for the "gift of power from on high;" not for observation and criticism, but for consecrated endeavor and prayerful co-operation. Let us be of "one heart and one mind," and draw near to God, expecting the "baptism of fire," and the triumph of our Redeemer's kingdom. We affectionately solicit the children of God

everywhere to "pray for us, that the word of the Lord may have free course, and be glorified," and that the Pentecostal season of Vineland may be far exceeded at Manheim, both in the quickening and sanctification of believers, and the awakening and conversion of sinners.

We would advise preachers and people, if practicable, to come at the commencement of the meeting, and remain until its close; also, to bring with them their own camp equipage. Those who may desire it, can make reasonable and satisfactory arrangements for board and lodging on the ground, and in the immediate neighborhood. Nevertheless, as a matter of economy and spiritual profit, our friends, lay and clerical, will do well to provide their own tents, and board themselves.

All further information, concerning price of board, tent accommodations, mode and rates of travel, etc., can be had from Hon. James Black, of Lancaster, Pa., who will promptly respond to any inquiries that may be made. Either of the undersigned will also be glad to receive any communications or suggestions, which the friends of this movement may think will contribute to its interest and efficiency.

We hope to enlist the sympathy, prayers, and faith of thousands of God's people throughout our country, that the meeting may be a season of extraordinary power and marvelous success. We, therefore, ask all who love the cause of our Master, and desire the prosperity of Zion, to pray that we may have a "time of refreshing" which will never be forgotten, and that the Captain of our salvation may do wonders among us. We would also respectfully suggest that those who sympathize with the objects of this meeting unite with us in observing Friday, July 9, as a day of fasting and prayer, that the Lord may "make bare His holy arm," and all the people see His great salvation.

W. L. GRAY, P. E., Phila., A. E. BALLARD, Bridgeton, N. J., J. S. INSKIP, N. Y., B. M. ADAMS, Brooklyn, N. Y., G. HUGHES, Hightstown, N. Y., L. R. DUNN, Jersey City, A. COOKMAN, Wilmington, Del., G. C. WELLS, Albany, N. Y., J. A. WOOD, Wilkesbarre, Pa., A. McCLAIN, N. Y., W. T. B. CLEMM, Ellicott City, Md., J. W. HORNE, N. Y., J. THOMPSON, Germantown, Pa., G. C. M. ROBERTS, Baltimore, W. B. OSBORNE, Farmingdale, N. J., B. W. GORHAM, Newark, N. J., S. COLEMAN, Williamsport, Pa., W. H. BOOLE, Williamsburgh, N. Y.

Loved One's Gone Before.

MISS ARVILLA M. BRADFORD.

S. M. BRADFORD.

DIED of typhoid-fever, at Cleveland, Ohio, Nov. 22d, Miss ARVILLA M., daughter of Mr. Enos Bradford, of Crown Point, New York, in her twenty-ninth year.

SISTER B. gave her heart to Christ at the age of eleven; joined the M. E. Church, and continued a worthy member till her Master said it is enough, come up higher. At the age of fourteen the destroying angel put his mark upon her in the form of spinal affection, which became the source of almost constant suffering, frequently prostrating her entirely.

At the age of eighteen she felt the need of a clean heart, and by the help of the "Guide," was led to the Blood that cleanseth from all sin. Being of a fearful temperament, she was sometimes in darkness, yet the Saviour kept her from falling and made her an efficient instrument in leading others to the rest of faith in Christ. She was ever at her post of duty; nothing but inability could keep her from the means of grace.

Holiness to the Lord was her theme, disregarding every offer to a fashionable life, she chose to suffer affliction with the people of God, rather than enjoy the pleasures of sin for a season. For several years she had felt a strong desire to enter the missionary-field, and when the call came for teachers among the freedmen, she reported herself, and contrary to the entreaty of parents and friends, entered the work, saying, if the Lord would strengthen for the work six months, she would be willing to give up her account. She received her appointment at La Grange, Troup County, Ga., entered upon her work the 1st of January, laboring with untiring energy, with great efficiency and success for six months, in addition to the day-school, teaching evenings gratis, superintending Sabbath-school, and teaching Bible class, holding weekly prayer-meetings, in which many were led to Christ.

At the close of the term she visited her sister at Sycamore, Ill., attended camp-meeting, where she had the pleasure of seeing Dr. and Mrs. Palmer, and of getting her spiritual strength greatly increased, thence to Cleveland, to spend the balance of the vacation of

her school (with the writer of this and family) where she arrived August 2d. The day after she was obliged to take her bed. But it soon became evident that her work was done. On being informed that her case baffled the power of medical skill, she calmly replied, "The Lord's will not mine be done." She spoke of her dissolution as going home. On being asked if the grave had any terror, she said not any; it was the gate that opened into the Paradise of God. She frequently said,

"Angels are in my room,
They're 'round my bed,
They wait to waft my spirit home
All is well! all is well!"

Though her sufferings were extreme, she bore them with patience.

She gave all the directions pertaining to her burial with perfect tranquility, and requested that nothing should be sung at her funeral that was sad or mournful. On being asked if she would like to recover, she said, "Only to work for Jesus." A few days previous to her departure, the power of speech failed, but reason sat enthroned to the latest breath.

For nearly three quarters of an hour before the spirit fled, all thought she was gone to the spirit world, but she revived, and wanted to be raised up in bed, after which she said she was going home, bid all farewell, requesting each one present to meet her in heaven, and sweetly fell asleep in Jesus, to wait till the first resurrection. Upon such the second death hath no power. "Let me die the death of the righteous, and let my last end be like his."

For the Guide.

FAITH VICTORIOUS.

F. W.

A brief sketch of the life, with an account of the last illness, and death of I. J. Willard, of Evanston, as given in a letter to Mrs. Bishop Hamline, and furnished for publication.

My father was born in Vermont, in 1805. His parents removed to the State of New York when he was ten years old, and settled in Monroe County, near Rochester. In this vicinity he grew to manhood, surrounded by religious influences when at home, but after he was sixteen, spending much of his time

away, being engaged first in teaching, afterwards in mercantile pursuits.

At the age of twenty-four he publicly announced his purpose to become a Christian, although he had led a moral life, this declaration, so intense in its earnestness, surprised those who listened to it, being made in the usual weekly prayer-meeting of the Church he was accustomed to attend when at home, at a time when no particular interest was manifested by the young or the old. A moment's silence followed, when throwing himself upon his knees, he began to pray aloud that God, for Christ's sake, would pardon his sins.

So ardent was he in this pursuit of the peace which passeth knowledge, that he would go to Christian men, no matter where he found them; to the farmer at his plow; the mechanic in his shop, and ask them then and there to pray with him.

But a few days passed before he felt himself to be a child of God, and entered upon the work of pleading with his friends to become Christians, with the same zeal that had characterized his own efforts for salvation. This was the beginning of a revival such as had not been witnessed in that community for years. In it thirty heads of families were converted, besides many young persons, among whom were his brother and sisters. From this time he was, through all his life, a useful member of the Church, interested in all its interests, temporal and spiritual, maintaining steadfastly his faith in Christ, and striving to honor his Saviour among men.

In the autumn of 1841, several years after his marriage, he removed with his family to Oberlin, Ohio, where, for five years, he devoted himself assiduously to study, with the manly purpose of supplying, as far as possible, the deficiencies of early education. Ill health obliged him to relinquish his plan of completing his college course, after he had entered the junior year, and he removed to the young and thriving State of Wisconsin, where he lived fourteen years, carrying on a large farm, near Janesville, besides holding several important civil offices at various times, and being prominently connected with the horticultural and agricultural interests of the State.

In 1859 he changed his place of residence

to Evanston, Ill. In common with all intelligent Methodists he had been deeply interested in the accounts given by the press of the munificence and enterprise which were combining even then, to make this charming village a centre of interest and power to the Church so dear to him.

On account of the superior advantages it offered for the education of his children, and of its proximity to Chicago, where he contemplated entering into business, he chose Evanston as the place where he would make for himself and his family a permanent home. "I shall never live elsewhere," he said, soon after coming here, "no place ever suited me so well as this."

In the autumn of 1865 he withdrew from the banking-house of Preston, Willard and Kean, (with which he had been for several years connected), his health, which had always been delicate, no longer permitting him to engage in business. But his interest in the village, and especially in the Church, was more manifest than before, now that he was released from absorbing occupations of a personal character.

From this time, dear Mrs. Hamline, dates my father's personal acquaintance with you, and pleasant, indeed, has it been to us of his immediate family, to hear your impartial testimony to his Christian worth, and especially to the value of his influence here in favor of the doctrine of entire sanctification. With what pleasure must those of us who enjoyed its heavenly influence, ever look back upon those wonderful revival months of the winter of 1866! How delightful our memories of Dr. and Mrs. Palmer, whose visit to our village, at that time, was productive of results so long and gratefully to be remembered. Can we even forget the thrilling exhortations of our dear pastor, Dr. Raymond, or quite lose from our hearts the tender memory of those most sacred days when every face mirrored some loving, loyal thought of Christ our Saviour; when every heart thrilled with the sincerest penitence, or exulted in divinest faith, when the whole congregation, as with one voice, tremulous with praise and thanksgiving, sang sweetest songs of Him who hath loved us, and washed us in His most precious blood.

Is it not glorious to remember such scenes

as these: a whole community of thoughtful men and women turned aside from other occupations to delight themselves in consecration to their Maker's service, and in the reception of His gracious favor through faith? But these inspiring memories betray me.

Among the multitude that will ever recall those meetings with delight, my dear father is prominent. Frequent and most profitable to me were our conversations upon spiritual things that winter. Always he was remarkably clear and self-convinced in his presentation of religious truth; always was "believe" his watch-word, whether he talked to unconcerned, convicted, or converted persons; and to him it seemed strangely and sweetly natural to believe. In all my life I never heard from his lips the slightest expression of a doubt as to Jesus as *a* Saviour and *his* Saviour. It is a most unusual experience probably, but he has left no written or spoken word behind him, I am confident, not even in the intimacy of the nearest relationship, that in any degree allies him with that class of Christians of which Thomas is the unenviable type.

My mother says, that when a young man, a few years after his conversion, my father used to think and speak much of holiness of heart, but, though a very zealous Christian, his views upon that subject were not clear. All his life he was interested in it, and may have enjoyed much that it contemplates, though without analyzing his state of heart, as he might have done, had he been more fortunate in his understanding of some of the principles involved.

Be this as it may, ever after the meeting just referred to, he believed that he possessed and he unflinchingly professed, and urged upon the attention of others, holiness of heart, a complete consecration of all his powers and possibilities to God, and a momentary faith in his Redeemer. You know, even better than I, his constancy in attending the "Monday night meeting for Holiness," maintained ever since the revival of '66, the fervor and the frequency of his appeals, the almost child-like faith that characterized his narrations of personal experience and inspired his prayers. Truth came from his lips embodied in his own vivid style of thought and expression, and lost none of its impressive-

ness thereby. He was a positive man ; a positive Christian. He took nothing by hearsay ; authorized no one to retail ideas to him upon any subject—least of all upon that which is greatest of all.

I am conscious that in putting upon record thus plainly and unequivocally his love for, and implicit belief in the doctrine of sanctification, as taught by Wesley, Fletcher, and the Palmers, I am doing that, of which he would most heartily and joyfully approve, could I submit to him the declarations herein made.

But for one year he has been missed from his accustomed place in church and in the social meetings, which no one filled more regularly than he, when it was possible. For one year his feeble frame has endured untold pain, by chill and fever, night-sweat, cough, and all the dreadful symptoms of that most terrible disease, consumption. It crept upon him slowly—allowing him a daily respite at the first—attacking him with great violence in the early months of summer, pursuing him when he left his home on the lake-shore as the chilly winds of autumn began to blow, and went to his friends at the East in the old, familiar places, hoping much from change of air and scene—confining him constantly to his bed for four months—wasting him to a mere skeleton—and, finally, in untold suffering, wresting away his last faint breath, the earthly side, not so, stands the record, thank God ! upon the heavenly side. Almost from the first, he thought this would be his last illness, and quietly, diligently, and wisely proceeded to arrange his earthly affairs. No item, however minute, seemed to escape him. Whatever was of the least importance to his family ; whatever friendship, or acquaintance, or any of his relations in life demanded or even suggested, ever so faintly, was done by him.

He did not need newly to attune his mind to harmony with the will of God—no matter where it might lead him—through what depths soever of pain and abnegation. But in those months of suffering he enjoyed a consciousness of the presence of his Saviour ; consolations from the Holy Spirit ; views of the glory soon to be revealed, such as no pen may describe, no gratitude of ours may equal.

Much that he said has been preserved, and dimly shadows the delightful visions by which his sick-room was made sacred. For the sake of the memoranda that follow, all that precedes has been prepared. As you read his simple, unstudied words, you will miss the inspiration of the earnest eye, the lighted face, the tremulous voice, and falling tear.

Sometime—in God's own good time—may He bring us where we shall see that loved and honored face once more—exalted to the heavenly habitations where there is no more death.

To be Continued.

Editorial.

PRAYER FOR PURITY ANSWERED.

"Of a truth I perceive God is no respecter of persons."—PETER.

"There are some people who seem to have far more direct and immediate answers to prayer than others. These are of the favored few, but I do not belong to the number ; I ask but do not receive."

And why, my friend, do you not receive ?

"On account of my unworthiness, I suppose."

Nay, my friend ; if God had said *according* to thy worthiness be it done unto thee, then you, and I, and thousands of others might ever have been kept far away from the doors of salvation.

O, how I do love to linger before the Throne, pleading the words, "If *any* of you lack wisdom, let him ask of God that giveth to all men liberally, and *upbraideth* not, and it shall be given." Perhaps, a thousand times, I have, when pressed almost beyond measure, with a sense of unworthiness, waited before the Throne of love and mercy, repeating, "Thou hast said, 'If *any* of you lack wisdom—not those who are worthy—Thou givest liberally, and *upbraideth* not—Thou dost not say, I have over and over again given you the grace you now ask, but you did not *use* it. No ! no ! Thou *upbraided* not.'"

"Did you get what you asked for ?"

Yes, and I will tell you just *how* I obtained. I first sought to know if what I asked was in accordance with the spirit of the *writ-*

ten word. After having settled this, then I brought the promise and the Promiser together on this wise, 'Whatsoever things ye desire when ye pray, believe that ye receive them, and ye shall have them.' I then believe that I do receive, that is, I believe that God hears my prayer, for 'This is the confidence we have in Him, that if we ask anything according to His will He heareth us; and if we *know* that He hear us; whatsoever we ask, we *know* that we have the petitions we desired of Him.'

"But how *can* you know that you receive what you ask, unless you have some sensible assurance of it?"

I can know it, because GOD says so; I believe, because I have His own word for it.

"I must confess that to me there is a sort of mystery about this way of believing; something that it seems difficult to understand. Others may believe in that way if they can, but I have sometimes made the effort, and have as often failed. I am sure I want holiness of heart, and have asked for it I presume over a hundred times, but do not receive it, and regret to say that I am without it to-day. Surely it is the will of God that I should be sanctified wholly, because there it stands written, 'This is the will of God even your sanctification.' Why is it, then, when I ask what I know is according to the will of God, that I do not receive?"

It is because you do not ask in faith, nothing doubting.

"You perplex me. How can I ask in faith, nothing doubting, that is, believe unwaveringly that I do receive, unless the Holy Spirit witnesses with my spirit that I *have* what I ask."

I do not want you to believe anything to which the Holy Spirit does not testify to your heart that it is verily so. But let me simplify the matter to you. You are about to go to Philadelphia to-morrow. It is now past banking-hours. You intended to have drawn \$100, but find you must depend on the little you have in your pocket for the trip this evening, but you *must* have \$100 to meet some liabilities that will press you day after to-morrow. You leave me your check for the sum, and I promise you faithfully that I will get it cashed and send it on to you to-morrow.

Would you doubt whether I would be true to my word?

"Certainly not."

Will you proceed on your journey, relying upon my word. On the morrow I go to the bank, and get your check cashed in the usual currency of the times, that is the bank bills. When you get those bank bills you will not hesitate to tell the one to whom you are expecting to pay the money that you have it on hand, will you?

"Of course, I see no difficulty about that."

And why! just because you have such perfect confidence in the bank that has issued those bills. But for the *confidence* you place in that bank, those notes would be worth no more to you than so much paper. Now think of the many promissory notes issued from God's unfailing treasury. Unto us are given exceeding great and precious promises, that by these we may be made partakers of the Divine nature. The moment you comply with the condition upon which any one of these is made, that moment you have the right to call that promise yours. Here are two promises which stand so closely connected that they must not be put asunder, and that you comply with the conditions you are not disposed to doubt, because you have long since told me that you had given up the world, and your spirit and manner clearly indicate that you have separated yourself from it. But let us not linger another moment. Here are the conditions and promises, all in most compact inseparable form, 'Wherefore come out from among them, and be ye separate, touch not the unclean thing, and *I will receive you*, and ye shall be my sons and daughters saith the Lord Almighty. 'Having these promises, dearly beloved, let us cleanse ourselves from all filthiness of the flesh and spirit perfecting holiness in the fear of the Lord.' Now, with your eye fixed upon this sure word of promise, ought you not say 'Thou *dost* receive me!' *Do this, and the promised blessing is yours!*

CAMP MEETINGS.

Sweet June, the first born of summer months, is greeting us. Its genial airs and azure skies breathe new inspirations, inviting the devout heart to loftier aspirations and

grateful worship. We love to contemplate nature, and with the Psalmist exclaim, "All Thy works praise Thee." How delightful to commune with the high and holy one in His works, and while looking upon the beautiful in nature, to remember that the azure skies, the sun that rules the day, the moon, the stars, the smiling fields, and flowers, are all the work of our Father's hand. 'Tis pleasant to think of God as the great Father of the universe, but a thousand times more blissful to look upon all the beautiful things of creation, and say, "My Father made them all." Many with whom we are now in converse will, during the pleasant summer months, leave their ceiled houses, and go up to worship at the feast of tabernacles.

Camp meetings will be held all over the land. To those who have occasionally attended these means of grace, we need not say how eminently they have been blessed in the up-building of Zion. We are persuaded that tens of thousands, already in heaven, and thousands more, now on their way, will eternally praise the Triune Deity for blessings received through the agency of camp meetings. Some imagine that the good received at camp meetings is more evanescent than that received under ordinary circumstances. We would ask of such, does the unchangeable Jehovah do His work after one fashion in the leafy temple, [the groves were God's first temples], and after another fashion in ceiled houses; that is, when He converts or sanctifies a soul, is the change less thorough, because the recipient is placed in circumstances particularly favorable for the reception of divine influences. That well regulated camp meetings have been thus specially favored, all earnestly devout people who have attended them know.

We would particularly call the attention of our readers to the article written by our beloved Brother Inskip in regard to the anticipated

NATIONAL CAMP MEETING.

It contains the germ of all we would say. Let the hosts of Israel put on their strength, and be mighty in their prevailings with Omnipotence, that such scenes of convicting, converting, and sanctifying power, may be witnessed at this feast of tabernacles as has

not been known, since the eventful period when three thousand were pricked to the heart in one day, when the Holy Ghost descended as a living flame, and sat upon the head of each in that assembly of waiting disciples. And may not only the "National Camp Meeting" be thus signally favored with manifestations of the Divine presence and power, but in every part of our land, where the tribes go up to worship, may the burning presence of Him who dwelt in the bush be apprehended as a *living reality*. May the Holy Ghost prepare the way in the hearts of the people of the various Church communities represented, and by its hallowing influences and urgent invitations, bring multitudes to every near or remote encampment divinely prepared for the reception of great good, and tens of thousands added to the Lord as the result of the summer campaigns. Let this be the *daily* prayer of every one of our thirty thousand subscribers, and of all who pray, "Thy kingdom come,"—of every name. "Blessed be the Lord God of Israel for ever and ever, and let all the people say AMEN!"

Since the preceding was in type, further particulars have been received relative to the feast of Tabernacles to which it refers.

We learn from those who are directing matters connected with the National Camp Meeting that an earnest effort will be made to relieve the occasion from all undue secular aims and tendencies. The people of Mannheim and vicinity are aiding the Committee of Arrangements to accomplish this most desirable object. This will appear from the fact that boarding will be provided on the ground and in the neighborhood for \$7.00 for the whole ten days; \$1.00 per day and fifty cents a single meal. Rooms and bed for two persons can be secured at fifty cents per day. A tent 6x9, up and ready to occupy and in good order, can be had for \$2.00. Wall tents 9x9, \$4.00, and hospital tents 14x14, \$7.00. All the railroads connecting with Mannheim take passengers to the camp at half fare, and camp equipage free. The friends of holiness everywhere should pray that the ten days of the National Camp Meeting from July 14 to the 24th may be as was the Pentecost of old.

Revival Miscellany.

A large portion of the revival intelligence published in the present number was prepared and in type for a previous issue. But being crowded out we conclude it is too precious to be omitted, assured that it will be soul-refreshing to our readers though a little out of date.

ATLANTA, GA.

Rev. A. B. Smith writes: God is blessing His truth as preached in this city. Rev. J. Spilman, pastor of the first charge of the M. E. Church, of Atlanta, assisted by myself, have been holding a meeting for the last four weeks. Holiness has been our theme; and God has smiled upon the effort. Over sixty penitents were weeping at the altar at one time. To God be all the glory!

New Lexington, Ohio Conference, W. C. Halliday.—This charge has been greatly favored this winter. At Rehoboth, two miles from here, 54 united with us. Then began the good work here, which resulted in more than 200 accessions to our church, and a number have recently joined the Baptists also. This is said to be the most remarkable revival that has occurred in this county. Our converts embrace the young and old, among whom are the best of our young people, and leading men in the community. Much of this grand result is attributable to the preaching, prayers, and personal appeals of Rev. E. Rose, a local minister of my charge. A more earnest, agreeable, and successful co-laborer I have never found.

Dresden Circuit, North Ohio Conference, J. H. Johnson, March 7th.—Accessions on this circuit since January 1st, near one hundred, backsliders reclaimed, sinners converted, and believers sanctified. The Church is moving forward gloriously.

Delphi Circuit, Central Ohio Conference, B. B. Howell, Feb. 29th.—Have just closed my protracted meetings, which lasted nine weeks. In this time there were added to the Church on probation, one hundred and two, and four by letter.

Lebanon Station, Rev. J. A. Robinson, pas-

tor.—At a series of meetings in this charge, 25 have been converted and the Church greatly blessed. The students of the College and Female Academy have shared in the gracious work. A large proportion of the students of McKendree this year are pious. Many of them were converted here. A large number of pious educated young men have gone out from the halls of McKendree to bless the Church and the world, and more are preparing for this mission. The faculty of the College preach and labor earnestly and efficiently in these meetings.

Greencastle District, Indiana Conference.—There have been revivals in nearly all the charges of this District. Many have been of unprecedented power. The aggregate number of accessions to the Church in the thirteen charges in the district is something over six hundred. The work is still going forward.

New Albany District, Indiana Conference.—The presiding elder of New Albany district, says: "Nearly all the pastors have spent the entire quarter in conducting revival meetings. There have been more than one thousand accessions within the bounds of the district, since January 1st. New Albany is being visited by the best revival the city has ever enjoyed. All denominations share in its results. The haunts of sin are being deserted, places of amusement are thinly attended, and a splendid ball-supper, at a place of fashionable resort, was left without a single guest. Prominent citizens are laboring daily for Jesus, on the streets and in the marts. About one thousand have joined the different denominations. The meetings are still progressing in town and country.

Valparaiso District, North-West Indiana Conference, S. T. Cooper, P. E.—In common with the Church at large, we have been favored with a general revival influence through the district, resulting in about 1,000 accessions and conversions. Calumet, Merrillville, Hebron, Star City, Argos, and Plymouth have shared the most largely. The glorious work still goes on.

Rev. I. H. Kellogg, presiding elder of the Geneva district, East Genesee Conference, says: "During the past twelve weeks, be-

tween twelve and thirteen hundred souls have been converted to God, and still, on some charges, the work is going on with increasing interest and power. I have, by the blessing of God, met all my regular appointments and about forty extra ones. Glory to God for the visitations of His Holy Spirit.

The religious revival at Port Jervis shows as yet no signs of abatement. The number of conversions is reported at about three hundred. Revival meetings are held in the Baptist, Presbyterian, Reformed, and Methodist Churches.

Rev. W. V. Morrison, is rejoicing in a most gracious work in his church at East Weymouth. The conversions number one hundred and sixty, and no arrest of the work. Revivals also prevail at Duxburg, Charlemonite, Dighton, and Lawrence.

Correspondence.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

In order to reach about 30,000 subscribers in time, "the Guide" has to go to press several days previous to the first of the month. Sometimes we receive articles which, though timely for the occasion when sent, are not timely for the printer. We will explain: Some precious inspirations written, perhaps, on Easter Sabbath or the day succeeding were sent us. Two or three valued articles are now on hand of this sort. Evidently it was the design of the writers that they should appear in the April number, but how could this be done when the April number was already in the hands of many of our patrons. We shall reserve them for an appropriate occasion.

We have "Our Pilgrimage" on hand, an interesting narrative, to which is appended "to be concluded." It would have been published long since had the concluding part been sent. We have no objection to publishing interesting articles in numbers, and would prefer doing so, rather than inserting long articles but we must invariably have the concluding portion on hand.

If this should meet the eye of I. N. K., will he please send the concluding part of the article named. Articles must be sent us a month previous to publication. Let our

readers remember that BRIEF articles are most desirable. Let every writer for our pages pray for holy UNCTION, and aim at *condensation* and *perspicuity*. We want "thoughts that breathe and words that burn."

For the Guide.

LIVING BY THE MOMENT.

S. A. B.

Two years ago last September, God, for Christ's sake, pardoned my sins. I had no great joy, but deep, abiding peace. Not long after, I was convinced by reading "the Guide" and other works on holiness, that it was my privilege to drink deeper out of the Wells of Salvation, I sought earnestly for the blessing, and I can truly say, "Tears were my meat day and night." I would consecrate myself again and again to the Lord, but failed to believe that He accepted me. I wanted to *feel* that I was received before I would believe, and then, I also thought, there would be some great act of faith on my part before I could enter into *rest*.

Thus I continued month after month until I was almost in despair. Then I was advised by a dear friend to trust Jesus to save me from all sin just for one moment at a time, and see if He would not be true to His promise, and give me *rest*.

Well, I thought I could do nothing else, I had done all that I could, and yet I seemed to get worse instead of better. The way described seemed very simple, just trusting moment by moment, but I tried it. It was last October, and, thank God, I have been trusting and living by the moment ever since.

O! it is a precious easy way of living, I do cast all my care on Jesus. I can say, by blessed experience, that perfect love casts out all fear. I have succeeded in getting several subscribers to "the Guide," it has been, and still is, a great help to me in the way of "holiness," and I trust it will be to all that take it.

For the Guide.

SAVED FROM A RUINOUS HABIT.

E. J. RICE.

I do praise the Lord that I have been permitted to read the article in "the Guide," concerning "Pious Amusements and Pious Novelists." From a child I was addicted to

light reading; as I grew up it became the ruling passion of my soul. Many, many nights have I continued until after the hour of midnight, reading something so exciting that I could not break off—many nights have I lain awake hewing out cisterns that would hold no water—following hard after the novelist—living in an unreal world. I became dissatisfied; felt unhappy; my mother wished me to quit light reading, and I endeavored to do so, but felt that I was bound to it as with a chain that I could not break. I prayed, read my Bible, and tried to do right, but could not shake off this spell. I would sit for hours and imagine unreal things, until my mind was almost swallowed up in this vortex of ruin.

Years passed by, and I began to ask the Saviour in earnest, for deliverance from the chains which novel reading had thrown around me. Will not every Christian unite with me in praising God for suddenly coming to His temple, and setting the captive soul free, and breaking asunder the bands of the wicked one. Yes I will praise Him; I will praise Him; for He sent and took me; He drew me out of many waters; He took my feet out of the lowest pit, and placed them upon a rock even Christ. But I am grieved to say that after this great work was done for me, I was yet troubled by the remains of this passion. Not thinking it to be wrong I permitted myself to be drawn aside by imagining what good I could do if I was in such and such circumstances.

By sad experience I found that this was a snare of the devil to get me from my present duty. I did not entirely overcome, until I was enabled, through grace, to return all of my redeemed powers back to God, who continually delivers me; yea, and will still deliver; yet it has been a query in my mind a long while whether such and such books were not written for good, and if they would not do good, but I do praise Him that my mind is clear on this subject at last, and I do feel that if we write, we should write of what we do know and have seen, or what we have experienced. O, that the young, especially, might be warned by this feeble word, to flee from this ruinous habit—a habit that leads thousands upon thousands into hopeless despair, and binds with such chains of unbelief,

that it is only a few that are brought to see their condition, and if they are saved it is as by fire.

For the Guide.

PIONEER EXPERIENCES.

My soul has just been newly baptized with holy fire, while reading your new book, "Pioneer Experiences."

The introduction by our good Bishop Janes is a body of divinity, and every witness, as he testifies, kindles more brightly the heavenly flame.

Will not the readers of "the Guide" pray that this good book may find its way to every minister and member of the Church of Christ, constraining them to acknowledge—to accept this crowning experience, this "crowning doctrine, of this crowning dispensation."

L.

HAVERSTRAW, 1868.

The Tuesday Meeting.

Meetings for the promotion of holiness, are held at the residence of Dr. Palmer,

23 SAINT MARK'S PLACE,

near the Bible House, at 2½ o'clock every Tuesday afternoon.

Rev. Brother H. said: A young man called upon me after our Tuesday morning prayer-meeting, and said he had been trying to believe; that for two months he had been in such anguish and struggle of soul, he did not know what to do; he wanted to know what was the trouble. I told him I thought he was trying to cleanse his own heart, and that he had better stop and let Jesus do it; to just give his heart now, just as it was, full of unholy tempers and dispositions, right up to Jesus then and there, and let Him do the work. We knelt together, and I wish you could have heard the young man after I led him in prayer. He commenced to pray a few words, telling Jesus how he had struggled, and prayed, and fasted, and made great efforts to get a clean heart, and said, "I have done everything I can; it is more than I can do; I have tried, and failed; now Jesus wilt Thou cleanse my heart?" I whispered, "The blood of Jesus cleanses." Right there he commenced to believe, and in two minutes' time, O, how his face shone! He rose up,

and said, "It is all right; it is done." On Sabbath morning after the sermon he came up to the altar, I said, "How is it, William?" He replied, "I have had such a week; I have been saved all the time; I find, it is letting Jesus do it." If any soul is here anxious, struggling, panting, and wanting to have this experience, will you just throw your heart on Jesus, and He will cleanse it even now.

Sister P.: That dear young man, Brother HALL spoke of, might have had full salvation before. I thought, why may not every one who is longing for full salvation in the blood of Jesus have it now? There is no reason on the part of God why every one may not know it, because "This is the will of God"—what an explicit declaration!—"even your sanctification"—just as if the Lord was calling us by name from the highest heaven. If GABRIEL should come down here this afternoon, and say, "I have come with a special message to such a person; I have come to say that it is the will of God that that person shall be cleansed from all unrighteousness—wholly sanctified." That would seem to be very remarkable, but it would not be so remarkable—for a greater than Gabriel has said it. God the Holy Spirit is saying it; singling out individuals, saying to you, my brother and sister, "This is the will of God, even your sanctification." O, do not go from this room without it. It is only to believe what God says; we are not required to believe anything without a reason. God deals with us as reasonable creatures; He has given us the power to reason; He says, "Come, let us reason together." God does not want us to believe anything but what He gives us a reason for believing. Is there a reason for believing this afternoon that the blood of Jesus cleanses? There is, because God says it. This is the command of God that ye believe. But some one is saying, "I believe the truth, as a general truth, that the blood of Jesus cleanseth, but I want to know that it cleanseth *me*." The fountain opened in the house of David for sin and all uncleanness is flowing; it is an ever-flowing fountain; it is flowing here this afternoon. If we could see it flowing here in our midst, how many would plunge in, and expect to come up every whit whole. By an eye of faith you may see it. It is nearer to you

than that friend sitting next to you; that fountain is the blood of Jesus, and Christ is the Lamb that was slain. O, that the Holy Spirit may intensify the truth! Do not let us wait toward the close of the meeting to get this cleansing power. Let us have it now; God grant that every waiting heart may have it now. God is uttering the solemn command, "Say not in thine heart who shall ascend into heaven to bring Christ down, or who shall descend into the deep to bring Christ up, but the word is nigh thee. (The Bible is not a dead letter, but the voice of the living God.) Christ is the word. "Sanctify them through Thy truth, Thy word is truth." It is the living voice of the living God, and He is saying, "Lo, I am thy salvation." You need not look five minutes ahead; you may be in eternity in five minutes. You need not look even two minutes or one minute ahead, but all you need is to look at the present moment. What we want is a present salvation. It is a salvation received momentarily—by virtue of a momentary trust in Christ, while you are presenting all through the blood of the everlasting covenant.

Some may say, "How do I know I present all? Does God require impossibilities? Is He a hard Master?" He looks at the *intention*. If you are sincere before God, you have not made yourself sincere; it is the work of the Holy Spirit. He knows it is your intention to give up all, and He, therefore, accepts it as you give—not as well as you would, but as well as you know how. We present all through Christ, and it is accepted. We ought to think more about this. It is not Adamic or angelic perfection, but it is Christian perfection. It is a state of salvation that comes every moment by presenting all through Christ. While you do this, God says, "The blood of Jesus cleanseth." We present ourselves through that blood; it is the blood of the everlasting covenant; God says it cleanses; we believe it, and this faith brings power. No matter what the manifestations of power may be, let us just believe God, and leave all the rest to Him. God says, "Now." O, that many may believe just now.

A Sister said, "I am not a mere servant; I know that I am a child of God. I said to a sister young in experience, 'See how little interest servants take, [a servant had just been

doing something wrong.] but children take an interest in a parent's welfare." So I thought it is our business to have an interest in Christ, and to labor for souls, "Ye are my witnesses." If children, then heirs; joint heirs with Christ to an inheritance incorruptible. A change has come over my mind for the last year, so that now I can hold up my head and open my eyes when I talk to the dear people, because it is Jesus that I am talking about. I used to have natural timidity—was afraid to say much for fear I would be considered as talking about myself; but it is Jesus who saves to the uttermost. How I thank the Lord for those little words in the Bible, "uttermost" and "whosoever." They have been a great consolation to my soul. I am one of the whosoever's, and I can be saved through the blood of Jesus. The blood that has been shed was spilt for my salvation. We may say—and it is the only thing we have a right to be selfish in—He is my complete Saviour.

Another Sister: I love Jesus with all my heart; I love His dear name and His word, When I think of what Jesus has done for me I am perfectly astonished. I do dearly love to work for Him, to say every day, "Lord, where wilt Thou have me to go? what wilt Thou have me to do? I come in contact with a great deal of poverty; my sympathies are harrowed up to see so much poverty and distress; but, bless the Lord, I do, by the grace of God, talk to the people as encouragingly as I can, and want to do as much for them temporarily as I can. I never felt more than now the force of the text, "Distributing to the necessities of saints." The kingdom of heaven suffereth violence, and the violent take it by force. I know what it is to be justified freely by the grace of God, and I have tasted sanctifying grace, but I never had appropriating faith until I give up all for Jesus.

Book Notices.

THE MILLENNIUM. By Mrs. M. D. WELCOME.
Published for the Author. Yarmouth, Maine.

This is an excellent pamphlet of sixty pages. Its theme is one that should interest deeply every Christian heart. Though not technically a sermon, it furnishes a very clear and concise exposition of the text, "Blessed and holy is he that hath part in the first resurrection, on such

the second death hath no power, but they shall be priests of God, and of Christ, and shall reign with Him a thousand years." The writer, in a private note, says, "I take the same ground as was taken by the primitive Church, and taught by Bishops Newton, Mede, Gill, Bunyan, the Mathers, whose testimony I give with Luther's views, the Wesley's, Fletcher, and others. We heartily commend this pamphlet to all our readers. It can be had by application to the author, Yarmouth, Maine, or 14 Bible House. Price 15 cents."

THE REVIVALIST. A Collection of Choice Revival Hymns and Tunes, Original and Selected. By JOSEPH HILLMAN, Author of Sunday School Hymns and Revival Choruses.

This, we think, is one of the best selections of revival melodies we have met with. A most reprehensible habit has obtained with a class of tune makers, of altering musical compositions greatly to the detriment of the tunes, and, certainly, greatly wronging the original composers. But the worst infliction is on the public. A person begins to sing a tune with which he has long been familiar in a stirring revival service. Another who has chanced to come in contact with some one of the scores of new musical tune books sings out lustily according to the new fangled form in which he had learned it. Instead of greeting the ear and heart, and inspiring devotion with the harmony of sweet sounds all is discord. This is no fancied picture. It is a fact, which, to the writer, has been a grievous annoyance for years, and greatly have we desired that some corrective or rather *prohibitory* influence might be brought to bear on every new tune-book maker, prohibiting the dishonest practice of stealing old tunes, and dressing them slightly in other and less inviting garb in order to palm them off as new. We pronounce this *plagiarism* of the most dishonorable character, inflicting an irreparable wrong on multitudes of devout worshippers. The object of those who inflict the wrong is too often, we fear, to get tunes copyrighted in their own name and for their individual profit, to which they have no just claim to authorship.

The editor of the "Revivalist," we believe, has taken pains to present the tunes as nearly as possible as sung by the original composers. It is really refreshing to see many beautiful old time melodies, and also a large supply of new and most approved airs given in a form so compact. We heartily commend "the Revivalist," and believe it is only to be known in order to insure a rapid sale. It is highly commended by Philip Phillips. For sale at the office of "The Guide to Holiness," No. 14 Bible House, N. Y. Price \$1.00.

THE

GUIDE TO HOLINESS.

EDITORS:

DR. AND MRS. PHOEBE PALMER,



NEW YORK.
WALTER C. PALMER, Jr.,

No. 14 BIBLE HOUSE.

1868.

Printed and Stereotyped at "The Guide" Press,
By A. S. MACDONALD & W. C. PALMER, JR.,
744 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

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Guide to Holiness.

JULY, 1868.

For the Guide
BLESSING REGAINED.

REV. E. T.

In the summer of 1854 I was converted to God, under the labors of Rev. Walter Jerome, of blessed memory.

I was only a lad of eleven years, and therefore had everything to learn, although I was nurtured in the Sabbath School.

I commenced the work of serving the Lord with great joy. My cup was full and often overflowed. I was very attentive to the means of grace, always attended the sanctuary, remained at class and gave in my feeble testimony for religion. I seldom was absent from the Thursday night prayer-meeting, where I always bore the cross, praying and speaking as opportunity was given. Three years passed away before I was led to embrace Christ as my sanctifier. Through the instructions and prayers of a pious sister, who had enjoyed the blessing of holiness for several years, and by the reading of the Holy Scriptures, and the special leading of the Holy Spirit, was made to feel that not only was it my privilege, but also my duty to be holy.

I sought the great blessing with prayers and tears and groans, but I did not find it until I was willing to give up everything, and simply believe on Jesus unto sanctification.

In that hour the Holy Ghost came upon me in its sanctifying power, and I was cleansed from all sin. I could exclaim:

'Tis done; thou dost this moment save,
With full salvation bless,
Redemption through thy blood I have,
And spotless love and peace.

Shortly after I received this blessing, I was called by the Holy Ghost to preach the Gospel. I fasted, prayed, wept, and tried to rid myself of the thought. The longer I prayed, the more fully I was convinced that it was my duty to preach the Gospel. I gave myself to the Lord as a minister.

I studied and prepared myself for the work; but alas, in the act of preparation, I lost the blessing which was to fit me for the work of the ministry.

My books absorbed my mind and took away my spiritual life. I was so intent on getting an education, that I lost sight of God's immediate glory. Although I attended the means of grace, yet I did not feel that lively interest in them that I had formerly. My zeal for God had been chilled. After my graduation I took charge of an academy, thinking that I was too young to enter the regular work of the ministry.

I found much to engage my attention as principal of a school. After teaching a year, I felt that it was my duty to go and help fight the battles of my country. With musket in hand I went to the battle-field, where I found a little religion, and a great deal of ungodliness.

Although there were several ministers and exhorters in the regiment, yet we did not succeed in making the men Christians. I do not think a single person was converted during my stay with the regiment, which terminated with the close of the war. While in the army I lived as strictly as I had done before this, living up to the letter, reproving sin and choosing godly associates. The close of

the war found me at home again, with the determination to enter the regular work of the Christian ministry.

My duty was plain before me, and I felt a measure of the responsibility that rested on a minister of the Gospel. I loved the work, I loved the souls of men.

I joined the conference, and entered upon my first field of labor as an itinerant Methodist minister.

The year was marked by a few conversions and reclamations.

Two years and a half passed away, when an unforeseen circumstance, which I will not relate, brought me to see and feel that I must not preach the Gospel any longer without enjoying a full salvation from all sin. I sought this blessing again. It was not long before the Lord gave me the needed grace. How differently the work of the Christian ministry seems to me now; how much more solemn, how much more awful, and yet how much more glorious, how much more successfully I can point Christians to Christ as an all-sufficient Saviour, how much easier and better I can talk to the sinner and offer him salvation through Jesus Christ, how much more useful we ministers can be if we will buckle on the whole armor of God.

We cannot do our whole duty to the Church and the world until we are all baptized with God's sanctifying spirit. My soul says, praise the Lord for salvation from all sin. I can say that—

"Jesus all the day long,
Is my joy and my song."

For the Guide.

PIETY OF PRAYER LEADERS.

REV. SAMUEL DUNN, (Eng.)

It is not necessary to assign the relative importance in the Church of that order of spiritual men generally known as prayer leaders. In Methodism they constitute a large class of office-bearers, and, it may be fearlessly asserted, have contributed in no small degree to promote the spiritual efficiency of the body. Whether they are of as great value as the eye or the ear, the head or the foot, we need not now stop to determine. As the eye cannot say to

the hand I have no need of thee, nor the head to the feet I have no need of you, so there exists in the Methodist body no class of officials that can, with any truth or propriety, affirm that prayer leaders, as a class of spiritual men, are not needed in the Church. May God multiply them a thousand-fold.

It requires no little amount of gifts and graces to edify and benefit the indiscriminate variety of persons and characters to be found in a public prayer-meeting. To be the mouth-piece of others unto God, to select appropriate topics of address on behalf of an assemblage hanging on the lips of one to whose petitions they shall add their own "Amen," involves a serious responsibility, which should not be lightly taken. Prayer, at all times a solemn act of intercourse with God, is still more so, when one is taking upon himself to conduct and maintain the intercourse of many with the Most High. If he be found lifeless, indiscreet, without power, unction, point, inappropriate as to his topics of address, and void of faith in his supplications, the evil does not, as in private prayer, terminate in himself, and in his own spiritual loss; the whole assembly whose organ of communion with God he has been, sustains a loss too—the time has been lost. The opportunity of approaching the mercy seat has been missed, the Church has suffered through the defect of one who should have ministered to her good. Blessings which the Divine Head was prepared to pour down, in answer to fervent, effectual prayer, have been withheld, when only words have been offered, when the leader has repeated forms, and was himself formal; repeated Scripture promises, but was himself unbelieving; who draws nigh to God with his lips, but worshipped him not in spirit and in truth. The "hour of prayer" has been an hour of dulness. The privilege of meeting with two or three in the name of Jesus, has been an irksome bondage of spirit; the meeting has dispersed, and its members, instead of being revived and cheered with renewed strength, are chilly, dispirited, and unprofited. Instead of a balmy breeze from the hill of

Zion, giving life and freshness to the garden of the Lord, it has been as though a cutting easterly wind had swept through, leaving every plant or shrub dried up or drooping. Instead of a full supply of the waters of life to the fold of Christ in the thirsty desert, the disappointed flocks leave the water-troughs with feverish heat, as the shepherds have failed to draw water from the wells of salvation.

Prayer-leaders should be men of decided piety. Their conversion should be unequivocal; their spirituality of mind should be undoubted; their moral and religious consistency should be manifest. Piety is the great qualification for any and every office in the Christian church. It is indispensable. Grace, then gifts: this is the Divine order. Grace and inferior gifts, rather than the most showy and intellectual powers, with defect or absence of renewedness of heart. Apostasy has commenced in the religious community, that, in theory or in practice, gives to any endowment of mind, or weight of social position, or amount of worldly influence, precedence of simple heart-felt, lowly, humble piety. He who is of most esteem in the Church, should be he who is most like his Divine Master, meek and lowly in spirit. The point of essential importance is grace; without this, no other qualification can qualify a man for office in the house of the living God. The salt of grace is the essential salt. The lack of it would exclude a philosopher, a millionaire, from admission into the Church. And office-bearers, especially, must have piety. It cannot be dispensed with. These must be anointed with holy oil. These must have the mind of Christ. Originality of thought, elegance of language, abundance of matter, music of voice, and artistic advantage of mode of performance, are as sounding brass and a tinkling cymbal, where the Church employs these in the place of an ardent, earnest, experienced, and sanctifying piety. Everything about the altar must be overlaid with pure gold. Jehovah must have the best.

No service of the church is more spiritual than its services of prayer. Here man communes with God. Nothing can

be done in this exercise without spirituality of mind. The form is all but nothing. The spirit in which this exercise is maintained is everything. He that prays must realise Him that is invisible. He must enter into the holy of holies. He must behold the great High Priest of our profession. He must receive the unction of the Holy Spirit. He must embrace the promises. He must wrestle with the God of Jacob. He must not speak, but plead. He must not only ask, but believe. To be profitable to the Church, his must be the prayer of faith. Oh! who is sufficient for these things? Unless the prayer-leader be devout, how can he lead the devotions of others? If he maintain no communion with God, how can he aid others in holding fellowship with the Father of Spirits? If God hears not him in secret, will he reward him openly? Will God bless mere form of devotion? Will he edify the Church through the medium of a hollow piece of mockery? He that forbid the demons to speak and acknowledge him as the son of God, because he would not receive honor from these foul spirits, bids men to keep silence in the churches, until by his grace they are dispossessed of their unsanctified hearts.

For the Guide,

MY GRACE IS SUFFICIENT FOR THEE.

MRS. S. A. LANKFORD.

Dear suffering child of God, how much your good Father desires that you should ever be ready to witness that there is One "which always causeth us to triumph." Jesus, the blessed Jesus, loves you much, and waits to *reveal* His love to your confiding heart. He would have you

"Taste e'en here, the hallowed bliss,
Of an eternal home."

Perhaps I cannot better encourage your faith than by telling you, as well as the feeble language of earth can tell, how rich His grace to this feeble one. Humanity does not love suffering.

February 25th, a day not to be forgotten, while enduring a terrible paroxysm of physical suffering, with more than ordinary desire and seeming faith,

my eye was turned to the "good Physician." That look was answered with such a consciousness of His presence, His love, His sympathy, and His power, as filled my soul with unutterable sweetness, accompanied with a strong impression that this heavenly Physician was about to undertake the case, and make a perfect cure. I felt fully assured that *He knew* I had perfect confidence in His skill and willingness. His *love* to the patient seemed so great, as if he so *wanted* to say, "Be made whole."

Expectation was at the highest point. Just waiting to receive the word, "Be made whole," when suddenly the language of Paul was presented, "I besought the Lord thrice, that it might depart from me, and He said unto me, 'My grace is sufficient for thee, for my strength is made perfect in weakness.'" As the Holy Spirit, the heavenly Teacher alone can emphasize, "So it was spoken to my heart of hearts."

What a transition instantly followed, that same weak, still suffering one, saw such blessedness—such glory in the assurance, "My grace is sufficient for Thee—my strength is made perfect in weakness," that with a joy indescribable from her inmost soul, she cried again and again, "Most *gladly*, therefore, will I rather glory in my infirmities, that the power of Christ may rest upon me." Still suffering, but exceedingly joyful, a new lesson was deeply impressed. That lesson was, "The *great privilege* of testing the *sufficiency* of grace."

This wondering heart could hardly believe it had ever asked or desired to "come up," in any other way, than "through great tribulation." The understanding between God and His feeble child seemed perfectly clear, "You *must suffer*—but 'My grace is sufficient for Thee.'" Months of suffering followed. But O, the richness of the consolation! "Thanks be to God, which always causeth us to triumph."

"Thy every suffering servant, Lord,
Shall as his perfect Master be;
To all thy inward life restored,
And outwardly conform'd to thee.
Out of thy grave the saint shall rise,
And grasp, through death, the glorious prize."

THE HEALING STREAM.

BY A. T. ALLIS.

Oh! Gracious master: sweetly now
I feel thy cleansing blood applied,
Which flowed, and shall forever flow,
A precious, healing, cleansing tide.

Oh! blessed thought! it flows for me,
For me the Saviour intercedes,
And knowing each infirmity
The merit of his blood he pleads.

And by that strong, effectual plea
I have this sweet assurance given,
The seal of inward purity,
And joys akin to those of Heaven.

And here within this healing stream,
My quickened soul would ever lie,
And let this ever-precious theme,
Its feeble powers occupy.

It flows; but not for me alone,
Thousands its cleansing power prove,
And sweetly feel, and gladly own,
The hallowed bliss of perfect love

And here may *all* for whom it flows
A gracious, sacrificial flood—
Ceasing at once to be His foes,
Attest the power of his blood.

Stephen's Mills, N. Y.

For the Guide.

THREE PEWS TO LET.

REV. JOHN THOMPSON.

These pews are all in the visible Church of Christ, and strange as it may seem, there are only three pews in the Church. So if you desire a place in this Church, you must occupy one of these pews. The Church is located in a world of sinners lost. The congregation is very large, and the communicants are numbered by the million. The pews are named as well as numbered, so that you need have no difficulty in designating your pew. The terms are such that the poorest in this world's wealth may have their choice of seats.

Pew No. 1. Its name is Entire Crucifixion. This pew occupies the very best position in the Church, and as for

comfort, none can be more comfortable. All who occupy this pew can experimentally and truthfully say, "I am crucified with Christ." Not I was, or I hope to be, but I am.

The price is immediate, unreserved, and perpetual consecration. The door of entrance is "Naked Faith," in the all cleansing power of the blood of Christ, to be applied to the heart by the blessed Holy Ghost.

Those who desire can have immediate possession.

Pew No. 2. Its name is, Being Crucified. This pew is not so comfortable as No. 1, but it has this to recommend it, "None need necessarily occupy it long—if you are willing that the work of crucifixion shall be hastened you will soon be promoted to pew No. 1."

The price of this pew is partial consecration. If you are satisfied to pay this price you can have only a partial religious experience—for a partial consecration makes partial work all the way through.

Pew No. 3. Its name is, All Negative—that is, it is neither crucified nor being crucified, but still this pew is in the visible Church, and though it is acknowledged to be inferior to No. 1 and No. 2, yet, on account of its cheapness, it is in great demand. Those who occupy this pew do not believe that "the yoke of Christ is easy, and His burden light." They complain that it is very hard work to be true Christians, but their difficulty is that they are unwilling to be what they profess to be, and yet they are not willing to give up this good-for-nothing profession.

This pew is vacant during the revival services, and it is generally unoccupied during the prayer and class-meeting services. Many who occupy this pew are half-day hearers, and liable to be greatly influenced by the state of the weather. It is a great pity that this pew was ever built, and we cannot honestly recommend you to occupy it.

The price is, only a profession. This is very cheap, and does not require that you should drink the cup of repentance, or suffer the pangs of the new birth, or

make a consecration of yourself to God. In paying this price you avoid all cross bearing, and yet, as a form of religion is somewhat popular, you may do yourself great honor to take this pew. But before you decide I should honestly say that this pew is in the way of deception and eternal despair.

Dear, dying reader, which of these pews do you occupy? If you are a member of the visible Church you occupy one of them—your destiny is involved in your answer to this question.

GERMANTOWN, Pa., 1868.

EVERGREENS.

For the Guide.

MRS. MARY D. JAMES.

It was Winter—cold, stern, cheerless—the storm was raging, the winds howling. Desolate, dreary, seemed the prospect on every side. Leafless trees, bare fields, no sign of verdure, until I came within view of my friends' pleasant abode. A row of beautiful, silver pines environed the house, giving it a cheerful appearance, that was truly gladdening to the eye and to the heart. How the dull, monotonous aspect of old Winter's reign was relieved by those lovely evergreen trees! and how they made me think of Spring—bright, beautiful Spring, and anticipate its welcome approach as it comes, and lifts the coverlet of snow off from the pretty myrtles, daffodilles, and crocuses, revealing their sweet faces, and nature puts on her lovely robes, charming every beholder. Beautiful thoughts and happy feelings did those evergreens inspire as I approached the hospitable dwelling, of the inmates of which they were truly fit emblems. Peace and joy, cordial greeting, and warm Christian hearts awaited me, and met me at the threshold. The chill hand of death had been there, and taken away a loved one, but there was no gloom, no sadness. They were evergreens in that house. The love of Jesus was in their hearts, and shed its hallowed lustre over their faces, diffused its sweetness in their conversation, and its fragrance in their household, and made them living, flourishing, beautiful trees in

the garden of the Lord; like the charming trees surrounding their house, ever green—ever lovely.

I said in my heart, "Thank God, for evergreens! How glad I am that we find them here and there all over this dreary, stormy, wintry world! How cheerless—how wretched would our world be without those blessed evergreens!"

What would be the Church without them? Alas, in how many churches spiritual Winter holds its fearful sway, and long, dreary months has the heart of the pastor mourned over the sad, cold, frozen state of Zion. He would have been quite discouraged as he looked over his garden spot and saw the trees leafless, and scarcely a sign of life, but now and then his eyes fell upon a beautiful evergreen, and his heart was cheered, and he thought, "I will take courage—there are some living souls here—some who are bearing me up daily before the mercy-seat—some who are pleading in unison with me for a gracious shower to come upon this dry ground—some who bear the image of the heavenly and shed the radiance of a holy life amid all this spiritual gloom and death. I will hope for better things, and labor with a more cheerful heart."

O, that there were more evergreens! Heaven multiply them in our world, and let the Church of the living God be filled with them!

It is the ever-green Christian that recommends religion. Not those who only occasionally put on their robes of verdure and beauty, and then lay them aside, and become barren and leafless. Like trees in general, it is the ever-living, ever-flourishing, ever-active Christian, that convinces the unbelieving world, and makes the religion of our Lord Jesus Christ a glory and a praise in the earth.

For the Guide.

HE IS FAITHFUL THAT HATH PROMISED.

J. E. WILSON.

"Now faith is the substance of things hoped for, the evidence of things not seen." What we see and possess we cannot hope for. Many that are seeking

the blessing of Perfect Love, have the subject so mystified by the GREAT DECEIVER, that they will not take God at His promise. "What things soever ye desire, when ye pray, believe that ye receive them, and ye shall have them." They want to reverse God's order, and receive before they believe; hence they are days, months, and even years on the borders of the promised land, but can not enter, "because of unbelief." God often sends them back into the wilderness, where they feel that they are the most miserable, when, if they had been as faithful Abraham, they would have been as "lights in the way." A case occurs to my mind: A class leader who for years had desired to enjoy perfect love, would often receive powerful manifestations of God's presence, yet that brother would not "believe and enter into rest." He went back into the wilderness, and gave up his class.

But how am I to know when I am fully saved? is the anxious thought of many seekers of holiness. Jesus, the Life, the Truth, the Way, has told us: "And in that day," what day? "The day that thou seekest me." "Ye shall ask me nothing. Verily, verily, I say unto you, *whatsoever* ye shall ask the Father in my name he shall give it you." If you ask bread, will he give you a stone? If any one that has been justified by faith, comes unto the Father, to be sanctified wholly through the blood of the everlasting covenant, not by works, not by growth, not by death, but through faith in the precious "blood that was shed without the gate," let them exercise that "faith which works by love and purifies the heart." The work is done. The God of peace will preserve you blameless, if you stagger not at His promises. How simple is faith, how easy to breathe, how easy to believe. God has given us power to see, to hear, to speak, but if we close our eyes, stop our ears, shut our mouths, what will these members profit us. God has given us power to believe, (and we exercise that power with man), but if we do not use that power to believe the promises of Him who can not lie, upon us rest the responsibility.

The great sins of the Church are unbelief and pride. Scarcely a prayer is offered but what we hear: "Lord help me to believe." God never will believe for us. "He that believeth shall be saved;" this is our part; happy are we if we perform it. "Pride goeth before destruction." We have heard mothers pray earnestly for the conversion of their children, yet those children at home were taught to cultivate pride in their hearts. Dear Christian mother, reading these lines, be not a forgetful reader. How can you with consistency, clothe that immortal charge with all of the gaieties of this world, and hope for its salvation? I speak as unto the wise, judge ye what I say.

Many professors desire the blessing of a pure heart to make them happy. If that is their only desire, perfect love will never fill their hearts. It should be desired to make us useful. God intends, dear Christian, to save the world with such instruments as you; may you have the "kingdom" fully set up in your heart, then you can teach transgressors God's law. Oh! how soon would the kingdoms of this world become the kingdom of our Lord and his Christ, if all the disciples of the blessed Saviour were endowed with "power from on high." We feel sad when we see professors grovelling after the things of time. How soon must they perish.

Thank God that many are coming up out of the wilderness, through the teachings of God's Word, and the guidance of the blessed Spirit of truth, are being led up into the highway of holiness. The "Guide" has been a great blessing to me. Years ago I read it, but I did not see the beauty that I now see in it. I fear that many who stand on Zion's walls do not proclaim Christ as a *Present Saviour* to save even unto the uttermost. Said a pastor, I feel as if my mission was to the unconverted. Seldom do we hear of him leading Israel to the promised land. May the spirit that Paul possessed be in all of Christ's ambassadors, "Warning every man, and teaching every man in all wisdom, that we may present every man perfect in Christ Jesus."

For the Guide.

CHRIST MY ROCK.

EMMAUS.

Lines written by a young lady while a suffering invalid at the Sea-side.

The tempest now is rushing nigh,
Dark clouds are low'ring in the sky,
And hoarsely moans the stormy main,
And thickly falls the coarse, grey rain;
Upon the barren, sandy shore,
The heavy breakers foam and roar,
And out amid a dreary sea,
O, Christ, my rock, I stand on thee!
O Christ! thou everlasting rock!
Against thee falls the billows' shock,
They cannot move thee from thy place,
For firmly founded was thy base,
Before all time, or earth, or sea,
And Christ, my Rock—I stand on thee!

The tempest now is rushing past,
I stand uncover'd in the blast,
Around the water foams and breaks,
My sure foundation never shakes;
Firm as the everlasting hills,
I stand till Christ the tempest stills,
Thus, out amid a dreary sea,
Fearless I stand, my Rock, on thee.

The tempest now is nearly done,
And from the clouds, the glorious sun
Is breaking, like the smile of God,
And tracks with fiery sandals shod
The dim, gray East, and in its beams,
Behold, a golden ladder gleams!
Its top above the clouds I see,
It rests its base, my Rock, on thee.

The tempest now is wholly past,
No longer roars the stormy blast,
And breaking like the smile of God,
His feet with fiery sandals shod,
The glorious sun, thro' mists uproll'd
Is turning all the heavens to gold.
That ladder bright, by which I stand,
With one foot on a golden round,
Has caught the brightest, purest beam,
And rays of glory from it stream,
And floating in the ambient air,
The sound of heavenly harps I hear.

And straining all my earthly eye,
I gaze up to its top so high,
And there behold a spirit-band.
That wave to me a beck'ning hand

A gleaming, pearl-decked gate I see,
Whereat they stand and look on me;
It must the gate of Heaven be!
And so I stand and patient wait,
Till they shall ope the pearly gate,
Patient, amid Life's dreary sea,
O Christ, my Rock, I stand on thee!

For the Guide

WITH JESUS.

REV. S. B. TORREY.

THE Saviour most promptly and mercifully fills the heart, sanctified by His Spirit. 'Tis His; His kingdom is thus extended; now, as His human nature was sanctified by union with the Divine, so is ours by His divine presence. As he did and suffered the will of the Father, so can we. It was his pleasure, so may it be ours. This is union with God through Jesus, being in Jesus; Deity fills the soul.

How may we increase this divine union? By being recollected—be thoughtful, grave, keep the world out, place the mind at all times upon good, pure objects, think as near as possible as Jesus would, think of beautiful things—think much about Heaven; be heavenly-minded, how pure we shall be there; how happy; what a beautiful place—the throne of God; to be there in mind, in Holy recollection; to be with Angels, to see God; to be like Him. Remember again that we must be Christian-like, in action, in conversation, in the pulpit, visiting from house to house. Try to let the Divine in us, be seen, felt, by the "works we do," by our patient enduring crosses, suffering afflictions, being dead to the world. Oh to remember what Jesus has done for us; that He is now with us, filling our souls, that we shall live forever in Heaven. How solemn, sacred, divine is such a life—blessed, glorious, heavenly state of recollection.

The effect of this union with Jesus, first, we expect God will communicate his will to us; we shall discover the "voice of God in the soul, be led by the spirit in the selection of texts for our sermons; have assistance in our preaching; be endued with power from on

high; be spiritual; be led by the Spirit in visiting among the people, conversing with sinners; have intimate communion God in prayer; shall not be elated by success, nor discouraged by apparent failures. We shall live by faith, be conscious of nearing our final union with God in Heaven.

CLAUDON, OHIO.

For the Guide.

OUR ALTAR.

LOTTIE.

WE have an altar! Hast thou offered thy sacrifice upon it? Dost thou remember what a complete sacrifice requires?

It must be a whole burnt offering without spot or blemish. The Israelites were not permitted to offer the lame or blind, but the best of the flock. Equally perfect must be our offering. Our altar is Christ, our sacrifice is ourselves and our friends and all connected with us; it is incomplete and therefore must be unacceptable if we fail to place upon the altar the smallest thing.

As whatever touched the Jewish altar was holy—not because of any merit in the offering, but the altar—so when we present ourselves "a living sacrifice the altar sanctifies the gift."

The offerings were presented by God's people with songs of joy and thanksgiving; in the same manner should ours be offered, not regretfully as if loath to render that which is only our reasonable service; rather let us be thankful that we are permitted to place our all upon the precious altar.

Let us so truly consecrate ourselves that henceforth we can say "I live, yet not I, but *Christ* liveth in me."

Then will the Father be glorified in us, because we shall bear much fruit. Those who served at the altar had no part nor lot with their brethren, but were partakers with the altar. Why should we who "have an altar whereof they have no right to eat," seek to possess all that *seems* to contribute present pleasure?

Is it not enough to be partakers with Christ? If some vast earthly inheritance

had been given us to share with a prince, would it trouble us if the country through which we must pass to reach our new possessions, had some forms of gratification which we could not take time to enjoy?

Would we not rather hasten forward, eager only to receive the riches awaiting us.

Why then toil weary one?

Hast thou not found that those gems which seem to sparkle with such enticing brilliancy perish as soon as attained? Is it not better far to accept the inheritance offered in the better land, even the heavenly, and as joint heirs with Christ, share his glory forever?

Could we in the smallest degree realize what is offered to us, we would joy in temptations and trials, knowing that they only bind us more closely to our altar, and make us more like our precious Saviour.

PRAYER.

For the Guide.

M. ANNESLEY.

PRAYER is the omnipotence of God on the earth. God often gilds the darkest season with a hidden ray, and prayer makes it manifest.

By prayer our minds are put in a prepared state to be equal to impromptu duties. Prayer makes us cheerful; for it keeps us looking to God, and this constant dependence upon Him, saves us from fretting with ourselves.

No oppression, no sorrow, can shut us out from the power of prayer; and no power can shut the ear of God against our call in Jesus' name.

Prayer stimulates memory, quickens affection, and feeds love.

God takes care of all we commit to Him, though we forget when and where we asked those favors at his hand. In watching unto prayer, we give thanks for answers. Prayer is talking with God, in such confidence and simplicity, we would not dare to approach any created being—for we know all is safe with Him, and He never mocks at our weakness.

Praying and believing should be inseparable,

for the same Holy Spirit inspires both.

Answers to prayers exceed the electric flash. Land and sea are obedient to the power of prayer. If the Church only lived up to its power in prayer, through the cleansing blood of Jesus, we would daily see miracles of grace. Prayer is never lost, the answer descends somewhere, or is put up in the vials to be poured out in the right time.

If our children or friends, refuse the food we design for them, some one else receives the surplus of our desires. If we had known the cases, we would most heartily have blest them with our requests. It is wonderful! God bowing down his ear in that retired, humble closet, noting every sigh, and breathing desire, even amid the brokenness of sobs and tears; and then lifting up His glory to put in motion overflowing answers to these petitions and requests. While the petitioner, softly, and thoughtfully withdrew beneath a deeper unction of the Holy One, and entered again the scenes of common life, musing upon the condescension of the High and Lofty One, who inhabiteth eternity.

For the Guide.

FAITH THAT BRINGS POWER.

E. J. F.

ANDREW MARSHALL wrote in his letter on Bereavement: "We abound with precept, what we want is example." So in religious teaching; we may be said to abound with evidence, what we want is experience. These thoughts have led me to hope that some points in my Christian life might be of benefit to others. Trained by Christian parents and teachers, I was at an early age brought into the pale of the Church, and for a short time lived a conscientious God-fearing life.

I will pass over the fears and dissatisfactions that marked my course for the ensuing ten years, regarded as a member of the Church, while feeling that I had very little fellowship there.

It was not until God had by severe chastenings lain bare my heart, that I was constrained to openly confess myself

a sinner, and bow with such, at the altar of prayer. The struggle of the few weeks that followed, have been among the most memorable of my life. To believe that the sins of the past were stricken out, seemed not difficult, but I was constantly harrassed by the thought, that unless some *greater* work was done in me and for me, I would soon relapse into my former condition of coldness and death.

Thus, after many prayers and tears and vain endeavors, I was enabled to take hold of God mightily, and the out-poured Spirit came down with power never to be forgotten, upon my thirsty soul. I could indeed say that I *know* that "the blood of Christ cleanseth from *all* sin."

The peace and communion of that hour can never through the cycles of eternity, be erased from my mind.

But failing fully to apprehend that faith must rest upon the evidence of the word, instead of frames or feelings, even this blessing was partially lost, not indeed realizing my former spiritual barrenness, but lacking in my experience many of the fruits of a *pure heart*.

Thus for some years I have been standing at the threshold of the inner sanctuary, not having boldness to enter.

Meeting some time since Mrs. Palmer's little work entitled, "Faith and its Effect;" light was thrown upon my way; and upon the resolution to stand or fall, upon the evidence of the *word* alone, in less than one day I was led to apprehend Christ as a complete Saviour; a knowledge no longer to be based upon the unstable foundation, of my changeable feelings, but upon the immutable word of God.

The peace which passeth understanding now flowed in upon my soul, and by the interpretation of the Spirit, I was made to understand the command "be ye holy, for I am holy."

And from that time to the present, I have been enabled to hold fast by faith. Satan indeed at times tempting me to regard my belief as purely intellectual, an exercise of the will alone, believing because I would believe. But still I

have been kept, and daily has the word been made *spirit* and *life*, unto my soul.

O, that Christians would read and *believe* the Bible.

For the Guide.

THE UNKNOWN WORLD.

WAYNE.

By what a glimmering light we view
The unknown world we're hastening to;
God hath locked up the mystic page,
And curtained darkness round the stage.

We talk of Heaven, we talk of Hell,
But what they are, ah, who can tell?
Heaven is a place where angels are,
Hell is a chaos of despair.

Yet what these awful words imply,
None of us know before we die;
Whether we will or not, we must
Take the succeeding world on trust.

Swift flies the soul, perhaps 'tis gone
Ten thousand leagues beyond the sun,
Or twice ten thousand leagues thrice told,
Ere the forsaken clay is cold.

But ah, no noticings it gives,
To tell us how or where it lives:
Though conscious like us here below
How much itself desired to know.

As if bound up in solemn fate
To keep the secrets of its state—
To tell its joys and pains to none,
That man can live by faith alone.

Well let our Sovereign, if he please,
Lock up his marvelous decrees;
Why should we wish him to reveal
What he sees proper to conceal?

It is enough if we believe
Heaven's brighter far than we conceive:
And oh, may God our souls prepare
To meet, and love, and praise him there.

For the Guide.

FULLNESS RECEIVED.

EMELINE SMITH.

GOD has visited me the past winter,
and brought me up into "His Holy Hill."

Hungering and thirsting after righteousness, I sought the Lord with more earnestness than ever before, rising early

and seeking Him. It was then He answered me by the descent of the Holy Ghost. Great fear fell upon me. "The sorrows of hell compassed me, and the floods of ungodly men made me afraid. In my distress, I called upon the Lord and cried unto my God: He heard my voice out of His temple, and my cry came before Him, even into His ears. Then the earth shook and trembled.

"He sent from above, He took me, He drew me out of many waters. He delivered me from my strong enemy." Then I felt the need of my Saviour as I never knew it before; then I learned the power of Jesus' name.

"All hail the power of Jesus' name,
Let angels prostrate fall;
Bring forth the royal diadem,
And crown Him Lord of all."

My Bible became more precious than ever before; being taught by the Holy Spirit. It is indeed the word of God to me, more necessary than my daily food.

"Blessed Bible! how I love it,
How it doth my bosom cheer,
What hath earth like this to covet,
Oh what stores of wealth are here."

It is several months since the "New Song" was put into my mouth, even "Praise unto our God."

At times the sense of God's goodness is so great that there is not room to contain it. Then in songs of praise, the soul finds relief.

I think I see in the advance of so many Christians in the divine life, the dawn of "millennial glory."

I feel that the kingdom of Christ is coming with power.

Let all who love our Lord Jesus, pray unceasingly: "Thy kingdom come, Thy will be done, on earth as it is in Heaven."

WEST HAVEN, CONN.

For the Guide.

EXPERIENCE IN VERSE.

S. L. A.

I know I was converted, yes, many years ago,
But longed for something deeper, but *what* I
did not know;

I tried to love the Saviour, but did not bear
the cross,

To pray and speak for Jesus, and so I suffered
loss.

My mind was oft in darkness, and then I'd
cry aloud—

Lord, send thy Holy Spirit, and drive away
the cloud;

I'd promise to be better, if Jesus would re-
store

The sunshine of his presence, which I had felt
before.

He did not then upbraid me, and from me
turn away,

But quietly He whispered, will you *indeed*
obey?

Are you willing *now* to bear the cross, what-
ever cross it be?

To come out and be separate, and only fol-
low me?

Did I not die to save thee? to save thee from
all sin?

And have I not the power, to *cleanse* and *keep*
thee clean?

Go plunge into the fountain, it now stands
open wide,

And do not rest contented, till thou art sanc-
tified.

Oh! then I searched the Bible, to really know
if I,

Could have my heart made holy, before I came
to die;

I saw it was my privilege, ah, yes, and duty
too,

And what God did require, he gave us strength
to do.

I ventured to a meeting, where holiness is
taught,

And many there did testify, what wonders
God had wrought.

They told me I must give up all, and come
out for the Lord,

And then not look for feeling, but trust God's
naked Word.

What, trust without an evidence? why, how
was I to know?

That Jesus' blood had cleansed my heart, and
made it white as snow.

I'd like to feel some mighty power, oh! then
I would believe

That Jesus did that very hour, the sacrifice
receive.

And for that power I waited long, yes waited
several years,

And many days and nights were spent, in ear-
nest prayers and tears ;

I might have gone on praying, and still found
no relief,

Though all I think, was given up, all, (but my
unbelief.)

Sometimes I'd think, I will not try, this bless-
ing to obtain,

Just live as many others do—and justified,
remain ;

Why yes, there is our preacher, as good a
man as he,

He don't profess this holiness, as far as I can
see.

I'll seek a deeper work of grace, and more
like Jesus be,

I'd like to have this perfect love, but oh ! it's
not for me ;

And yet I feel I cannot rest, unless I'm sanc-
tified,

I can't go back, live as I did, and feel I'm jus-
tified.

There may be other ways for some, there's
only one for me,

Either return unto the world, or else must
holy be ;

What ! give up all my hope in Christ ? I'd
rather die to-day,

For if I can't have Jesus here, I do not want
to stay.

My soul in agony cried out, Lord, cleanse my
heart to day,

Now let the precious blood of Christ, wash all
my sins away ;

Here take me Lord, just as I am,—thou wilt,
thou dost receive,

Christ saves me to the uttermost ! I will ! I
do BELIEVE.

For the Guide.

SWEETEST FLOWER GIVEN TO JESUS.

M. A. SPARLING.

This indeed is a beautiful Sabbath
morning ; "a day without a cloud."

This morning God kindled His fire in
my poor heart. It has been burning
gradually until my soul is all in a flame.
I felt that I must get nearer to Jesus,
so I began to pray for a clean heart.

God stopped my pleading, by saying
"Reckon yourself dead indeed unto sin."
To the praise of His grace and glory, I
can, I do reckon Jesus my own, my pres-
ent, my full Saviour.

When I behold the attributes of my
own precious Saviour, as recorded in the
word of God, how my soul cries out af-
ter the living God ; how I long for His
patience, humility, meekness ; yes, His
perfect purity.

He wills that I should be holy. My
heart responds,

"Only Jesus will I know
And Jesus crucified

Trials, and temptations, sorrows and
afflictions ; for the last three years have
been multiplied in my life's history ; yet
I can in the "hottest fire hold still, and
calmly whisper, as God will." I cannot
find words to express the joy I have at
times in the Holy Ghost.

When I made my consecration to God
I made no reserve ; it took all, and to-
day, I would not recall one gift, although
in this time, God took from me a lovely
daughter, at the age of seventeen, in a
most painful manner. She left home in
the bloom of health, only to be absent
eight days. On the day which I ex-
pected her return, I even prepared tea
for her. I had a terrible struggle in
prayer, in which I said, Lord, the dear-
est idol I have known, whate'er that
idol be, I tear it from its throne and
worship only Thee. I made no reserve.

As I went from my closet, I looked
at the clock ; it was twenty minutes past
3 P. M. In one half hour afterwards, a
messenger came, saying my child was
dying with diphtheria. I started, rode
all night, and when I arrived at the
house where my lovely daughter had
been, I was told she expired twenty
minutes past three ; the precise hour
which I spent in an agony of prayer,
which I shall never forget, when I
told the Lord that I did tear my idol
from its throne, to worship Him alone.
Perhaps some would like to know
how I felt just at this moment—a pen
made only by infinite love, and dipped
in the precious blood of Christ, could
write what my heart felt at this terrible

hour, but the consciousness that I had given the sweetest flower I had to Jesus, more than paid for what I suffered.

My pastor came to me, and said: "Sister Sparling, tell me just how you feel, for this is truly an affliction." The reply I made was this: If He takes the last one, (for He has taken three out of five), I'll love and trust Him still. O yes, I can, I will, I do trust Jesus, and why should I not trust, when so many times His promises have been verified to me. "All things work together for good, to them that love the Lord." Praise His name forever. And now, after three years of deep affliction and trial, I can say, they are blessings which have purified my heart and one of the stronger evidences I have that I am the Lord's is this,—when a soul enjoys much of the love of Christ, they like my society, sinners also, when first converted seek my acquaintance, but as soon as their hearts get cold, they leave me, alone with Jesus. What a glorious hope is ours, a Saviour that saves to the uttermost. Praise His name forever.

CLAREMONT, N. H.

For the Guide.

"THE GUIDE."

BY GILMON WADE.

What precious truths within its lids,
'Tis manna to my soul,
It points my soul to pyramids,
More precious far than gold.

It tells me of a sweeter sphere,
While here on earth I roam,
And points my drooping spirit where
It views its peaceful home.

O let me heed its teachings now,
While life and health endure,
And dwell beneath the purple flood,
And rest in Christ secure.

Then sweet communion every day,
With Christ, my risen king,
Shall sweetly cheer my peaceful way,
Where happy angels sing.

Then happy in my home above,
With angels anthems sing,
Where all is joy, and peace and love,
And to my Saviour cling.

FROSTBURG, Md.

For the Guide.

LAND TO WHICH I AM GOING.

SALLIE A. SENTER.

In the land to which I am going all hearts beat in unison. The same great theme dwells upon every tongue. All feast upon the same joys, even the smiles of God. All are clad in the same garment of purity, even the righteousness of the Son of God. All are led by the same Spirit, even the Holy Ghost, to cry, "Worthy is the Lamb that was slain." Then can I not well afford to *journey through* a strange land full of discordant elements, scoffs and frowns and jeers to *dwell in* that land of love to which I am going?

Social Communings.

For the Guide.

FELLOWSHIP MEETING.

Those of our friends scattered abroad, who have been in the habit of attending social meetings, where all have equal privilege of declaring what great things God has done for their souls, will not need any elaborate testimony from our pen in regard to the great blessedness of thus enjoying the Communion of Saints. True believers of every age have loved these blessed fellowships. David though surrounded by courtiers and the inspiring scenes and splendors of royalty, found that there was something yet needed to meet a want of his ardent religious affections, and in the largeness of his heart cries out: "Come unto me all ye that fear the Lord, and I will tell you what great things He hath done for my soul!"

And thus it has ever been with all who have received a baptism of holy fire and love. Their newly energized affections, moves them to burning utterance. The baptism of fire received by the one hundred and twenty male and female disciples, on the day of Pentecost, was manifested by constraining influences to speak,—they all *spoke* as the Spirit gave utterance. So its immediate results was a sort of informal "speaking meeting;" but the Lord has never been without his witnesses. The prophet Malachi had his

eye on God's people of all ages, when he said: "Then they that feared the Lord spake often one to another: and the Lord hearkened and heard it; and a book of remembrance was written before him for them that feared the Lord, and that thought upon his name. And they shall be mine, saith the Lord of Hosts, in that day when I make up my jewels, and I will spare them as a man spareth his only son that serveth him."

Now we propose to resume our "*Social Meeting*," which some of our readers will remember we have occasionally enjoyed together through the medium of these pages. Of late it has been omitted because of a pressure of matter. But we now seem constrained to resume it. We will tell our readers why we have many experiences on hand, perhaps enough to fill every page of our magazine without any other matter.

We would gladly give the whole, but this would not be expedient. Our magazine is for the promotion of holiness, as a whole. And *what is holiness?*—It is *symmetrical piety*. We must therefore present the subject in symmetrical proportions, as a living, practical principle. To do this, we must continue to do as we have done, that is, present the subject in its various phases. This can only be done by spreading out before our readers a variety of matter, and precludes the possibility of devoting several pages to the narration of experiences however good.

We, therefore, propose to resume our old caption "*Social Communings*," a sort of fellowship meeting, for the relation of *short* testimonies. Let those who write for this department, endeavour, *prayerfully*, to *condense* their thoughts. We would not think it either generous or wise, for any one individual however good or talented, to occupy one-half or one quarter of the time in a fellowship meeting. Beside the space appropriated at the opening of each month, for ministerial testimony, and that apportioned to the Tuesday meeting for testimony, we cannot consistently allow more than two or three pages for our general Fellowship meeting.

As it seems utterly impossible to publish one half of the precious experiences we have on hand in their present diffusive form, we propose, if time will possibly allow, to condense them, leaving out extraneous matter,

and giving in a few words, the manner by which the Holy Spirit led the seeker of the great salvation into the enjoyment of the grace. We hope this will give greater satisfaction to the writers than to have them withheld altogether, and will, through the thanksgivings of *many*, redound to the glory of God.—[Ed.]

For the Guide.

A SHORT TESTIMONY.

A. A. HOBART.

"My only triumph, my only glory is in the cross. The world with its vain pomp and show, recedes as I advance in holiness of heart, and when afflictions and tribulations lower upon my path, 'tis then that my Saviour speaks to my heart, saying, "Trust ye in the Lord, for in the Lord Jehovah is everlasting strength." I am daily enjoying that spiritual life which would, (as regards myself), rejoice to see my Saviour coming in the clouds of heaven, to judge the quick and dead, and to gather home his ransomed host, from the East, West, North, and South, to sit down with Abraham, Isaac and Jacob, in his glory.

My evidences of that blissful hope, to-day, are love of the closet, for holy contemplations, searching of the Scriptures, and for those persons who most perfectly bear the impress of my Saviour's divine image.

N. POWNAL, Mo.

For the Guide.

VOICE FROM THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS.

W. F. WARREN.

Permit a dear lover of the "Guide," and the precious theme of which it treats, to bear testimony to the blessedness of travelling in the "King's Highway." It is a little more than two years since I was enabled to "open" unto Him who came in and took full possession of my heart, dethroning all idols and, blessed be His holy name, taking up his abode there. And from that auspicious day to the present, my dear, blessed Saviour has been my constant helper, and the source of such sweet and holy peace, such lively, substantial joy, such strong, abiding trust and glorious hope, that I have felt constrained "to call upon my soul and all that is within me, to

praise His holy name." I find it just as safe and just as precious to trust in the "living God" here in the midst of the moral deserts of Colorado, as among the many, of "like precious faith" in the East.

The same Lord in whom "all fullness dwells," can and *does* fill my cup of happiness quite full, aye! and enlarges the vessel, that it may contain more, and then fills it again and again, and yet His store of blessings seems never exhausted. Oh! that all would "taste, and see that the Lord is good." Although communities are small here, and the flock truly a "a little flock," our three societies in South Park, numbering only eleven members, and five of that number belong to other denominations, but have joined with us, because no other organization exists here; yet we find the promise true and safe, "they that trust in the Lord shall want no good thing;" for the people have supplied all our wants, and given us their warm friendship, and in some cases earnest Christian love.

Our little prayer-meetings at H —, although only four attend to take part, are very precious seasons, and some interest is manifested on the subject of holiness; and the "Guide" is a very welcome visitor in a few households. We thank God and take courage; waiting with earnest expectation for a revival of God's work, even in the Rocky Mountains.

COLORADO TERRITORY.

Loved One's Gone Before.

For the Guide.

MRS. GOV. FRENCH.

A letter received just too late for insertion in our last number, of the "Guide," brings us the sad intelligence that our beloved friend, Mrs. Gov. French, has reached the shores of immortality.

"Friend after friend departs—
Who hath not lost a friend?
There is no union here of hearts,
That hath not here an end."

A friend residing in Lebanon, Ill, writes us: Our hearts are filled with sadness and sorrow, and our eyes with tears. I know you will sympathize most fully with us in our sad bereavement.

One week ago, at this very hour, we sat by the bedside of dear sister French, and I saw

her spirit pass gently and peacefully away from earth. We can scarcely realize it even now, that she has gone from our sight forever? Her sickness was so brief, (only seven days) her disease pneumonia, wasted so rapidly, that ere we were aware of it she was dying. When it was announced to her she could not recover, she said "she did not wish anything contrary to the will of God." Though it was a bitter trial to leave her fatherless children alone in the world. She calmly arranged her temporal affairs for her departure. Her great anxiety seemed to be to see her daughters once more, who were away at school. Her prayer was answered. They returned in time to see her spirit pass away. Her mind was wandering and unconscious most of the time for the last two days, but occasionally the light broke in. Once she said "I am drifting away from you. Is this death; so easy, so peaceful?"

You knew her noble heart; the Christian virtues that adorned her life,—but there was a home life of kindness and benevolent sympathy for those in want and suffering, and a *willing, willing* heart to help the needy, that sheds a halo over her life, that no worldly honors or influence could have done. She will be sadly missed from our community. None knew her but to love. In her the poor have lost a devoted friend.

Ever since your visit here, she has seemed to be growing in grace, and preparing for her mansion above. The week before her sickness we heard her voice in our little prayer-circle for the last time, and her testimony was "I feel I can say Jesus saves me now."

Down deep in our hearts is a bitter cry—who? who will fill her place in our church and community? But a voice answers in our ears and to our hearts: "He doeth all things well." We bow low before our God who doth not willingly afflict the children of men, and say not our will but thine be done. Glory be to thy "Holy Name."

LEBANON, ILL.

For the Guide.

MRS. MARY HUNT.

BY MRS. MARY D. JAMES.

The power of grace, and the beauty of holiness, as exemplified in the experience and life of Mrs. Mary Hunt, of Pennington,

New Jersey, deserve a record among the tributes to loved ones gone before.

The "Guide," that precious repository of testimony from Jesus' witnesses, dear Mother Hunt delighted to read, and cherished as one of her most valued treasures, for many years.

She had attained her 78th year, when called to her home in Heaven. Her conversion occurred thirty years before, while one of her daughters was praying with her in her own house, and soon after she connected herself with the M. E. Church.

About one year subsequent to her justification, she was visited by good Mother Stebbins—whose name is precious to many of the true lovers of Jesus,—and finding her struggling with the remains of the carnal mind, and earnestly desiring to be made free in Christ Jesus, in the full Gospel sense of liberty—her good friend—doubtless divinely commissioned—"showed unto her the way of God more perfectly" than she had learned it previously, and so presented her high calling and glorious privilege in Christ, that she at once consecrated herself entirely to God, and was soon enabled to exercise the faith that brings a present and full salvation.

She had been wrestling like Jacob, and like him suddenly lost her strength. Unable longer to plead, sank in utter impotence at the feet of Jesus. In a moment she found herself encircled in His arms.

"O'erwhelmed with his stupendous grace,
She dared not in his presence move,
But breathed unutterable praise,
In rapturous awe, and silent love."

When able to speak, she tried to express her feelings by saying it was joy unspeakable and full of glory!

For some time she retained this sweet experience, but, yielding to nervous depression, at one time when in feeble health, lost the witness, though she continued to exhibit the fruits of holiness. Soon after she visited New York, and sought the abode of Mother Stebbins, who was again instrumental in leading her into the clear light. She then became "rooted and grounded in love." Her "goings were established." Having learned the devices of Satan, and that the secret of success in vanquishing him is in "looking unto Jesus" momentarily, unwaveringly;

she went on her way steadfastly to the end. The beautiful consistency of her life was apparent to all who had intercourse with her, and often elicited the remark, "Behold an Israelite indeed in whom is no guile." Her large benevolence and spirit of self-sacrifice were evinced by continual efforts to do good in every possible way to all who were accessible to her, and especially to the poor, and those destitute of religious privileges. To such her soul went out with strong sympathy, and most diligently she sought to supply them with the bread of life, both for body and soul.

One-tenth of her limited income was scrupulously set apart for benevolent and religious purposes, and on no account, however great her necessities might be, would she appropriate to herself that which she felt belonged to God.

The complete triumph of grace in her was made apparent by the most severe tests of her Christian graces.

In cases of greater provocation, in which some might have said "forbearance would have ceased to be a virtue," she manifested perfect meekness and gentleness, "enduring grief, suffering wrongfully," not uttering a repining word, or showing a reproachful look. But she would "go and tell Jesus" all her sorrows, and come away from the hallowed place where she "held audience with the Deity," with her countenance radiant and her heaven-lit eyes would tell the story that she had been with Jesus, and—

"Kindly he opened to her his ear,
And bade her pour her sorrows there,
And tell him all her pains.
Thus while she eased her burdened heart,
In every woe he bore a part,
His arms embraced her, and his breast
Her drooping head sustained."

One who spent much time with that precious saint remarked, "I have learned many lessons of meekness and self-denial from my dear Mother Hunt, and have seen the spirit of Christ evinced by her to an extent far beyond what I usually see in professing Christians."

Mother Stebbins during one of her visits—perhaps her last, to Mother Hunt—wrote to a Christian friend as follows: "The old lady is as usual pressing her way to the king-

dom. I wish you could have heard her testimony in love feast; it would have done you good. It was all full salvation." All her testimonies were remarkably clear and definite on this blessed subject, and her spirit and her entire life were in such perfect accordance with her profession, that her testimony was always most cordially received. It was remarked of her, that "her words were burning words." There was a divine unction attending them. An unconverted person to whom she spoke in reference to her soul's interests, said, "no one can hear her words without feeling them." The secret was, her words were indited by the Holy Spirit, and they "ministered grace unto the hearers." Her godly admonitions, and holy counsel have been the means of bringing souls to Jesus, and many will rise up in the great day to call her blessed. She was often in supplication, pleading for souls, and for grace to enable her to glorify God.

The Sacred Word was more precious to her than thousands of gold and silver. Its hallowed truths she studied daily, and promises were familiar to her as household words.

In times of affliction the Holy Spirit would bring them up to her remembrance with peculiar force just as she needed them. Often were the promises applied in a remarkable manner just at the moment when she specially needed light or comfort or strength, and she would be so struck with their adaptation to her case, that with tears of grateful joy she would utter in the presence of her family her thanksgivings to God.

How wonderfully the wisdom and goodness of the Great Author of the Bible are displayed in the adaptedness of its sacred treasures to every condition and circumstance in which we can be placed.

For seasons of trial or temptation, cheering words, encouraging promises; for times of doubt or difficulty, instruction and counsel as to the good and right way; for the dark night of trouble and sorrow, blessed light, holy comfort. For circumstances of peril, when we walk on enchanted ground, holy admonitions, gracious safeguards.

Is it any wonder that good Mother Hunt was so enriched with spiritual blessings, when she daily drew supplies from the treasury of Heaven's richest stores?

During the last seven years of her life, she suffered much from physical infirmities, which had a depressing effect upon her mind. But she retained her hold upon Christ, or rather the mighty hand of Him who said, "Fear not, for I, the Lord, will hold thee by thy hand," held her securely amid the buffetings of the surging billows, which at times seemed almost to overwhelm her, and she trusted in the God of her salvation through all the darkness which enveloped the closing years of her pilgrimage.

As the close of her life approached, her words were few, but sufficient to indicate her firm trust in Him whose wings had been her covert from all the storms through which she had passed, and who now, as ever, proved to be her "refuge and strength, and a very present help in trouble."

A short time previous to her departure, one of her daughters repeated to her the words: "Fear not little flock, &c." Some time afterward as her loved ones were surrounding her bed, she looked at them with a sweet smile, and her countenance became luminous as she uttered the words: "We must all be like lambs of the flock. We must all be like little lambs—like little lambs."

Those were almost her last words intelligibly uttered.

How beautifully suggestive to all who are "The sheep of His pasture!" Be like little lambs! So gentle, so patient, so meek, so docile, so obedient. Then indeed might we ever feel that to us the blessed words are spoken by the Great Shepherd of the sheep: "Fear not little flock, for it is your Father's good pleasure to give you the kingdom."

Those were the lovely traits of our Divine exemplar. "The Lamb of God!" Oh, may we be lamb-like, Christ-like! So was the sainted one who uttered those sweet words, and guided by the hand of her faithful Shepherd, gently, peacefully she passed through the "Valley of the Shadow of Death, fearing no evil," and on the 18th of January, 1868, entered the fold above, and began the New Song in the New Year, in the palace of angels and God.

"Who would not wish to die like those
Whom God's own Spirit deigns to bless?
To sink into that soft repose,
Then wake to perfect happiness?"

FAITH VICTORIOUS.

F. W.

PART SECOND.

How charming to the faith of all of us who must some day come to the same ominous hour whose approach my father met with so much fortitude, must be the record of Christian faith which follows. Most frequent was this utterance: "In all my illness *no spiritual consolation has been denied me.*"

Once when a dear friend sat beside him, his cheek wore the hectic flush, he said: "If Christ sat here, as you do, by my side, and said to me, 'my dear brother, what can I do for you, in any way, that I have not already done?' I should say *nothing.*"

SEPT. 15th.—Speaking of that wondrous verse: "And ye are Christ's, and Christ is God's," he said—

"What stupendous meaning is in those words! Think them over for yourself! Ah, as one nears the border of that plain which breaks off suddenly, these things grow clearer to the mind."

SEPT. 19th.—His daughter was writing up his diary, he said—

"I did not mention it, but you might put in every day, 'Peace, great peace in God,' for, as Gov. Wright said in his illness, 'My faith lays hold on Christ with hooks of steel.' those words express it—any others are too weak."

"People who get off their little *moralities* to me with kind intention, of course, but in a sort of flippant way, sometimes. I think so, quoting, for instance, a text like that, ("And ye are Christ's, and Christ is God's") in a thoughtless, conventional way, I think, "the greater includes the less," and I in these crisis days of my existence, find a depth and richness in those words, that strong and prosperous persons, even though they mean to be religious, don't perhaps discover."

SEPT. 22nd.—He talked long and in a most interesting way about faith—always his favorite theme—concluding with these striking words—

Trust me and I'll take care of you; that's what Christ says. That's religion and that's good for something! Walk out on this plank, firm and brave, into the dark eternity;

when you come to the end of the plank, Christ will be there to catch you."

Nov. 23.—Referring to a plan he had feebly sketched in pencil, of the family burial lots in Rose Hill Cemetery, (near Chicago), he said—

"I drew this with as much pleasure as I ever planned a garden. How God can change men's minds! I never used to think about our cemetery lots, but now I very often do, and love to call them now "our family home—*our blessed family home!*" (uttering these words with tears.)

Nov. 24th.—For my part, I swing out on God's almighty arm, and where God takes me, let me go! I have committed my case to my Creator and am perfectly content. If it had pleased Him to grant me a respite from suffering, and a few more quiet years with my family and friends, I should have thanked Him for it; but since it does not please Him to do this, *I thank him just the same.*

I have often thought, of late, how much richer I am than any Emperor. An Emperor has this world to back him, to be sure, but think of me! I have God and his universe on my side, because of the child-like faith which I, a poor, trembling, dying man, repose in my Redeemer! This is a high truth—a wonderfully inspiring thought. People who are well don't know anything about my feelings in these crisis-hours. Ah! I've rested my case with the eternal God!"

He made some observations in relation to Bible reading and the family worship of a lifetime, which had made him so familiar with passages of Scripture.

"Read your Bible faithfully," he said, "no matter whether you always enjoy doing so or not, and sometime, when you are where I am now, verses long forgotten will steal in upon your mind with comfort that you can't conceive of now."

Nov. 24th.—I am so glad to be here with my brother and my sisters these last days, after a life-time's absence. It could not have been better planned. Here I am, in this old, familiar place, with the playmates of my boyhood—here we are, mother's four children, together once more, in the evening of our lives, with as much simple faith and love toward one another as when we played together, fifty years ago. My brother was,

speaking to me of these most touching circumstances, the other day, and we both expressed, as well as our emotion would permit, our thankfulness to God for his signal blessings to us as a family.

Nov. 27th.—In the middle of the night he threw his right arm forward, and pointing upward, said, in seeming reverie, and with unutterable pathos—

"I try to bear my burden, and all the while I seem to see a *shadowy house*, growing, growing as my faith grows. I see it with increasing joy, whether I contemplate it as but a few days distant, or many weeks. I lie here, and think how strange, how glorious it is, and think how strange, how glorious it is, that I, J. F. Willard, poor, sick man, is really *complete in Christ*. Stupendous thought! If I were well and talked as I do to you sometimes, of faith, it would be called fanatical. But I'll tell you what it is: a human mind getting around on to the *plane of sanity*,—nothing more."

THANKSGIVING DAY.—I feel my heart filled with praise and joy and thanksgiving. If it were the will of God to take me home to-day, O, how I should rejoice!"

DEC. 1st.—Sang a dozen hymns to father here in the dead of night. He seems to enjoy singing; to get more spiritual strength from it than from anything we can do. His favorites are, first of all, "Jesus my all, to Heaven is gone," and "I thirst thou wounded Lamb of God," then, "There is a Fountain filled with blood," "Rock of Ages," and "Just as I am, without one plea." When I sang the last, he repeated, very impressively, the line:

"Because Thy promise I believe."

I then mentioned the verse that our pastor, Dr. Raymond, used to say had more in it than any other—

"The Father gives the Son,
The Son his flesh and blood,
The Spirit seals, and Faith puts on
The righteousness of God."

"Yes faith must put it on—faith must put it on!" he repeated earnestly, and there was a sermon in his gesture and his tone.

DEC. 2.—Rev. J. N. Simkins, (whose kind attentions were a great comfort to him) called. Father said to him, very naturally, "I have been dictating letters, having business papers filed, etc. It's a good deal of work, getting

ready for so long a journey. You know there are so many 'last things' to be regulated."

DEC. 6th.—(Mary to Mother.) Just think of what the grace of God is competent to do! Lying right here, life sweet, health sweet, I am yet reconciled, weak as I am in mind and body,—nay, *complacent* even, in view of the near approach of death; And yet, just think what I'm about to do! About to cast my untried soul out upon the great sea of eternity!

Mr. H. (one of the villagers) has had his bell tolled, and is lying in his coffin now,—quiet and at peace; and if I were as he is, if the ordeal were past and I were safely on the other side, O, would'n't it be well! When you see me lying here in this room, where I have spent these memorable days, remember that I ardently desired the consummation which will come at last. For before long I shall go away from you—I shall go to my God and Saviour.

DEC. 10th.—He partook, with his family, of the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper for the last time, being weak he said but very little, but entered into the solemn services with profound interest and appreciation of their significance.

DEC. 18th.—Rev. M. Ruddock and his wife came to sing to him. He said, after the hymn, "My latest sun is sinking fast."

"A poet now and then has caught the heavenly inspiration. Across the wide void God has sent it, sometimes, and here and there one has embodied it in words. So I don't think that even now, we are left altogether in ignorance about the future world—the world where we are soon to be. Well, this is all a fact—this plan of saving men through Christ—a great deal more of a fact than any of us comprehend.

DEC. 31st.—I had a beautiful thought as I was lying here to-day. I looked at my poor, swollen feet, and felt it would be such a happy thing for me if they were pressing now the shore of the River of death—if they were entering its waters. Instead of experiencing pain from this thought, it gave to me a spring of joy—a *spring of joy*."

NEW-YEAR'S DAY.—Rev. Mr. Simkins called. He said—

"Brother Willard, in its fullest, highest sense, I wish you 'a happy New-Year.'"

"Well, Brother Simkins, according to my expectations, this is going to be the most wonderful and glorious year of all my existence thus far."

TO HIS SISTER MRS. TOWN—

JAN. 21.—Ah, that's the last thing I'm afraid of—to be dead—that is what I ardently desire; but the struggle of dying, sometimes looks formidable to me. Consecration! How much that word may mean. To me it includes all of which I can conceive myself possessed really or prospectively. My will is so submerged beneath the will of God. I am so lost in the depths of a submissive spirit toward my Father and Redeemer, that I have now no thought of what my will might be—of what it was in other days, when I did not see eternal truth as I do now in these hours of heavenly communion.

The doctrine of sanctification by faith in Christ, preceded by entire self-surrender to Him who is unspeakably dear to me. It should be fearlessly preached from our pulpits and earnestly sought by our people. How little does one know of his powers of submission until the Holy Spirit helps and teaches him! How God can humble and chasten a strong, self-reliant man, until he lies in His fatherly hand, like a simple, loving, teachable child! The hour in which he does this is life's holiest, truest hour.

By the grace of God I am as ready to leave this world as I know how to be. I say what many others have been able to say through this same grace. I have thought perhaps that Christ would give me a little respite from my fever and faintness before I go away,—not that I might better prepare myself to meet Him, for I don't know how; not to trust Him any more, for I don't know how; but to contemplate Him awhile in quiet, even here on earth;—to talk freely with my friends, before I go.

TO HIS WIFE.—So I go out into a world unknown to me—far more so than the new world of care to which you must go at my death. But the same God that will take me out into the mysterious future, and shield me there, will certainly be mindful of you in your troubles and anxieties here on earth.

I don't ask him to make me well—that's no part of my expectation. I say to this world

good-bye, and reach forth to take what God has got for me.

"How did she die? (speaking of a woman whose funeral had been attended that day by the one whom he addressed.) Did she suffer? You see me interested in all these things:—I expect to come to them soon. And yet I can't say but what life for two or three or even one year, would be a great gift, a wonderful gift—more so than I could conceive of; (with tears) but I've given up all that my heart was set upon; life, friends, society, and now it's nothing for me to go on, and I wouldn't have it to go over with again.

I've thought perhaps, not one man in a thousand has the intense love and appreciation of life that I have; not on account of what the world calls pleasure, but it has been sweet to me—life in nature—in books, in human beings. Not only in its grander features, but in minutiae have I delighted myself with life: here, indeed, I have cared for it most. My history could not be written. It is too varied—I mean my inner life.

(To be Continued.)

Editorial.

WILL YOU INVEST?

There are many ways of doing good, and where there is a will, there is always a way. A dear minister, not possessed of larger means we presume, than the most of his brethren, feeling a great desire for the promotion of experimental holiness in the ministry, wrote to the publisher of the "Guide," asking how many copies of our magazine would be sent to ministers of a certain conference for \$100. The publisher, anxious for the most extensive possible diffusion of the pure principles of full salvation, stated the lowest price to cover expenses, and the "Guide to Holiness" was sent, we believe, to over one hundred ministers of the conference to which this brother belonged. From month to month during that favored year, the "Guide" made its noiseless visits to the hearts and homes of these dear sons of Levi, from whose lips the people were seeking knowledge. It was in a part of our Lord's dominions where the attainment of holiness as a present, distinct blessing, had been controverted, and its ex-

perience and the expediency of testimony on the subject questioned. But what the result? The days and months of the conference year had not passed away, ere that conference was in a flame of revival. Many ministers who had been indefinite in their experience, had passed over into the Canaan of perfect love, and were now exultingly proclaiming in the ears of the people, as Caleb and Joshua, "We are well able to go up and possess the good land." Hundreds of the people of their various charges have thus been induced to come up out of the wilderness, and that revivals as were never before known in that region, have since occurred. The conference to which that minister who sacrificed that which cost him something, in donating the "Guide" for one year to his brother ministers in conference relationship, has since been called the BANNER CONFERENCE on the precious theme of holiness. Holiness is the grand ultimatum of all Christian ministrations, inasmuch as without it no man shall see the Lord. Can we conceive that this beloved minister could have a more remunerative investment of ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS in view of the awards of eternity? We do not doubt that the summings up of eternity will reveal hundreds of souls gathered for the treasury of the skies through the increased power in the ministry, brought into action by the impulse instrumentally received through that unknown brother minister who was every month during that year repeating his unobtrusive visits to his brethren in sending them the "Guide." What a blessed, quiet mode does this furnish, by way of obeying the command, "Lay up for yourselves treasure in heaven."

A brother of the laity who is not, in the ordinary acceptance of the term wealthy, but who feels it to be a pleasant duty to give proportionately as the Lord prospers him, in like manner devoted a still larger amount, sufficient to send the "Guide" to each traveling and local minister within the boundaries of the conference in which he resides.

The gift was wholly unsolicited. Having been enlightened and quickened himself in the way of holiness by the monthly visits of the "Guide," and believing that holiness alone is the only true power of the Church, his heart burned with desire for the spread

of Scriptural Holiness. Yielding to a solemn conviction, that the most successful way to reach the people on the subject, was through the ministry, the "Guide" was sent. It was in a region where there had been a general faintness on the subject. We watched the results and our anticipations were exceeded. We take no glory to ourselves, but believe it to be our duty to ascribe glory to God in the highest, by saying, that the news reaching us from that distant region in a year from that time, was, that holiness was the prevailing theme among ministers of that conference, and most gracious revivals had been witnessed. Never can it be known till the judgment is set and the books opened, the amount of good thus accomplished. A lady friend now proposes to be one of five to give \$100 each, to make up the sum of

FIVE HUNDRED DOLLARS, to send the "Guide to Holiness" to *five hundred* ministers. Where, from among our 30,000 subscribers, shall we look for four individuals to complete the number? Reader, shall we look to *you* as one? In the name of *Him* who purchased full salvation for you, who though he was rich for your sake became poor, that through his poverty you might be made rich, will *you* send us *one hundred dollars* as quickly as you can command the means, in order that through your agency, the "Guide" may be sent to one hundred ministers.

Let us ask that you take this magazine, on the precious theme of heart-purity to your closet. Remember we have asked you a question in the name of the Lord, your Redeemer. We beseech you by the mercies of God to you-ward, do not say *No!* unless you say it on your knees, from a consciousness that you cannot honestly say *YES*. If the way to secure the means seems difficult, ask the Lord to open the way. The silver is his, and the gold and the cattle upon a thousand hills, If you cannot send \$100 for the *gratuitous* distribution of the "Guide," perhaps you can get two, four, or ten to join, taking shares of \$50, \$25, or \$10 each, and thus completing the \$100.

In case you cannot do this, can you not send on the subscription price for one year, in order that your Minister may, through you, have the monthly visits of the "Guide;" or

in case your minister is already receiving it, can you not send it to some friend who needs it?

Ask yourself the question before laying this first number of the new volume aside, what *has* Jesus done and suffered for me? What is he doing now? What do I expect Him to do for me in the future? and then ask yourself, *what can I do for Jesus?* Perhaps you can forego some contemplated superfluity in household equipage, dress, or recreation. Or by some act of *self-sacrifice*, can do something by which you may be thus a worker together with God in spreading holiness over these lands.

NATIONAL CAMP MEETING.

On the 14th of the present month, the great National Feast of Tabernacles will commence. Thousands of the redeemed of the Lord, who, with eye and heart fixed on the King's highway, are returning to Zion, will, we presume, congregate at Manheim. What an amount of Divine influence may be anticipated, in answer to the prayer of faith which for weeks past has been ascending daily as holy incense!

Let us go with enlarged expectations. History tells us, that a man went to Alexander the Great, and asked a marriage portion for his daughter. Alexander told him he must go to his treasurer. The man, believing that Alexander was in possession of immense treasures, made a demand so large, that the treasurer deemed it exorbitant, and replied that he could not give so largely, without special permission from Alexander. The case being brought before the King, he told the treasurer to bestow just what the man asked, saying, "I like that man. The largeness of his request shows that he has confidence in my ability."

Thus it is with the blessed and only Potentate, the King of Glory. We do indeed believe his word. Even now he is saying, "Call unto me and I will answer thee and show thee great and mighty things that thou knowest not." Let us not wait till we get to the encampment, but even *now*, just *here* as we are, communing with each other through the medium of these precious pages encourage and assure our hearts before the Lord.

If our Almighty Lord is now saying, "Call unto me, &c.," let us prepare our suit. It would be a great and mighty thing if He who was present at the marriage feast in Cana of Galilee should send abroad the invitations of His Spirit, and bring together multitudes of the tribes of Israel, from every quarter of our land, a people prepared of the Lord. Shall we unite in asking *this*?

It would be a great and mighty thing if the Lord should send forth His Spirit and invite thousands of unsaved sinners to the encampment, and cause every one that comes, to be so penetrated with realizations of Christ's presence and power, as that they shall be pricked to the heart, and never have any rest day nor night until the heavenly Healer speaks them whole. Shall we unitedly ask for *this* great and mighty thing?—believing that *he* that asketh *receiveth*.

It would be a great and mighty thing, if all the multitude of Jesus' professed disciples, who have not received the Holy Ghost since they believed, who may tread on the encampment, should be penetrated with a sense of their need of the baptism of fire, that an intense, all-controlling desire may be begotten in their hearts, that they may be constrained to tarry till endued with power from on high. This would surely be a great and mighty thing, but not too great and mighty for our Almighty Lord to accomplish. Let us also unite in daily supplication for *this*.

While we most devoutly ascribe all the glory to God, the Father, Son and Holy Spirit for the high degree of holy power that many of those who through the blood of the everlasting covenant possess, yet is not a great increase of power needed. Does not the precious cause demand a more marked demonstration of the fact that *holiness is power*? Would it not give an impetus to the cause that neither worldly professors, nor Satan transformed into an angel of light could gain-say, if the individual professors of holiness, should give more unmistakable manifestations of the *FRUITS of holiness*? What significance in the words, being made free from sin, and become the *servants* of God, ye have your fruit unto holiness. Is not the want of these manifestations, that is, the lack of open self abnegation in the *service* of the Re-

deemer, a oneness of interest with Him who made himself of no reputation, and, though He was rich, yet for our sakes, became poor,—the reason why many do not understand holiness better? When the spies returned from searching the land of Canaan, they came richly laden with the luscious fruits of the land.

So with those who tell the people that they have entered the Canaan of perfect love. They must exhibit the *fruits* of the land. Not only must there be a manifestation of perfect love, perfect charity, perfect humility, temperance, faith, and brotherly kindness, as a rich cluster captivating the gaze of every longing beholder, but in order to exhibit truthfully the fruits of holiness, there must be a *concentration* of these graces. All these we see exhibited in the daily life of the incarnate Jesus. His life on earth was one beautiful whole. In Him we behold symmetrical holiness. Does any one ask, what are the fruits of the Canaan of perfect love? We see all with one glance as we survey the daily walk and work of Jesus. "As He is so are we in this world." "He that saith he abideth in Him, *ought also so to walk as even he walked.*" If all the professors of holiness should be baptized into the Spirit so fully at the Manheim Camp Meeting, as to walk as Jesus walked, what would be the result? We are writing this article as in the more immediate presence of God, and would be very careful in our utterances, but we do not hesitate in expressing it as our most solemn conviction, that such a baptism on the part of all the professors of holiness, would result in the salvation of thousands of souls in less than six months. Dear professor of holiness, shall we not unite in asking this great and mighty thing at the hand of our Almighty Lord?

We will not wait till we meet at the National Camp meeting to ask this. No, we will do it now. Let us get the anointing *before* we go, then shall we be enabled to help forward mightily the ark of God on our arrival at the consecrated place. Surely nothing in heaven or on earth is so desirable as a baptism into the spirit of Christ.

But let us be careful or we may pray amiss, by asking for that, which, with its results, we are not willing to receive. Let us count the cost of full conformity to the image of

the heavenly, though it may involve such a painful crucifixion to self, the world and its opinions, as we have not before contemplated. To be crucified to the world by the cross of Christ, involves far more than even the majority of the professors of holiness contemplate. We want to share Christ's glory in His coming kingdom, but how the flesh shrinks from being baptized with the baptism wherewith He was baptized. How hard to let one's good name go, and be willing to be of no reputation for Him who made himself of no reputation for us! How hard to be willing to be so singularly zealous, that our friends may say, "he is beside himself!" How hard if possessed of this world's goods and living at ease, to so sacrifice earthly possessions and ease and position, as to make our lives a manifestation of sympathy with Him, who though he was rich, for our sake became poor, that through his poverty we might be rich! But let us, who profess the grace of inward holiness, now contemplate making large requests, not alone for others, but for ourselves. The world has a right to demand in professors of holiness, a marked crucifixion to the world in spirit, the manner of cherishing and adorning our bodies, and above all, in our loving, yearning pity for poor sinners. And now, preparatory to presenting our petition for a renewed, penetrating, all consuming baptism of fire, let us in the light of the Scriptures as above portrayed, bind our offering to the altar as a *whole burnt sacrifice*.

This done, and in answer to the prayer of faith, such a mighty baptism of the Spirit will descend, as will set the camp ground in such a blaze of glory, that open sinners and formal professors will not be able to stand before it. Christian friend,—brother—sister, now reading these lines, will you as one say, "I must, I will have this further baptism *before* reaching the encampment, though it may involve the loss of all things earthly?"

We have one more proposition to make. You are going up to the wilderness to sacrifice to the Lord. Will you go with your hands empty? or will you go to sacrifice to the Lord your God, and shall it be that which costs you something? Are you asking what the sacrifice shall be? Let us suggest the sort of sacrifice that we know will be

well-pleasing to God. There is that friend, who, though possessed of means perhaps sufficient, has not the heart to go to the tented grove. She or he is living in a cold state, though in the church perhaps by name, they clog her chariot-wheels. Go to that friend, with your lips newly touched with the Spirit's fire, as the result of your fresh baptism. Entreat that friend to accompany you to the Camp-meeting. If you have reason to think that they cannot well afford the outlay, tell them that it shall cost them nothing. This would of course give you an opportunity of sacrificing that which costs you something. And if any sacrifice or effort you make should be instrumental in the hands of God in the salvation of one soul, it will be more treasure laid up in heaven, than if you had fallen heir to a million of money. Will you try it? Perhaps there is a poor sinner whose salvation you have long desired. The inclinations of the unsaved one, might sooner lead them to some fashionable watering-place to recreate, yet you can make the individual case a subject of special prayer, and when by some winning expedient you may induce them to go with you to the feast of tabernacles, and far more likely than otherwise you may win that soul as a rich jewel to place in your Redeemer's crown. Would not this be a sacrifice well-pleasing to God? Was not the wealth of heaven expended to *purchase* that soul? And can you present a richer offering to God?

Dear lover of holiness, don't, I entreat you, lay this paper from you without thus resolving that you will make a *personal* matter of this, and thus as an individual, come up to worship God in the wilderness, in the spirit of *sacrifice* and your heart fired as never before, with the Holy Spirit's all-controlling and all-consuming baptism.

Revival Miscellany.

REVIVALS THE EFFECT OF A LAW.

At a recent Tuesday afternoon meeting, Rev. W. H. Boole gave some statistics connected with the commencement and progress of a remarkable revival, which we think so peculiarly suggestive that we avail ourselves of the privilege of presenting them to our readers as given

by a reporter. Let pastors and people read prayerfully and ask, "May not our church be speedily favoured with a revival, if we will at once, on like principles, prepare ourselves and come up to the help of the Lord, to the help of the Lord against the mighty."

Brother B. said that he came from one of the greatest revivals he, or those with him, had ever known. Last week had been a marvelous one, and he was trying to employ language that would not be exaggeration.

(A voice :) "Didn't you ask here for special prayers for a marvelous work?"

"Yes," he responded. And he was querying whether they should not expect a pentecostal time that afternoon in answer to the prayers offered. But last week was a wondrous one. There was no sermon, or exhortations from the brethren, but the power of God, was present and so demonstrated by the outshining of his presence that it could be seen by all. The minister had but little to say, and when the word was given to "come forward," proud men came, and the slain of the Lord were many, and they crowded the altar and the seats around it, and this was seen every night until there were no seats could be found empty for them. This had been going on before, but not so strikingly as during last week.

For years he had been of the opinion that all TRUE REVIVALS ARE THE EFFECTS OF A LAW; and his examinations and reflections looked towards this, and his convictions that such was the fact, were strengthened. It had been well said, Since the day of Pentecost, the SPIRIT HAD NEVER RETURNED TO HEAVEN, and as in the past, the spirit of God was always equal to the opposing host, so he believed it would be where his Israel, the church, depended upon him. When he went to his present charge, he found that the great mass of worldlings demanded more of the Holy Spirit, on the part of the people of God, and that the minister should have more. He instantly resolved to test these principles, and that the church should test them. It was very crucifying to him, but he resolved to eat John's book. He was convinced that no man could do that work alone, so he called together such faithful men and women of the church in whom he could have the utmost confidence, and they prayed, and every prayer.

was one, 'Send thy Holy Spirit in thine own way, and give us understanding, and make us willing workmen,' and special cases were taken up. He had faith in many more than were present at that meeting, but so they began. They prayed on, and greatly staid up his hands. They were banded together to pray and believe thus each day, and were called THE LEAGUE OF FAITH. The Spirit spread among the people, and when the time came we organized a *League of Prayer*, who were to pray three times each day for the revival of God's work. About 150 joined this at first, and afterward it was increased to 300. In the class-meetings, wonderful things had been wrought, until at one of them, seven had fallen upon the floor as dead men! God awakened the people to ask the Spirit upon the church, and there was intense desire for purity, and, strange to say, he was not called upon to preach one set sermon upon it. This power had increased more and more, until the present great results were witnessed. He held that any group or nucleus of men or women called a church, are sufficient under God for all that that church will be called of God to do. If not, God puts more upon our shoulders than we can do, and He never does that. But God does not let His blessing rest upon a church without *sacrifice*. In His church they did not pray "Lord save sinners," but "come thyself and stand in the midst and tell this people what thou would'st have us do." The minister did not have to do it all, for when God revealed to them what they should do, they generally did it, and in this sense, the minister experienced great relief. Then he had the distinct realization that Christ was sufficient, and could sing—

"O, the joy of knowing Jesus!"

Light was breaking more and more upon his soul, and he did not say what it might be in the future, but he did not think that God who gave us what he did for His own glory, would ever take away our Christ. He did not ask that God should come and prove him, for he thought God had provided many ways to prove us in this world. He did not know anything he would not give for Christ and for what he then knew of Christ. This world looked like a great thing to him, for it was a grand battle-field for Christ. He

found it not much trouble to say, "Lord, I give up all to thee," and so have the freedom of the beggar, for there is no man who is so free as a beggar who has nothing to bind him. He would not have social entertainments, which were good in their place, but as Mr. Lincoln had said, "One war at a time," and he preferred one war at a time, and this first.

THE WORLD TAKEN FOR CHRIST.

EDITORIAL.

"Where there is a will there is a way!" How many seemingly impossible difficulties have been overcome by a steady, persistent, indomitable will! O, for a fixed purpose, a steady, persistent, indomitable will on the part of individual Christians, to take the world for Christ. It has been said that one man with God on his side is a majority against the world. Surely, in the power of God's mightiness,—with omnipotence dwelling in the heart, and inspiring all the redeemed faculties of soul and body to action, how one should chase a thousand and two put ten thousand to flight! The power and importance of the lay element, and individual effort in bringing the world to Christ, has never been properly estimated.

We ask that Christ, the Captain of Israel's hosts, may nerve our heart, intellect and hand, while we make one more effort to enlist the armies of our Israel from every near and remote portion of God's redeemed territory, to arm themselves fitly and fully to "come up to the help of the Lord, the help of the Lord against the mighty." Why! Does God require help? asks one. Yes, God demands help. It was by Divine command that the inhabitants of Meroz were so bitterly cursed! And why?—because they did *nothing*.

But the inhabitants of Meroz were made up of *individuals*, and the bitter curse was upon them as individuals, not because they did anything ostensibly, as individuals, to prevent the successful issue of the battle, but because they did not as individuals arise quickly and arm themselves for the mighty conflict.

And now with a solemn, and well nigh awful conviction resting on our minds, we believe that the exigencies of the times demands an individual and collective rallying

of all the hosts of God's elect, from the four quarters of the earth. We see a hastening conflict, a rallying of the powers of darkness, demanding in thunder tones, concentrated action on the part of individual believers the world over. What is done on the part of the Church to bring the world to Jesus must be done quickly. We imagine that we have at least fifty or sixty thousand readers, and now in the name of the Lord Jehovah, in whom is everlasting strength, we appeal to each reader, and ask, will you from this hour resolve to do your utmost toward bringing the world to Christ. We are about to propose *concentrated action*;—not denominational, but concentrated Christian effort. The Christian community is made up of individuals. Will you, dear reader, as an individual Christian, lay yourself as a whole *burnt sacrifice* on the altar of the Lord your Redeemer, for this work. Then concentrate your energies. Levy a tax on your time, talents, influence, and property. Spare nothing that you can make available toward the rescue of souls from the ranks of Satan. Get other Christians to join you in the mighty resolve, that the town, village or city in which you reside shall be taken for God. Begin at once. We visited a city where a lay brother, who was a class leader and a local preacher, resolved thus to put all his redeemed powers under contribution to the Divine service. As he placed all on the altar as a whole burnt sacrifice, the consuming fire descended and he was wrapped in a flame of holy consuming love and zeal.

His home was in a little town two or three miles distant, where there was a church membership of less than a score who were worshipping in a school-house, but that brother began to

CANVASS THE PLACE FOR CHRIST,

He went among his unconverted neighbors, and invited them to accompany him to the services in the neighboring city, which was now being favored with a visitation of the Saviour of sinners. Having sacrificed time, ease and position on the altar of the service of his Saviour, he gladly tendered the use of his carriage, for many evenings in succession, to a new class of his neighbors and friends, who had been subjects of his daily visitations, deeming it a privilege to walk himself, if he might only succeed in bringing in a new com-

pany of unsaved ones for Jesus every evening. It was perhaps about the last evening of our service at that place, (where the good Lord had converted hundreds), that this heaven-baptized brother said to us, "Jesus gives me all I bring Him." After we left that city for another field of labor, that brother commenced services in his own little town. The class-room was the place where the new recruits met. From thence they were detailed two-by-two, or single-handed, as they thought most proper, to visit every house in the region and urge them to come to Jesus. Many came, so that in less than a year, the transformations of grace in that place were amazing. It seemed as though the whole town was brought to a great extent under the hallowing influences of the cross. A commodious church was built. "Behold how great a matter a little fire kindleth!"

And why might not every town and city in Christendom be alike favored, if every one who is called by the Christian name, will in like manner rouse to action. Every place ought to be canvassed thus by Christians, in view of being taken for God. This train of thought has been in part induced by reading a letter in the Pittsburgh "Christian Advocate," written by Rev. W. K. Marshall, Leavenworth, Kansas, a few items from which we lay before our readers.

A STATE CHRISTIAN CONVENTION

was held in Lawrence, last week, which was pronounced by Mr. Moody to be the best meeting of the kind he ever attended in the county. It was resolved at the convention to canvass the state for Christ. Handbills have been printed, headed, "KANSAS FOR CHRIST," containing the names of speakers and places for meetings. All the cities and principal towns of the State will be visited by earnest lay brethren, who will address the people on the subject of religion. Politicians speak for their candidates; why should not the friends of Jesus speak for their Master? Why should not the "children of light" be as wise as the "children of this world?"

A grand mass meeting was held in this city last Sabbath night, which was addressed by Mr. Moody, of Chicago, at which over eight hundred dollars were raised to be used in winning Kansas to Christ. Ten men gave fifty

dollars each. This was the first time I ever heard or saw Mr. Moody. Since hearing him, I have been trying to answer the question. "What is the secret of his success?" The following are my conclusions—

1. He is a converted man, and is not ashamed or afraid to tell it.
2. Feeling the power of religion in his own soul, he urges its importance upon others with a pointedness and zeal second only to that of Wesley's lay preachers.
3. His addresses are entirely extemporaneous, and he labors for *present* effect.
4. He is wholly free from the formalism and *professionalism*, that characterize too many of the occupants of the pulpit.
5. Being a business man, and laboring gratuitously, he escapes the prejudice that lurks, though unjustly, in the minds of many against a professional ministry, which prejudice develops its life by affirming of the regular ministers, "you are paid for this work, and it is your *business* to preach the Gospel."
6. He is untiring and bold in personal labor among the people. He is certainly more powerful in this direction than on the platform. He is not an orator; but he is an excellent talker.
7. He is rapidly acquiring a national reputation, and that draws a crowd; and then he, of course, has the full benefit of the enthusiasm inspired by a large assembly.
8. and last of all, he is not only a novelty, but an anomaly. He springs from a denomination that has always, honestly or otherwise, repressed and denounced everything that bordered on irregularity or overflowing zeal in religious matters. Such people listen to Mr. Moody with mingled feelings of wonder and amazement, and being one of them by church association, he escapes their condemnation. Others are not overwhelmed and carried away by his style, because they have heard that kind of talking and preaching from hundreds of our most earnest class leaders, exhorters, local and traveling preachers, from the days of their childhood.

We hail the uprising of Mr. Moody and his worthy co-laborers, as one of the most auspicious signs of the times. We bid them God speed in their noble work. We trust they will spread the sacred fire which burns upon the altar of their hearts all over the land, until all the laity and ministry catch their spirit and emulate their zeal. They

have doubtless been raised up by Providence to accomplish among those who have always denounced religious zeal and earnestness as a species of insanity, what Wesley and his successors have been doing for the last hundred and thirty years—that is, infuse a higher and healthier spiritual life into formalists, and awaken religious thoughts among the masses.

We trust also that they will provoke to better works and warmer zeal, our Methodist brethren who are departing from the "old paths." We are neither a croaker nor a foggy; but we cannot be indifferent to the fact that the spiritual power of the Methodist Church of to-day, is not commensurate with its numbers and ability. We lose moral influence just in proportion as we decline in zealous labors among the masses.

Correspondence.

GREAT EARTHQUAKE.

EDITORIAL.

PRAYER REQUESTED.

A letter dated April 14, from L. N. Emerson, Honolulu, refers to the volcanic wonders which have occurred in the Sandwich Islands. Such a series of frightful eruptions and earthquakes have, it is believed, never been known. The great crater, Manua Loa, began demonstrations March 27. March 28, over one hundred earthquake shocks were felt, and during the two weeks following until April 13, two thousand earthquake shocks occurred. At Wayschina, the earth opened in many places. A tidal wave, sixty feet high, rolled over the tops of the cocoa trees, a quarter of a mile inland, sweeping human beings, houses, and everything movable before it. A terrible shock prostrated a church and houses, killing many. The craters vomited fire, rock, and lava. A river of red-hot lava, five or six miles long, flowed to the sea at the rate of ten miles an hour, destroying everything before it, and forming an island in the sea. A new crater, two miles wide, opened, and threw rocks and streams of fire a thousand feet high. At one time, the illumination extended fifty miles at night. The greatest shock occurred April 2. Prior to the eruption, there was a

great shower of ashes and pumice. During the great shock, the swaying motion of the earth was dreadful, and no person could stand. In the midst of this tremendous shock an eruption of red earth passed down the mountain, rushing across the plain, three miles in three minutes, and then ceased; then came the great tidal wave, and then the streams of lava. The earth eruption swallowed thirty persons, and the sea many more. Great suffering and terror prevailed in the whole region. The total loss of life by the latest dispatches is given at between three and four hundred. There has been a great destruction of cattle.

The letter from Honolulu says: "I am hoping and praying, and *firmly believing*, that the Lord will soon work wonders of grace, surpassing, and more permanent in effects than those of 1853. It seems to me that I *feel* it coming. Will you remember us here in Honolulu, a little band who believe HOLINESS to be our duty, our privilege, and an inestimable blessing, which God, through Christ, grants to those who are willing to trust him. Will you not remember us in the Tuesday meeting?"

We assure the dear band in Honolulu, who are acknowledging Jesus able to save to the uttermost, that they have the loving sympathy and earnest prayers, of their brethren and sisters of the Tuesday afternoon meeting. And not only these, but we trust thousands who read the "Guide," in near and far off lands, will unite in pleading that this band of disciples may be mightily endued with power from on high, and while the judgments of God are abroad in the land, the inhabitants may learn righteousness.

For the Guide.

GOD TAKES CARE OF HIS CHURCH.

Only six months remained of my pastorate at Liberty Street M. E. Church, New Brunswick. The Devil concluded he would see what could be done, in that time, to undo the work of the past two years and a half. He laid his plans with a skill worthy a fallen angel of six thousand years' experience in tempting the human heart. A fearful sin was laid at the door of the Church. God's people hung their heads: the children of sin lifted theirs high. The lukewarm and weak

in Zion stumbled. Hell triumphed; but we determined not to be overcome. The knife of excision was used. The prayer of faith was offered, and the works of faith performed. Meanwhile, pandemonium was in a ferment. The tongue of slander had neither bit nor bridle. Feelings were lacerated. The Church was tossed on the waves of angry agitation. The unbelieving, in the Church, said she was ruined, and talked of leaving her, as rats leave a sinking ship. We—many of us—held on to God: asked if the triumph of the wicked might not be short. Those servants of God—Dr. and Mrs. Palmer—came to our help, and light broke through the rifts of the overhanging storm cloud. Still we held on to God. Now, sinners were convicted and converted. So we prayed and labored on. Many a refreshing shower fell on God's heritage when it was weary. On the evening of the 17th of February, a stormy night, when but a few of us were present, it pleased God to come, in the fullness of his love. The pastor, wearied and chafed by long anxiety for the church and for *individuals*, while they were singing "O, how I love Jesus," descried the on-coming wave of love. He did not run up on the shore to avoid it, but went out seaward to meet it. It went over him, lifted him up *towards* the third heavens, bore him onward, and filled him. He was just then, on the spot, paid a thousand fold for all the anxiety, labor, and prayer of the last few months. A number of his brethren, who had been with him in person and sympathy in the storm of the past, were also submerged in that wave of love, and together they wept and rejoiced, and embraced again and again. Precious hour! never to be forgotten while memory lasts. It is one of the bright spots in the past that can never fade.

The next day, some of us were like those that dream. We walked in a heavenly cloud land—our feet seemed not to touch the earth.

The next evening, when we assembled, God came with us, and brought the crowd with him. The writer will not soon forget, how God blessed him and the people in the opening prayer on that occasion. The altar was filled with penitents. And, now, as the tide of love flowed in upon the Church, nearly all were refreshed, and almost forgot

that we had been in the furnace of trial. Sinners continued to come, until more than eighty souls professed to have found peace in Jesus.

But now the time was drawing nigh when pastor and people must part. For three years had we labored together in the Gospel yoke. Oft had our hearts been melted into one under baptisms of holy fire. Hundreds had professed conversion to God. Several times—twice in particular, February 15th, 1866, and February 17th, 1868—the manifestation was most pentecostal in character. Though endeared to each other in such scenes, and though we learned to love each other in the afflictions through which we have together passed, yet we *must part*. Our meetings during these closing days were peculiarly soft and tender. The last Saturday night meeting—holiness meeting—was a season of wonderful tenderness and power.

The last Sabbath came. In the morning the house was full. There were the loved, dear faces into which the pastor had looked for three years. A few were not there—they *had gone up*. For a moment, he lost the power of utterance, but rallying, he went on with the service. It was a time of tears. In the afternoon, we met in love feast—the last as pastor in Liberty Street. The audience room was full. That season will not be forgotten. Evening came; for a long time before the hour of service, the house was full. The pastor had difficulty in reaching the pulpit through the crowd. Hundreds went away, unable to get in. Then from Paul's words, "Finally, brethren farewell," &c., he spoke to them once more. Hearts melted, tears flowed, we were one—sinners and all—one in sympathy at least. Are there any truer and purer friendships than that which grows up between the minister and the people to whom he preaches?

It was a solemn time. We thought of death and judgment. There was joy too—we thought of the resurrection, and *reunion* in heaven. So we separated. The pastoral bond was broken; and, yet we often meet, for

"There is a place where spirits blend
Where friend holds fellowship with friend;
Though *sundered far*, by faith we meet
Around one common mercy seat."

Never was the Church stronger than when she came forth from that fiery trial.

R. V. LAWRENCE.

KEYPORT, N. J., May 8, 1868.

The Tuesday Meeting.

Meetings for the promotion of holiness, are held at the residence of Dr. Palmer,

23 SAINT MARK'S PLACE,

near the Bible House, at 2½ o'clock every Tuesday afternoon.

The meeting as usual, was largely attended, every available spot of hall and stairway being occupied at an early hour. After the usual opening exercises,

SISTER P. said she had a very special desire, and had presented a very special prayer, that that meeting might be under the direction of the Holy Spirit; so that they might realize as they sung "Spirit of burning come." That Spirit is here. Would every one be answerable to the direction of the Spirit without questioning? It might not be amiss to say then, that the meeting was free for all, but yet there were boundaries which the Spirit would set, such as that we should confine ourselves to the object of the meeting, and perhaps it would not be in accordance with the Spirit for any one to occupy a long time. They came there, she thought, as did the disciples of whom they read in the opening lesson from the Scriptures, for the outpouring of the Holy Spirit, for we live under the dispensation of the Spirit. Christ commanded those disciples to tarry till the Holy Spirit should come. How long may we have to tarry? They had to tarry for a special reason, which may not apply to us. The types and shadows had to be completed. As soon as the day of Pentecost was come, the Holy Ghost came. There is now no reason on the part of God for delay. If there is any delay, it must be on the part of the creature. When He bowed His head and died, it was for every one. They might interfere and prevent the answer to prayers. Will that fire consume the sacrifice? Will it be accepted unless they bind the sacrifice to the altar? They could bring the lame, the torn, or the blind. Let all ask God to look through them with His flaming eyes, and be very care-

ful what we ask, and expect to have what they asked for

"Look through me with thine eyes of flame,
The clouds and darkness chase,
And tell me what by sin I am,
And what I am by grace."

She believed the prayer that had been offered was from the inspiration of the Spirit. A man who was very seriously diseased, applied for relief to several physicians and surgeons, and there seemed but one voice, that he was incurable, except he should submit to a very serious, and what might be a fatal surgical operation, he could not live. The surgeons were so fearful that it might be fatal, that they did not advise him to submit to the operation; but nature clings to life, and there was no hope of living without it. The surgeons undertook it, and told him, if they paused at any point in the operation, he might know it was fatal, but for some unforeseen circumstance they did pause, he fully expected to die, but when they began again, though it caused the most excruciating agony, he said it was the most luxurious feeling he ever experienced. The result was he recovered.

"The sharpness of that two-edged sword,
Enable me to endure;
Till bold to say my hallowing Lord,
Hath wrought a perfect cure."

Let all get the offering on the altar. Sacrifice meant something, and that which costs nothing was not sacrifice. Let them look upon the entire life, and present it to God. She would have them put every motive of earthly ambition; she would look ahead and see all the future of earthly existence, and then put all upon the altar. They might pray and ask amiss. O, that this might be a time of special consecration. A sister said one week before, "That they were all on common ground. None could save themselves, not one of them for one moment, but through Christ." They could not be saved for five minutes to come, any more than they could inhale the vital air, and breathe for five minutes to come. Let us remember Christ will not accept an imperfect sacrifice. Do not mock God by bringing such an one. Get such an offering on the altar as will please Him. Put your reputation on the altar. You say, "I can't be singular for Christ;" or "I can't en-

dure what others may say." O, may you be consciously answerable to all the demands of the Spirit upon you.

A BRO. Did not rise to tell them of his happiness, but he was at rest. Two weeks ago he left his missionary work to come to the meeting, because "Man's extremity is God's opportunity." When there he desired not to go away until God had sanctified him by the power of the Holy Ghost, and he now arose to say God gave it to him that afternoon. He did not seek it for happiness' sake, but to be fitted for the Master's work. While going from garret to cellar, his heart was filled with love, so that he could have thrown his arms around the dear, erring souls. He felt that he must come here to tell of the reality of this experience, and he desired prayer for his wife, who did not believe in this blessing, that her heart might be broken to pieces, and that she may be led to go from place to place, showing what a dear Saviour we have found.

SISTER R. Said there were some passages that our blessed Saviour spake that seem like diamonds. There is so much in a diamond that worldly people say it is useful to own them. They had been living where the diamonds lay, though we may never have known it before. It is perfectly safe to venture all on Christ. He says, "If thine eye be single thy whole body shall be full of light." That had been a diamond to her that day. It had been as he said it. She had but one eye; and but one being to please, and that was Jesus; only one person to serve, here or hereafter, that is Jesus, and in doing so found perfect rest, not one of sitting down, but when going out and coming in. She took just what God gave her.

Those of them who were parents knew how their love went forth to the children, for God's love stretches out further than any other, for she did not know of any parent who would dare to trust a child with "more than you can ask or think." She thought the leaven of which Bro. B. spoke had been spreading, and her heart said, "I don't want to go to heaven alone." O, that every one there would just take Jesus that hour. She went into a meeting the other day where she sat pretty much alone, except one or two lovely spirits, and a room full of others, and said, "Lord fortify thy truth,

and stop all wrong willings of these souls. But how can it be done? By Jesus' own words." If they would be fed they must take the word of Jesus. In some respects all had been taught wrongly, and in many things were believing what the Devil said,—an instance of which was that a soul is really waiting for God. She might be standing on the sidewalk and trying to get into a stage, but she must go forward to get in. Thus with an old lady at the meeting referred to, who said to her, I am now old, and for many years have been looking and looking, and thought I was waiting for God to come; but I have been misapprehending God, and do not give up to him;" and then she said, "I will, I will." At first she could not say this, because she thought she must wait for God. But God was beseeching us: He wants to save us. He wants us to be in a salvageable condition. He only wants us to accept of the proffers of Divine mercy. The terms are, "My oxen and fatlings are killed, will you come and eat?"

Book Notices.

THE CHAPEL HYMN BOOK. Containing over four hundred Hymns and Spiritual songs. With the first strain of melody prefixed to the hymns; designed to be used in prayer-meetings, revivals, &c. Compiled by Rev. George Hubbell. New York; N. Tibbals & Co., 37 Park Row.

This new and most delightful offering of praise will be joyfully hailed, by the lovers of song. Singing, whether in the lowly cottage, in the parlor, the chapel, or the stately cathedral, is a portion of worship so heavenly, that we can scarcely conceive of a pure-minded worshipper that would not covet any aid that would help him in the service of song. Here is a book which we take pleasure in commending. The compiler tells us that this Hymn-book has grown out of a sense of want, increasingly felt through a pastorate of over twenty years—the want of appropriate singing in social meetings for devotion. The church hymn-books, though containing the richest spiritual poetry, have too much stateliness; they are too didactic, too deficient in those lively sentimental hymns and choruses which thrill the popular heart. We might add more, but space will not permit. This Chapel Hymn-book will doubtless meet a want felt by many. May its inspirations be a blessing to thousands.

BELIEVER'S HAND-BOOK. For Christians of every name. By Rev. E. Davies, of East Maine Conference. 71 pages.

This is truly an excellent work, and we have perused its pages with profit. Most heartily do we commend it to all who are interested in the theme of heart-holiness. Its contents are

ranged under eight chapters. Chap. 1st.—The Holiness of God. Chap. 2nd.—Holiness as it pertains to man.—The Nature of Holiness. Chap. 3d.—The Necessity of Holiness. Chap. 4th.—Holiness Possible. Holiness Desirable. Chap. 5th.—The means of attaining Holiness. Chap. 6th.—The evidences of the possession. Chap. 7th.—How may we retain the blessing of entire sanctification? Chap. 8th.—Holiness on the bells of the horses.

The Author in introducing the work, says, "My design is to make the whole matter so plain, that any true Christian may see just where he stands in his religious experience, and just how to advance into that glorious state called Perfect Love, or Christian Holiness. And then, having gained this blessed experience, the great thing is to retain it, and advance therein, "From glory to glory, even as by the spirit of the Lord." I have endeavored to show how this can be done. We bespeak a large sale for the work. It is got up in paper covers and retails for 25 cents. For sale at the office of the "Guide," 14 Bible House, New York.

THE SWORD THAT CUTS: THE FIRE THAT BURNS. With numerous engravings. By the Author of "HOME THRUSTS," and "SHINING LIGHT." The word of God is sharper than any two-edged sword." Heb. 4.-12. "Is not my word like a fire? saith the Lord." Gen. 23-29. New-York. Published by the Author.

The preceding is the title-page of a remarkable work. Yes, remarkable, because simply out of the common order. Rev. D. F. Newton, Author of the volume, is deeply in earnest. One who was a proficient in the art of painting, said, "I paint for eternity." Mr. Newton, we doubt not, writes for eternity, and we trust the fruits of his works will remain when the world is on fire. We will not call him the Jeremiah of the times, but those who will do themselves the favour of reading this volume, will perceive that there is more of the scathing, scorching, withering rebuke of Elias, or John the Baptist, than the winning persuasives of the disciple that leaned on Jesus' breast at supper. But all sorts of sanctified talent is now needed to meet the most momentous, solemn exigencies of this eventful age. Life is short. Its aims are high. Its issues tremendous. Millions of redeemed, deathless spirits are standing on the brink of an endless future. The Judgment-day is at hand. We have no time for witticisms, or mysticisms, either from the pulpit, press, or parlor. Mr. Newton writes, and if we may judge from his portrait, which accompanies the volume, looks as if he believed all these things, and we hope that the book may be extensively read, and accompanied by the unction of the Holy Spirit. For sale at 14 Bible house. 12mo. Price \$1 50. It is got up in beautiful style.

N. B.—We are not in the habit of making our magazine an advertising medium, but without money or price we take this opportunity of saying in accordance with the suggestion of the Author of the above work, and believing that we thereby do the religious public a favour, that at the Rev. D. F. Newton's 303 West 20th Street, may be found a *Christian Boarding House*,—quiet, orderly, Sabbath-keeping. Neatly furnished rooms for gentlemen and their wives, with or without board. Missionaries from abroad, or others desirous of enjoying religious privileges in the family circle, will find a home. Terms moderate.

For the Guide.

MY FATHER KNOWS.

ARRANGED BY C. B. LOUDERBOUGH.

AIR.

1. I'm a pilgrim and a stranger, Rough and thorny is the road; Often

TENOR.

BASS.

Duett.

in the midst of danger; But it leads to God, Clouds and darknes oft distress me,

Great and many are my foes, Anxious cares and tho'ts oppress me, But my Father knows.

rit.

O, how sweet is this assurance,
'Midst the conflict and the strife,
Although sorrows past endurance
Follow me through life.
Home in prospect still can cheer me,
Yes, and give me sweet repose,
While I feel His presence near me,
For my Father knows.

Yes, He sees and knows me daily,
Watches over me in love,
Sends me help when foes assail me,
Bids me look above.
Soon my journey will be ended,
Life is drawing to a close;
I shall then be well attended,
This my Father knows.

I shall there with joy behold Him,
Face to face my Father see;
Fall with rapture and adore Him
For His love to me.
Nothing more will then distress me,
In the land of sweet repose,
Jesus stands engaged to bless me—
This my Father knows.

Guide to Holiness.

AUGUST, 1868.

For the Guide.

LOVE PERFECTED.

REV. F. HAWLEY,

Congregational Minister.

In the year 1821, when eighteen years of age, I was hopefully converted to God. In a few years, I advanced to about the usual stage of Christian experience. Not being taught that it was possible to be free from the dominion of sin, I did not seek it. The natural consequence was that I lived on, feebly struggling against my spiritual foes, but never gaining a complete victory. Resolving to obey God, but uniformly coming short of a perfect obedience. At times, led far away from my Saviour, and when convicted, doubting and ready to despair, would return to God, repent of my wanderings, renewing my covenant, and receiving pardon, would renew the conflict. Yet, at times, I enjoyed the light of God's countenance, and more or less of the witness of the Spirit, and at times came near the promised land, but, through unbelief, still wandered in the wilderness. Yet, I can now see, that I was slowly advancing—perhaps advancing as fast as could be expected, considering that I had never expected to be made free from the law of sin and death.

In the year 1840, I became acquainted with the views of Charles G. Finney, and the noble band of brethren at Oberlin. Bro. Finney's exposition of the 7th chapter of Romans, and his triumphant vindication of the doctrine of sanctification, or perfect love, convinced me

that there was much more land to be possessed—a higher spiritual life before me. I read, prayed, and thought much, and thought I was near its realization, but through weakness of my faith, and not fully complying with all the conditions, I failed. I became tired of serving God, partly as a child and partly as a slave, coming short of that spontaneousness in duty which comes of perfect love.

In reading the experience of Bible saints, and those who were walking in their steps, I could not adopt their language of confidence and full assurance, without misgivings. I preached entire consecration,—the obligations of Christians to believe with all the heart, that they might experience the fulfillment of the promises, and be filled with all the fullness of God. I preached this from the heart, but not from heart experience. I became more and more dissatisfied with the low plane on which I was traveling. Believing, as I did, that the provisions of the Gospel were ample to meet all my spiritual wants, I became deeply sensible of my obligations to receive *all* my Saviour had procured for me, in his death and resurrection.

I was pained to think that I had lived nearly forty-seven years a professed Christian; for a number of years had tried to preach the Gospel, yet living in a degree of unbelief, and thus dishonoring God, circumscribing my Christian influence, and robbing my soul of the love, joy, and peace of a full salvation. I became deeply in earnest. I was alone, yet not alone. Deeply absorbed

in meditation and prayer, I felt the unreasonableness and sinfulness of my unbelief, and my short-coming in obedience.

My soul laid hold on God, in the spirit of entire consecration. I said *Lord, from this time I will obey all thy commandments.* Never did I feel my weakness and dependence as at that moment. I realized the words of Jesus: "Without me, ye can do nothing." I had no words. In solemn silence, my soul leaned wholly on a present God. My heart was open to God; it was in a receptive state. Very soon, celestial light came into the inner chambers of my soul. The King of Glory himself came in. The tide of divine love began to rise, higher and higher, till my soul overflowed with love, peace, and joy unspeakable, and full of glory. The peace and joy of my first love was not to be compared to it. In the words of Mary, the mother of Jesus, I could say: "My soul doth magnify the Lord, and my spirit doth rejoice in God, my Saviour." Glory to God!

The blessing that I had so long hungered and thirsted for had come. The cleansing power had come. The consciousness that my love was perfect, was deep. I felt that the promise of the Father was fulfilled. Jesus had become my most welcome guest. He supped with me, and I, though unworthy, supped with him. My vessel was full, and my assurance was perfect. A celestial light covered the sacred page; spiritual things were discerned as never before. My spiritual understanding was more comprehensive and perfect. My spiritual eye became more simple, and an increase of light on all moral and religious truth was the happy result.

In the perfection of my love and joy, I find strength. All fear is cast out, and a love-service has taken the place of all that was before servile. "My heart is enlarged, and I now run in the way of God's commandment. I find my heart in a most blessed *state of prayer*; a state of communion with God, and perfect fellowship with God the Father, and with his Son, Jesus Christ. May

the blessed day soon come, when all the children of God shall receive the unction from the Holy One—that anointing that abideth;" resulting in a perfect obedience, and a permanent abiding in God's love. Then would the host of God's elect, full of faith and the Holy Ghost and endued with power from on high, go forth with more than primitive success in the work of converting the world. I can now see, that for years God has been leading me towards this last stage of the work of redemption.

Not that there is no progress yet to be made. There is still room for an enlargement of soul, and great progress in the knowledge of God our Saviour; and also in the work of bringing the whole spiritual, moral, and physical man into a state of harmony with the will of God. And besides, while in the flesh, temptations from various sources will come, requiring a constant warfare.

If any reader of this finds that his experience in its early stage and teaching compares with mine, permit me to give a few words of counsel. Do you deeply feel your need of a deeper work of grace; a perfect faith; a perfect love; a pure heart? Do you feel that your unbelief is at the bottom of your trouble,—that it is a sin? You ought to feel condemned for it. Living only in a small degree of unbelief, it is no wonder that you become cold and formal, and that many other sins should follow in the train of unbelief, such as inordinate self-love, and worldly conformity. Be determined that you will no longer travel this low plane, but that you will seek the king's highway of holiness. Repent, after a godly sort, of your unbelief, and its attendant sins. *Crucify selfishness—abandon self-will—put self-love down to its proper level—come into God's order.* The Infinite first, the finite second. Deeply feel your unworthiness;—understandingly take upon your soul a solemn vow; a vow of consecration to henceforth obey the entire, known will of God. Let the language of the heart be: "Lo, I come to do thy will, O God." Believe that God is infinitely more willing to fill you

with all his fullness, than you are to be filled. Realize, that without him, you can do nothing. Let your soul lean on God. Hunger and thirst after God and his righteousness. Open your heart, let it be receptive. Exercise a perfect trust, and give thyself to God. And as God is true, the blessing will come. The King of glory will come in and sup with you, and you with him. You can have no just conception of the greatness and glory of the blessing until it is bestowed. In depth and richness, it will far transcend that which you received on the day of your espousal.

For the Guide.

THE BLOOD OF CHRIST.

MRS. E. H. NEWHOUSE.

The blood of Christ! O, precious thought?
What blessed glories hath it wrought
For my poor trembling soul?

O, it hath washed my sins away,
Hath turned my darkness into day,
And made my poor heart whole!

Here is my trust, O, Lord my God,
In that rich blood which stained the sod
Of Calvary's rugged brow;
And in that precious blood I'll rest,—
'Twill drive each wrong from this poor breast
And cleanse me wholly now.

O, yes, I'll plunge beneath that flood,
That priceless fount of holy blood,
So freely shed for me;
And know that from my inbred sin,
And all that is impure within,
It now doth make me free.

Yes, now my Lord, I have no plea
But that this blood was shed for me,
That I might enter in—
Unto the holiest of Thy love,
And all the worth of that blood prove
Which cleanses from all sin.

Lord, I am thine, yes, wholly thine,
The sweet assurance now is mine,
While at thy feet I bow—
And consecrate my all to thee,
Through that rich blood which makes me
free;
My Father, even now.

For the Guide.

CHRIST REIGNING IN HIS KINGDOM.

BY S.

The privileges of a realizing faith are expressed in the words, "Who hath delivered us from the power of darkness, and hath translated us into the kingdom of His dear Son." That is a blessed word "hath." If God *hath* delivered me, I have been delivered, and am now out of the power of Satan. True in God's blessed purpose at my regeneration, it has become blessedly true to my own soul practically, now that I trust for it, Satan can and will assault me, but it is as an enemy outside the citadel, garrisoned by the love of God; and should I ever be pierced it would not be from any weakness of my fortress, but for want of abiding in my strong defence, Christ. Oh! what bondage, what cruel tyranny the devil exercised over my divided heart, till I recognized by faith that Jesus had delivered me from the power of darkness. Not expecting more than a partial and occasional deliverance from the details of sinning, my failure corresponded to my lack of faith. Afraid to venture wholly on God's faithful word, and to reckon myself dead to *sin* itself, as the root of *sins*, the consciousness of being alive to God was sadly marred; and my heart became a divided kingdom, until gradually my conscience was deadened by the whisperings of Satan, or the teaching of those who themselves "cannot cease from sin," so as to believe that nothing better than to "continue in sin," less or more, was possible; and that by this continuance grace would be shown the more to "abound." Having argued myself out of the truth of God; and having by the thought, "True indeed in God's sight, but practically always untrue in me," ingeniously perverted the injunction, "Be ye holy for I am holy," I argued others also out of the truth, and taught that to abide in Christ always was not to be expected in this life. Or, in other words, that our Lord's commands to His Church were so grievous, as like the law to "form a yoke upon the neck of the disciples, which neither

our fathers nor we were able to bear." Alas! that any should call that a hard or impossible yoke which He has called "easy;" or that burden heavy which he has called "light." Nay my brother, do not groan in the dungeon, for Christ has proclaimed liberty to the captive in sin. Come out! and shout the words "hath delivered us from the power of Satan,"—and find them true to faith. Glorious deliverance! Happy people who will believe in it and find it true!

Can you, my brother, give thanks that you are now (not judicially nor yet progressively only, but) *actually* delivered from the power of darkness? If not, can God deliver you? Is he willing to do it? WHEN? Will you resist His will NOW?

My soul is filled with joy from hour to hour, and day to day, as, amid all the busy scenes of a laborious life in a factory, it finds ringing through it with the melody of another sphere, the words, "*translated into the kingdom.*" It is not can, will, may or shall be translated, but *hath* translated, so that I am in the kingdom, where all things are become new, and all things are of God.

Faith hears a sound that is not heard by other than believing ears, and it refuses to be judged by those who "limit the Holy One of Israel" to a partial and incomplete victory, and who tell of the impossibility of going up to possess the land. God *hath* translated me, I am now translated, and thank God! I know it. A king reigns in his own kingdom and subdues all enemies under him. I am in Christ's kingdom, and He rules in my soul. Naturally one of the weakest and vainest of men, He has, it seems to me, taken me in hand to show what grace *can* do. Can I frustrate such grace, and refuse to know the power that belongs to a translation into His kingdom, and to own it to his praise? True in God's purposes of grace even at my conversion, thank God! it is now true to my own soul. In my weakness I magnify God's grace, and, willing to be anything or nothing in his kingdom, I pray Him to use me according to his pleasure alone.

Believer! God has translated you

into the kingdom of His dear Son. Do you believe it? Can you serve two masters? Does Christ reign in your soul? If not are you willing for Him to remain there? *When* will you have Him to reign there? If He reigns not perfectly there, who divides your soul with Christ? Ask these questions in God's holy presence, and O! let Christ now reign in an undivided heart, made pure by faith in the blood of Christ, kept pure by faith, the undefiled temple of the living God, who lives in you and walks in you.

For the Guide.

LEADINGS IN THE WAY.

S. G. S.

"The Lord is my shepherd, I shall not want."

The past year has been one of peculiar trials and temptations—constant, earnest prayer alone has kept my faith from wavering. Eighteen years I have walked the glorious way of holiness—in that time God has tried my faith in various ways—death has entered my family often suddenly, and under peculiar painful circumstances. I bowed to the storm submissively, but arose stronger in the Lord than ever. The past year His hand has been laid upon my once vigorous frame—nervous prostration and inward disease have rendered me unable to contend as formerly with daily discipline; but thanks be to Him, whose I am, that these many years, experience has verified to me the promises, "Lo, I am with you always," "Come unto me, and I will give you rest." Blessed Jesus! how Thy presence sanctifies trial.

I have only three children left out of eleven. In January the life of my youngest was threatened, the lamb of my flock; she was precious, but had I not laid *all* upon the altar. Meekly I said, "Spare Lord, if possible; if not, Thy will be done." Oh! "He knoweth our frame; He remembereth that we are dust; He pitieth them that fear Him." He spared my child. For months I have been deprived of the strengthening influences of the class and prayer meeting, but Jesus has been with me in my home. Nothing but a full and entire

consecration to God, and an assurance that I was wholly sanctified to Him could have enabled me to bear the severe discipline I have passed through. Fellow pilgrim, let me exhort you to leave the wilderness, and enter the glorious rest of Canaan—of perfect love, and exchange husks for angel's food.

Riding in the cars, a few days ago, I was reading "the Guide," just received, and quite oblivious to all around, when a gentleman, who sat next me, said, "Do you take that work?" I answered, "Yes, and it is a great comfort to me." He said he had read the book in the past, and asked, "Do you think that sanctification influences every position and relation of life." I answered, with earnestness, "Yes, sir; a man's lawful business, let it be what it will, and all his family relations, can be sanctified to the Lord, as much as his religious duties." I felt sorry that he had not spoken sooner, as after a very few remarks, we came to the end of our journey, as his aim seemed to be to draw out my views. I would liked to have spoken more for the glorious doctrine of "Holiness to the Lord."

June, 1868.

For the Guide.

HELPED FROM ABOVE.

BY MRS. M. D. JAMES.

A burden of care was pressing upon a young and tender heart, unused to bear such burdens. A sickly mother and sister to take care of, and all the work of the family to do—no helping hand to share the toil—no older head to counsel or direct. All the labor, all the care upon that frail young girl.

As she was ministering in loving tenderness to her dear mother, the latter looked into that sweet, meek face, and said, "my dear, you have too much upon you. How is it possible for you to do and to bear all that is pressing upon you?" With a sweet smile she replied, "I'm helped from above." "Ah, dear child, that is the secret—you are helped from above!" said that Christian mother, whose heart was thrilled with joy to find

that her darling had learned to "look to the hills whence cometh the help" of those whose trust is in the living God.

That mother had been many years receiving help from above, and had taught her daughter to seek help from the same source. That young Christian had in childhood given herself to God, but for several years had not been spiritually minded; the world had engrossed too much of her thoughts and time; but a cloud had come over her life's early morning—sent in loving mercy by her kind Father, to show her that earth's pleasures are fleeting and uncertain, and that true happiness is found only in entire devotion to him who is

"The spring of all our joys,
The life of our delights."

Then she said "I will be all the Lord's."

"Henceforth may no profane delight
Divide this consecrated soul;
Possess it thou, who hast the right,
As Lord and Master of the whole."

She began to live a new life—and the service of God appeared to her all that was worthy of her thought and care, and Jesus as the object of her soul's warmest affections. From that time there was a wonderful change in her spirit and temper. Before, she had been fretful and impatient, now she was meek and gentle as a lamb. Amid complicated cares and trials, she never murmured or looked sad, but a sweet expression of contentment rested upon her face. Her favorite song was

"Jesus I my cross have taken,
All to leave and follow Thee,
Naked, poor, despised, forsaken,
Thou from hence my all shall be."

The precious words

"O, 'twere not in grief to harm me
While thy love is left to me,
O, 'twere not in joy to charm me,
Were that joy unmixed with Thee."

seemed to well up from the depths of her soul as she rang them out with her clear, melodious voice, and a more lovely object who ever looked upon, than that beautiful face, as her full, expressive eyes were turned heavenward, looking

up to the beloved of her soul, and pouring forth that blessed effusion of her devoted heart into His ear.

Was it any wonder then, that she was "helped from above," when a great pressure of care and trouble came upon her, as at the time alluded to? O, no; for our Father loves to "show himself strong in behalf of them whose heart is perfect toward Him." The arm that upholds the universe encircles the devoted one who has consecrated all to Him, and omnipotence is pledged for the support and defense of such a soul.

HELPED FROM ABOVE! Well might that trusting heart say—

"How can I sink with such a prop
As my eternal God?"

And amid the storms and sorrows, toils and strife of our life journey, "sit calm on tumult's wheel," and feel secure amid the buffeting and surging billows of the tempestuous voyage.

HELPED FROM ABOVE! Blessed experience! And this is our privilege all the time, every step of the way through this world of grief and sin to the end of our pilgrimage. But to realize this, there must be perfect trust in God; and to have perfect trust there must be perfect love; and in order to have perfect love and perfect trust, there must be a perfect abandonment of the whole being to God. A letting go of earth, and a taking hold of Christ and clinging to Him alone as the chosen satisfying portion of the soul.

"Thou O, Christ, art all I want,"

Must be its language; then follows the rich experience,

"More than all in Thee I find."

Yes, more than all that earth could give; fuller, richer, sweeter pleasures that perish not—a wealth of enjoyment that words are powerless to express, and that the unregenerate heart cannot conceive.

For the Guide.

A DREAM-LESSON.

M. W. L.

God sometimes teaches his people in their dreams, and thus giveth his beloved, while sleeping, counsel, comfort

and encouragement. Nor need we wonder at this, "for waking or sleeping" they are still with him, and slumber hinders not His Spirit's working.

The following dream has comforted me, whenever memory has recalled it, during many months of darkness and temptation. At the request of a friend, I transcribe it for the "Guide."

I seemed to be rambling, with a dozen bright, merry children, in a pine woods not many miles from the spot where the Troy conference has laid all that remains of the earthly tabernacle of Philip Embury. We were all very happy, teacher and scholars, just as we had often been, many a hot summer day, when we had left the old school-house, dinner baskets in hand, to hide ourselves in the cool woods, and spend "the noonning" hunting young wintergreens and wild flowers, resting now and then to "have a good talk." Wishing the little party to go to a spot beyond where we were standing, I began to count the trees to be passed—one, two, on to twelve, then glancing upward to the blue sky, toward which the tall pines were reaching, was just uttering "thirteen," when the lofty trees vanished and my eye rested on a pure white statue, dazzling in the sunlight. As I gazed, wondering what it was, it disappeared amid fragments of rainbows, which filled the atmosphere and impressed my soul with the holy quiet I ever feel when looking at God's covenant-bow, because it tells of "thoughts of peace and not of evil," toward a sinful world. In an instant the rainbow-tints were dissolved in glorious light, above the shining of the brightest noonday sun; while such a consciousness of the presence of God pervaded my whole being that I exclaimed, "It is the glory of the Lord," and awoke, saying of the statue, "That must have been the cross of Christ; looking at the cross leads to glory."

For days after I continued to feel the power of the gracious manifestation of which I have given but a feeble account, for it would be easier to put noonday on canvass, than write the dream as my soul realized it.

Yes, "looking unto Jesus" makes life's

darkest scenes beautiful, and some day, if we continue gazing Christward, we shall find ourselves surrounded and filled with the eternal glory, "changed in a moment, in the twinkling of an eye," "into the same glory as by the Spirit of the Lord."

For the Guide.

MEMORIAL OF MARY.

E. M. HOOD.

On Mount of Olives' side a dwelling stood,
Whose owner once a supper did prepare;
Many were called from out the multitude,
And Judah's King of Glory, too, was there.

Reclining at the bounteous board He lies,
While incense filled the room with odors
sweet;

Mary behind Him kneeled with weeping eyes,
And flowing hair, to bathe His weary feet,

No costly gem that ever decked thy brow,
Or diamond pure, or ornament of pearl,
Sweet Mary, ever pleased thy Lord as now
That glittering tear-drop in thy soft brown curl.

Thy heart inspired by a prophetic zeal,
Thy hand filled with the precious oil did lave
And fit him for the coming burial,
Who conquered those grim foes, death and
the grave.

In whate'er clime the light of truth is found
In bright, emblazoned characters to shine,
Where'er the glorious Gospel trump shall
sound,
'Twill loud proclaim that loving act of thine.

Let Pharisees with prudish virtue blame,
The miser with his greed for lucre chide;
More to be prized thy sure and lasting fame,
Than all the grandeur of this world beside.

Moscow, Mich.

For the Guide.

POLICEMAN AND LADY.

REV. A. MCLEAN.

A Christian lady from the country was standing on Broadway at one of the crossings, waiting to pass over. The broad thoroughfare was, as usual, thronged with carriages rapidly rolling along right and left, and making it dan-

gerous for a footman to attempt to proceed. For a long time she waited, yet dared not venture to cross, lest she should be thrown down. Looking over to the opposite side of the street, she saw a policeman standing and beckoning with his finger for her to come to him. He was one of the "Broadway squad," on special duty to protect all footmen, possessed of absolute authority over all vehicles to halt at his command whenever and wherever he would.

The lady being assured by his uniform and beckoning finger, that his authority was her protection, stepped unhesitatingly down from the sidewalk among the fiery horses. Instantly every rein was drawn up, the rolling carriages stood still, and she walked over, passing through them as safely as if on her parlor floor.

The way to Jesus seems to many beset with difficulties insurmountable. They stand at life's crossings earnestly desiring to go over, but through unbelief afraid of the horses. They wait, hoping for a more convenient season, when this evil and that trial, and the other cross shall be taken out of the way, and then they will pass pleasantly over to him. But troubles roll along and never cease. On the other side Jesus stands, having "all power in heaven and in earth," and gently beckoning, "nor lifting up his voice in the streets," He softly says, "Come unto me." Step down from off the curb of unbelief, looking unto him nor fearing in thy heart, and at once all earth and hell is "reined up short," to make thee a safe passage through.

For the Guide.

HUMILITY.

MRS. MARY L. KNOWLES.

"He that humbleth himself shall be exalted." Luke, xviii. 14. When we come before God we should come in our rags, and not in our robes. Prov. xi. 2. The proud Pharisee justified himself; but God justified the humble Publican. Humility consists in feeling our own weakness and unworthiness, and acting

accordingly; having this frame of mind we may imitate our Saviour.

The Psalmist says, "Though the Lord be high, yet hath he respect unto the lowly." In order to get up high we must come down low, and to show ourselves to be children of God, we must be humble. The first step toward heaven is humility. To be humble is not to be gloomy; for holiness and humility are destitute of gloom. They and they alone are truly happy whose hearts are cleansed from sin, from worldly lusts, and all unchaste desires. It is impossible for sin and God ever to be reconciled: for God resisteth sin and selfishness as enemies of his. Those who are holy in all manner of conversation, guard against pride, sin and selfishness, as a disgrace to their profession; they bear with patience and humility the contempt of the world, knowing that for them is laid up a "crown of righteousness." Oh! what a beautiful promise it is for you and for me. Permit me here to give a brief sketch of my own experience. I became deeply convicted for the blessing of holiness, while reading the "Guide." I had then received but four numbers, in the fourth, however, I became more seriously convicted, while reading "Sister Palmer's" experience, given in the "Tuesday meeting." She said this, "The Lord grant that every one who has not this blessing, may have decision, and resolve to have it now."

"Oh, that we may at once go up,
And not on this side Jordan stop," &c.,

was sung. The question then arose in my mind, would it not be well for me to have a "TUESDAY MEETING" IN MY CLOSET WITH JESUS? I took the "Guide" in my hand and vowed with all meekness and humility to give up all to Jesus. At seven o'clock, accompanied by my husband, I went to a "Tuesday night meeting;" there I was enabled to know that "decision," of which Sister P. spoke, was faith in Jesus. Since that time the "Guide" has been a great favorite of mine. When I think of what Jesus has done for me, and what he is still doing, I feel that I will constantly

seek for more of that humility that was manifested in him, and which characterized myself when I first felt the blood of Jesus to cleanse from all unrighteousness.

WILLIAMSPORT CIRCUIT, Ohio.

For the Guide.

GIFT OF POWER STILL ESSENTIAL.

M. D. W.

Continued from page 148.

What shall be done to rend away the vail from the heart of the unbeliever? What shall be done to dispel the mirage hopes of the worldly professor? What shall give potency to the Sword of the Spirit, so that it may cut deep into the hearts of the King's enemies? What shall cause the arrows of truth to rankle painfully in the consciences of those who are unsaved?

We would say "Away with every aid—every reliance that is substituted for the *primitive power*—the Holy Ghost sent down from heaven, with which the ministers of the early days preached, and which so effectively demonstrated the truth of God to the minds and consciences of men, that they cried out in agony of the convicting power, "what shall we do to be saved!"

Bonar, that sweet and spiritual writer, says, "*Truth in itself is cold.*" Men may have the truth in the head—they may hold it intellectually, but unless it burn and glow in the heart, and be expressed with the lips, touched with a live coal from off God's altar, inspired, animated by the unction of the Holy Spirit, it will awaken no earnest, responsive echo in the soul. "Our Gospel," says Paul, "came not unto you in *word* only, but also in *power*, and in the *Holy Ghost*, and in *much assurance.*" Again, "Christ sent me to preach the Gospel, not with *wisdom of words*, lest the *cross of Christ* should be made of none effect. I came not to you with excellency of speech or of wisdom, declaring unto you the testimony of God. I was with you in weakness, and in fear and in much trembling, and my preaching was not with the enticing words of man's wisdom, but in

demonstration of the Spirit, and of power. That your faith should not stand in the wisdom of men, but in the power of God. We speak not the words which man's wisdom teacheth, but which the Holy Ghost teacheth, comparing spiritual things with spiritual." Thus speaks the great apostle of the Gentiles, who, though brought up at the feet of Gamaliel, an eminent doctor of the law, places no dependance on the learning thus acquired, but relying wholly on that wisdom which comes from above. When he says, "Nevertheless we speak wisdom, among them that are perfect," he hastens to add, "yet not the wisdom of this world, nor of the princes of this world, but we speak the wisdom of God in a mystery, even the hidden wisdom which God ordained before the world unto our glory." The example of this eminent scholar and able theologian is worthy of imitation by all called to proclaim the Gospel of Christ. "Preach the Word," says he in his charge to Timothy, "Study to show thyself approved unto God, a workman that needeth not to be ashamed, rightly dividing the word of truth." Preaching the word, rightly dividing it, giving to each their portion in due season, aided by the Holy Ghost, sent down from heaven, is what makes the Gospel the power of God unto salvation.

But while we thus extol and magnify the power and sufficiency of the Holy Spirit to make the preaching of the word effectual unto salvation; do not understand us as teaching that ignorance is a virtue, and the hand-maiden of success. Education, talents and wealth, when sanctified to the service of Christ, when kept in subordination to that spirit of wisdom which is from above, may be of great practical utility for the salvation of souls. "Whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things are just, whatsoever things are honest, whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are lovely and of good report,"—if there be any virtue, anything praiseworthy, we would have it all brought as an offering to God. It is not to an intellectual and educated ministry that we object, but the danger lies in the undue exaltation of those quali-

fications that are merely human—the giving them a pre-eminence above that essential baptism of the spirit, or gift of power which Christ commanded his disciples to obtain ere they entered upon their work, as witnesses of his resurrection and ascension on high. We would have every minister tarry at the throne of grace for this same anointing, (for the promise is with him, as one called of the Lord), and when received, he will with the tongue of fire give utterance to such burning words as shall penetrate the souls of his hearers, and lead many to Christ for salvation.

For the Guide.

AM I A CHRISTIAN ?

W. F. R.

What an important question is this. I must become a Christian here, in this life, or in the life to come I shall suffer endless torment. If I could with my pen, make a mark for every drop of water in the ocean, and for every sand upon the shore, and for every star in the heavens, and for every human being that has ever lived, or that ever will live, and then, if I should let each of those marks represent a hundred million centuries of time, I should then have but a faint idea of eternity. This would have beginning and end. Eternity has neither. Then this question, "Am I a Christian, or will I become one in the space of time allotted me?" is a question of more importance than any other question. And yet, how many thousands there are who never stop to think seriously of it. They think of money, learning, fame, pleasure, dress, everything else but the one all-important question. But are there not many who think they are Christians, who are not? Are there not very many who are deceiving themselves? Alas, are we not compelled to admit this, when we sit down and calmly reflect what it is to be a Christian? Truly many shall say in the great day, "Lord, Lord, have we not prophesied in thy name, and in thy name done many wonderful works." Having such a hope, sad will it be to

hear the awful words, "Depart from me, I know you not."

Am I then, a Christian? Yes, if I believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, I am a Christian. But how? What must I believe about him? Just this. 1st. Jesus died to save sinners. 2nd. Therefore he died to save me. 3d. He died to save me now. 4th. He does save me now. If I can, and do in my heart, believe all this, I am a Christian. Nothing short of this will make me a Christian. There is no other righteousness pleasing to God. This is the righteousness which Abraham had, which is of faith. But I must take my stand upon these four positions, and believe in my heart, that they are true to me, just as I believe my own existence. There must not be a lingering doubt. I must go about considering, reckoning, and confessing, that these things are surely true in my personal experience. It must be a settled fact with me, and I must rejoice in it. This is true saving faith.

Well, now, it is very easy for me to believe the first three of these positions, that Jesus died to save sinners, that he died to save me, and that he died to save me now, but that he does save me now, how can I believe that? I cannot believe it, if I am willfully clinging to some darling sin. If I am trying to have Jesus save me in sin,—in just a little sin, instead of from all sin, why, then, I never can believe it, for if I did I would believe a lie. But if I am willing to let go of everything else, so that I can take hold upon Christ, and believe in him, then why should I not believe that Jesus does now save me, and be at rest? If there is nothing to hinder, no obstacle in the way, either in my disposition or desire to be saved, or in the disposition or desire of God to save me, if I want to be saved, and he wants to save me,—nay, if he has already procured salvation for me, and I accept it on his own terms, why should I not believe that salvation is now mine, rejoicing and praising God for it? In other words, why should I not believe that the blood that was shed for me, avails for me and cleanses me?

Suppose I am in debt for such an amount that I am utterly unable to pay. I see no way of escape from my sad and wretched condition, and in my despair have given up all hope. One day I receive a sealed letter; I open it and find it is from my creditor. Now this man has always been my friend, and all the time I have owed him the great debt, he has showered favor upon favor upon me, and increased the original debt a hundred fold, and yet I have neglected him, been long estranged, and sometimes almost forgotten him. I know that his generous heart is so full of love and kindness, that if I would go to him, he would forgive my debt, and yet I have never honored him so much as to humbly ask him. Indeed, instead of this, I have hated him for his very goodness, and because of the obligation I am under to him. And what do I find in the letter? Why, simply a statement that he has cancelled my debt, and that I shall hear no more of it, on one simple condition, and then follows the terms, namely: that I shall give up everything that binds me to the country where I am living, and immediately set out on a journey, in the company of a guide he has sent me, towards his distant and beautiful home, there to dwell in his presence, and enjoy his friendship and love always. He is very wealthy, the possessor of a large estate, and most beautiful, enchanting home. I am strictly to follow the guide he has sent me, and moreover, I am to prevail upon as many as I can to accept the same conditions and journey with me.

I am told, that as soon as I accept these conditions, I may consider myself free from my debt, and under his protection and love. Now suppose that this letter bears his own seal and superscription, and also that he never has, and never will deceive me, and that it is just like him to do all this. And suppose that with melting heart I accept the conditions; I cut myself loose from all that will hinder me, and at once set out with my guide, seeking to get all I can to go with me.

Having done all this, and being now in the very act of complying with every

condition, would I any more bemoan myself as being in debt? Would I not be an ungrateful, hardened and distrustful wretch if I did? Surely I would joyfully consider myself free from the debt? And using the language of faith would proclaim my freedom to all around? And would I not honor my friend in doing so, and greatly dishonor him in failing so to do? But why could I be so confident? Simply, because I know the character of my friend, and I have his written word. He is faithful and loving, and He has promised.

For the Guide.

CONSECRATION AND DIVINE ACCEPTANCE.

MERTIE L. DENSMORE.

Father, this night before thy throne,
I vow to worship Thee alone;
Thy cleansing blood my only plea,
I consecrate my life to Thee.

From out my heart earth's treasure's torn,
One after one its idols shorn;
Now, Great Jehovah, Lord of Lords,
What heavenly bliss thy grace affords.

Sweet, hallowed peace, celestial dove,
Hovers around me and above,
Glory ineffable comes down,
A Saviour's love on earth to crown.

River of Death thy surging waves,
No more I fear since Jesus saves;
Waft me ye billows safely o'er,
Sweet be my rest on Canaan's shore.

In nobler, sweeter strains I'll sing,
Praise to my Shepherd, Priest and King:
Prostrate before Thy righteous throne,
I'll worship Him and Him alone.

PULASKI, Mich.

For the Guide.

OUR PILGRIMAGE.

I. N. KANAGA.

"From darkness here and dreariness,
We ask not full repose;
Only be *Thou* at hand to bless
Our trial hour of woes:
Is not the pilgrim's toil o'erpaid
By the clear rill and palmy shade?
And see we not up earth's dark glade,
The gate of heaven unclose?"

Some thirty-eight years ago we set out
from the City of Destruction upon our

heavenly pilgrimage. We were then but a youth—a mere boy—a perfect novice in a pilgrim's life. But we had determined upon the pilgrimage to the Celestial City, and towards that distant place we set our face and directed our footsteps.

SLOUGHS AND HILLS.

But we set out with a huge burden upon our back, and a great weariness in our heart. This burden we carried for some twelve long months, instead of rolling it upon Him who only can give rest to weary souls. Hence we found quite a number of "sloughs of despond" and "hills of difficulty," in the outset and first year of our pilgrimage. But when we came to the sepulchre, and there bowed low beneath the cross that overhung it, and beheld the *Crucified* who died for our salvation, our burden rolled off—our guilt was washed away, and our heart made joyful in our King. O how truly happy were we! A new creature indeed in Christ Jesus!

OUR ROLL—THE LIONS.

Our "roll," or certificate, that we received at the cross by the sepulchre, when we became a new creature, we never lost. O how joyful the possession of this "roll" has made us in our pilgrimage! We have ever retained it since we first received it to the present hour, and our blessed King's continued signature makes us hold fast to it, and love Him the more dearly. As for "lions" or any other ravenous beast we never saw any in the way; but when at any time we have strayed from the King's highway, so clearly pointed out before us, we have more than once heard the prowlings of wild beasts around us.

VALLEY OF HUMILIATION.

Into this valley, from the elevations above it, we descended without a slip or fall. Here in this beautiful valley we have delighted to walk and converse with our glorious Leader and constant Friend. We always enjoyed our sweet sojourn in this delightful vale of tranquility, song and sunshine. We never met nor fought with Apollyon here.

This valley never appeared to lie upon his own ground, but that exclusively of our Lord's lowly and favored ones. Sweet, vernal, delightful valley!

"Low down in this beautiful valley
Where love crowns the meek and the lowly,
The loud streams of envy and folly
Roll on their billows in vain!
O here, here the Lord will deliver,
And souls drink of that beautiful river
Where peace flows on forever and ever!"

[To be continued.]

For the Guide.

TESTIMONY OF AN AGED DISCIPLE.

ELIZA NORTON.

I am afflicted with lameness, so I am not able to go to church often, and my heart is going after those who are strangers to the Saviour, that bought them with His most precious blood; so I thought I would write my experience for the "Guide to Holiness," and I think with the Holy Spirit's help, it may find some who will be inclined to come to Jesus.

I was twenty-five years old when I was called out of darkness, to behold God's marvelous light. I went mourning for three weeks, and I began to think my day of grace was gone, when a voice said, "Pray once more; give up all, and you shall receive." I did believe that Jesus died for me. Then He healed my broken heart, and soothed my sorrows, and gave me peace, joy and consolation as the world giveth not, and He put a new song in my mouth, even praises to his great and holy name. O, how happy I was. I tried to live and enjoy that peace, but doubts and fears would arise; but glory be to Jesus, He gave me grace to overcome all my temptations. He is my refuge. I can look to Jesus to supply all my wants, but how often I have wandered from my dear Lord, and went into by and forbidden paths, and my light almost went out, till my blessed Saviour, with his long-forbearing mercy, called me back.

At that time I had not heard much about perfect love, but I was not satisfied. Thus I lived seventeen years, when I heard a sermon on entire sanctification,

and then I searched the Bible, and found where God says, "Be ye holy, for I am holy." Then I resolved if it was to be found I would, through the help of God, seek more earnestly. The adversary would say, if you get this perfect love, you cannot keep it; you will fall away, and never be restored again. I reasoned, and was kept back for awhile, but I took hold of the promise and wrestled the harder, and the tempter left me. I came pleading my case; I gave myself and all I had to the Lord, to do with me as He pleased. I was willing to become anything for His sake who died for me, and I heard a voice saying, I have counted you worthy to suffer here on earth, now ask in the name of Jesus and you shall receive. Then I asked to be a true child of God, and I was so filled with love for Jesus, that I was constrained to say, enough, my Lord; but I asked for a brighter witness, and the Lord gave it.

What sweet communion we can enjoy with our dear Saviour, for we can have all we live for, if we seek it by faith and humble prayer. Now I am sixty-four, and I have tried this religion for nearly forty years, and I find it grows better, and my faith grows stronger every day, and to-day I can say—

"'Tho' unseen I love my Saviour,
He has brought salvation near."

I have that peace in my heart that He gave me when I first started, and since He has given me a foretaste of that beautiful world on high, the charms of this world are gone. When I am cast down in spirit, He says, "Fear not, I have redeemed thee and have called thee by thy name and thou art mine," and it cheers me. I often look back and see how I lived so far from Jesus, that I could not enjoy this sweet union with God, but it was because I did not make an effort to get more, but I find I can have all I live for. Now my heart is fixed on God, for He has taught me to call Him father, and I will praise Him while I live, and when I die He will take me home where these weary limbs will pain me no more.

"ONE HOUR."

VIRGINIA B. L. GRAY.

"Can ye not watch with me one hour?"

(Christ did to his disciples say),

"My Soul is very sorrowful,

Tarry ye here while I go pray."

"And lest ye in temptation go,"

"O, watch and pray," God's favor seek:

"The spirit truly willing is,

The flesh indeed is very weak."

Ah, they who pledged their faith to Him,

Yielded unto temptation's power.

Forgot their Lord, and fell asleep:

They could not watch with Him one hour.

One hour! when He has suffered all;

The life-blood streaming from His side—

The crown of thorns—the jeers—the gall—

Yet prayed for those who crucified.

O, not to watch with Him "one hour,"

But yield obedience to the flesh.

It crucifies our Lord anew,

And opens those five wounds afresh.

Better than grandeur, or than gold,

Or striving for ambitious power,

To go in some retired spot,

And watch with Christ one little hour.

Though many joys this world affords,

In gilded court or banquet hall,

Whatever song earth's syren sings,

"One hour" with God is worth them all.

Yes, one short hour with Thee is worth

All the allurements earth can give;

Lord, watch with thee "one hour," may I?

Watch ever with thee while I live.

I'll watch with Thee *each hour* my God,

And closely by thy side I'll keep;

Lest I, in *one unguarded hour*,

Shall weary grow and *fall asleep*.

WARREN, R. I.

WESTERN CAMP MEETING.

Providence permitting, a Camp Meeting will be held on the grounds of Hardy Council, 9 miles north of Springfield, and 5 miles south-west of Williamsville, Illinois, under the supervision of laymen of the M. E. Church from Williamsville, and adjoining circuits,

commencing Wednesday, August 19th, 1868, and continue eight days or more. Like the National Camp Meeting at Vineland last year and the coming one at Manheim this year, "the special object of this meeting will be the promotion of Christian Holiness," as taught by Wesley, Fletcher, Clark, Benson, Watson and others. "The wonderful and glorious manifestations of awakening, converting and sanctifying power which occurred," and followed as the results of a similar meeting at the same place last year, have assured us that it would be highly advantageous for those who desire to know more perfectly the way of faith, to come together from all parts of the country and join in earnest and continued supplication to God for the outpouring of His Spirit upon the church and the world. We, therefore, invite all such, irrespective of denominational affinities, to unite with us in this effort to spread scriptural holiness over these lands, "Let us come together to this 'feast of tabernacles,' for the sole purpose of seeking a deeper experience in divine things, 'let us be of one heart and one mind,' and draw near to God, expecting the 'baptism of fire,' and the triumph of our Redeemer's Kingdom." We earnestly desire the prayers of all who truly love the Lord Jesus, that His Spirit may be poured out upon us as on the day of Pentecost. The grounds are all that could be desired, situated in the midst of a beautiful grove with an abundance of good water. The committee will spare no pains to perfect arrangements for the accommodation of all that come. We advise all who can to come prepared to board themselves; however, a boarding tent will be on the grounds for the accommodation of those who are not otherwise provided for. Hacks will run from Williamsville, on the Chicago and St. Louis R. Road, to convey persons from a distance to the grounds. Persons from a distance designing to attend this meeting, will please confer with either of the undersigned. Friday, August 14th, 1868, has been set apart as a day of "Fasting and Prayer, and we respectfully suggest that all those who

sympathize with the objects of this meeting observe it, that the Lord may 'make bare His holy arm' and all the people see His Great Salvation."

W. S. HUSSEY, Ch., Williamsville, Ill.
 WESLEY COUNCIL, " "
 JOHN R. JONES, " "
 THOMAS J. CROWDER, " "
 REV. H. A. GRONTZENBERG, Springfield, Ill.
Committee on Invitation.
 WILLIAMSVILLE, June 10th, 1868.

For the Guide.

MOTHER DUMVILLE.

BY N. H. ROBERTSON.

Mrs. Dumville is in the 75th year of her age, the 49th of her Christian experience, and has enjoyed the blessing of perfect love for forty-six years.

"I lived in Flixon, a village in Lancashire, England, about seven miles from Manchester, was raised by strict Methodist parents, who sincerely loved and feared God. Like Paul, before his conversion, I was a Pharisee of the Pharisees, touching the law blameless.

The instrument in the Lord's hand of my conversion was the profligate son of John Barlow, an old Methodist class-leader, who had enjoyed perfect love for twenty-four years. He had trained his children in the right way, but Titus, or Ti as he was called, turned out to be profligate. He was an industrious boy, generally at work on his father's farm, but at times would attend horse-races and other scenes of dissipation.

His conversion occurred under the following circumstances. There was to be a prize bell-ringing at Manchester. A prize of ten pounds was to be given to the company of bell-ringers that could produce the best chime of bells. Ti Barlow belonged to one of the companies of bell-ringers in the neighborhood where he lived, of which there were several.

Most of the established churches were provided with several bells. Eight was the common number; some had four, some ten, and some others as many as twelve. Each of these bells required a separate ringer, and some of them were so large and heavy that one man alone could not manage them.

The bell-ringers formed themselves into companies called by different names. Each member of a company expected to be prepared to do his part in producing the regular

chime of the bells which they undertook to manage.

Many persons were needed to attend to the ringing of the many bells all over the land. Prize bell-rings were common. The prizes were generally provided for by donations and subscriptions. The expenses of some particular bells were provided for by a legacy. Many persons attended these prize bell-rings; some went to hear the music of the bells, some to engage in the amusements and dissipation which almost always followed. The prize-money was usually spent in drinking and reveling.

The prize bell-ringing at Manchester, previously referred to, was to commence on Monday and continue three days. On the Sabbath preceding, Ti asked his father for money to go to Manchester, that he might attend the prize bell-ringing. His father refused to give him money, because he desired to hold him back from sin. Ti was a strong young man; when he was refused, he put his father on the floor and held him there, and took from him the money he wished to have, and went to Manchester.

At the next class-meeting, which met the evening of the Thursday following, John Barlow told his class that after his son had violently taken the money from him, he went to the hay-loft of the barn, and said he, "I did not kneel down, but I laid me down before the Lord on the boards of the loft-floor, and asked the Lord to make Ti as miserable while at Manchester, as he could be made out of hell, that he might be saved!" He continued going to the hay-loft and laying himself down before the Lord, and his prayer was answered, and the boy sought for relief in smoking, swearing and drinking, while at Manchester.

He had returned home on Thursday morning. His father's class met at a private house Thursday evening. After John Barlow went to the meeting, Ti started also, and placed himself outside the class-room, where he could hear what was said, leaving when he discovered the exercises were drawing to a close. That night his room-mate, who was not yet asleep when Ti returned home, observed that he prayed before going to bed. The next evening he attended an evening meeting; his wickedness had come to an

end. He sought the Lord for three weeks and found him, and was instrumental in the Lord's hands of an extensive revival. He became as zealous a servant of the Lord as he had been before of the devil. He prayed and talked in the social meetings, and many persons went out of curiosity to these meetings to hear him. So much of the power of God attended his words and prayers, that almost every unconverted person, who went out of curiosity, was awakened, and more than two hundred conversions resulted therefrom.

I went to prayer-meetings to hear him pray and talk, and was awakened to a sense of my danger. He could say, "God for Christ's sake, had forgiven his sins, and he knew he was in the way to heaven." I had never had any such experience, and was not sure of anything, and determined if it was possible for me to have that religion he talked about, I would have it.

I did not know how to begin to pray, or what to pray for; all my life I had been praying the Lord's prayer, and the prayers my parents taught me. I then began to pray by saying, "Lord show me what I am." Time and again I said just the same words, and the Lord showed me what I was, and what I had been doing. I had been doing good works it was true, but had been doing them to bring glory to myself. My going to church and praying and distributing to the poor, had all been done to be seen of men, and to have a good name.

The Lord showed me what a heinous crime it was to live to be seen of men, instead of living to glorify him. I had not had a single thought of glorifying God in these things. God had commanded me to love him and do whatever I did for His glory. I now felt so condemned and oppressed for the crime of having in this way broken God's righteous laws and commands, that the burden was intolerable, and began to cry like the publican, "God be merciful to me" and forgive me, and for two days continued asking Him to forgive me for Christ's sake.

The evening of the third day, in a prayer-meeting, the power of God overshadowed me, and all sighing and sorrow fled away. Christ revealed himself as my Saviour. I went all over the room and shouted Glory as

loud as I could. This was in the autumn of 1819.

Supposing I should always be as happy as when first set at liberty, I did not expect to have fightings and trials and temptations, and knew nothing about them. My mother being dead, the care of the family devolved upon me. There were many things to cross me, and the evil propensities within, which are the remains of the carnal mind, troubled me. I mourned over these, and hated them. I thought I had no religion, and would have been discouraged, but my class-leader, (John Barlow, who had enjoyed the blessings of perfect love for twenty-four years), told me not to be discouraged. He said I would feel these evil propensities which lurked within, when tempted and tried, and that I must keep bringing them to the Lord, and keep nailing them to the cross of Christ till they were dead.

It was two years from the time I was converted before I received the witness that I was cleansed. Seven members of the class I attended, and who were converted during the progress of the revival in which I was converted; received the blessing a short time before I received it, one of whom was Titus Barlow.

We had all been in full stretch for sanctification, hungering and thirsting after righteousness seeking every way but the right way, which is by faith.

If tempted at any time to think I had no religion, the suggestion has been silenced immediately by the reply, "I am determined to live for it, and to have it; am always on the watch for the approach of the enemy, that I may not be found off my guard."

To tell of all the way the Lord has brought me, the fightings and victories, the crosses and losses, the trials and triumphs, consolations and deliverances, would fill a large volume. The Lord has been with me in all my trials, tribulations, crosses, privations and bereavements. Whenever I have come to a difficult place, or have been hurt or injured in any way in the Christian warfare, I have set up my way-mark there, like Bunyan's Christian Pilgrim, and have been very careful in all the future not to get wounded in the same way. My faith grows stronger, my love increases,

brightens, and I feel very near my home in glory.

The above items were taken from Mother Dumville's lips; if they should prove instructive and encouraging to any one, the end for which they have been written will be fully answered.

CARLINVILLE, 1868.

Loved Ones Gone Before.

For the Guide.

MRS. MATTIE S. MARSH.

BY A FRIEND.

Died of consumption, in Westville, Champaign Co., O., May 16th, Mrs. Mattie S., wife of Rev. S. N. Marsh, and daughter of Rev. Dr. E. M. Forshee, in her 29th year.

Sister M. was converted and joined the Church in her fourteenth year, and lived an exemplary Christian life.

August 28, 1862, she was married to her now bereaved husband, who had been brought up under the teachings of Universalism. His relationship was now changed. He was thrown into the society of Methodists who were faithful followers of Jesus. Here he observed a new principle, something superior to morality—something divine, peaceful, joyous—"the pearl of great price."

She was deeply interested in his spiritual welfare, and sought the direction of divine wisdom. Frequently, on returning from business, he would find her knelt in prayer, or with her Bible and hymn book reading and singing—the praises of God. Frequently she would enter his room with a smile, and without saying a word present him the Bible, pointing to some passage, then withdraw, that he might read and meditate. In a few months the pillars of Universalism crumbled, and the entire superstructure fell. He united with the Church, and became one of the most zealous advocates of the doctrines and polity of Methodism.

At the session of the Ohio Annual Conference in 1865, he was received and sent to Gallipolis Circuit. All this was accomplished, under God, by her persistent and persuasive influences.

In this field of labor, Sister M. became fa-

miliar with those who had advanced to the higher Christian attainments. From them she received personal instructions, and was induced to seek holiness of heart. She read prayerfully, "Central Idea of Christianity," "Perfect Love," by J. A. Wood, "Faith and its Effects," "Guide to Holiness," &c.

On May 9, 1866, while reading "Way of Holiness," she determined by God's grace that she would consecrate all to Him. She knelt, wrestled mightily for more than an hour, when God accepted, and by the holy fire of His love purified the sacrifices she presented upon the divine altar.

Her peace, joy, love, and faith were perfect, and she continued in the King's highway till she reached "the valley of the shadow of death," where she was met by Jesus, the good shepherd, who led her to eternal fields of life, light, and joy.

During the latter part of her life she kept a daily religious journal. Space will permit me to make but brief extracts:

"May 1, 1867—Weak in body, but I thank God for the hope I have of eternal life. Eternal, eternal life! What a thought! 'And I will give to them eternal life.' Glory be to God, sighing and sorrow shall flee away, and I will be permitted to sing praises through an unending eternity."

"May 27—To-day I think I am nearer to God than ever before. I have an abiding witness that I am an heir of glory. The blessed Bible, the 'Sacred Hour,' 'Earnest Christianity,' and 'Guide to Holiness,' are my dearest companions. My dear Bible teaches me the way to heaven and immortal glory: while the others strengthen and encourage my heart."

Many times during her sickness, God manifested Himself to her in Spirit and in power, and she was constrained to shout aloud the glories of her Redeemer. She spent the day preceding her death, May 9th, just two years after being "cleansed from all sin," in preaching entire sanctification. She took her relatives and friends singly, exhorted them at great length, quoting Scripture and hymns, singing, praying, and shouting "Glory to Jesus."

With as much composure as though transacting ordinary business, she selected her burial clothes and burial place, kind of coffin,

funeral text, and minister to preach from it, and disposed of her books and clothes.

A few minutes before her departure, she said, "Sing something good." Two verses were sung of "Jerusalem, my happy home," in which she joined. She then sang alone to same tune, in clear tones,

"Filled with delight my ruptured soul
Would here no longer stay."

As delightfully as the sun declines from view at the close of a calm summer day, this sanctified soul fell asleep in Jesus.

"Let me die the death of the righteous,
and let my last end be like his."

June 10, 1868.

MRS. W. L. THORP.

REV. W. L. THORP.

She was in early life converted, and became a member of the M. E. Church. She was a faithful Christian for many years. Yet she had a naturally proud heart, which exhibited its fruits more especially in gay attire.

But at a Camp-meeting held on the Chango District, Oneida Conference, some ten years ago, her attention was arrested more especially by, and her thoughts more closely fixed upon, the subject of being cleansed from "all unrighteousness."

And she then and there, surrounded by a company of experienced ones in the deep things pertaining to salvation, made the consecration the Lord requires, and binding the sacrifice with tears and prayers, and especially by faith "to the horns of the altar," received the holy anointing, "full redemption."

Her conflicts with the "adversary" for a few years were severe in the extreme, but by faith she was enabled to overcome. The mighty change there wrought by the sprinkling of the precious blood of atonement was evinced by the fruits in the outer person, and particularly in dress. In that her proud heart was conquered, and all superfluities of fashion were laid aside. Yea, she became noted for her plainness of dress. Yet in this, she done only what all Christians should do.

But the victory was complete, and to be able to appreciate and understand it, one must be privileged to read the thoughts and

desires of that once proud heart. No wish—no thought thereafter traversed the avenues of the soul, asking to be gratified in the least in the putting on of any of these "pretended ornaments."

About this time the writer became acquainted with her, and nearly six years ago they were joined in matrimony, and went forth as itinerants to cultivate Emanuel's field.

During these years the subject of heart purity was her theme and her delight, until the 19th of March, 1868, when she passed over to that beautiful world. She was not all the time clear in the evidence of its enjoyment. But for nearly two years previous to her death, her sky was generally clear, and her testimony direct, and it is no wonder she died well. The Bible and the "Guide" constituted *her* library principally. Early in her experience of full redemption, she got up a club for the "*Guide*," and has every year since, I think, and many are now the lovers of the "*Guide*" who were strangers to it previous to her introducing it.

Her closet and the family altar were dear places to her; she loved them; she had stated hours for prayer, she kept her armor bright and was a prized companion of the social meeting, for she lived with her God on earth.

The day previous to her death she said to me frequently, "I have been praying for a vision of the angels ere I die, and I think my wish will be granted;" and glorious to relate, a few hours before she passed the threshold of Heaven, the angels came. She shouted aloud for joy; "Don't you see them?" she said, and then repeated the verse—

"Bright angels have from glory come,
They are round my bed and in my room."

Thus in the prime of life, at the age of 34, and apparently ripe for usefulness and greatly needed, the thread is severed, the pearly gates open—she passed away. We mourn, but not for her, but for ourselves—she is blessed-happy with her Saviour, which is far better than any earthly circumstances could make her. We record her death as a witness for Christianity,—a testimony in favor of the doctrine of holiness. Let the infidel produce its equal from among the

followers of *Baal*. Her last words were such as, "Blessed Jesus, He saves me to the uttermost." "Bless the name of God for an uttermost salvation."

COOPERSTOWN.

For the Guide.

A CHILD ASLEEP.

REV. J. BENSON AKERS, A. M.

The following lines were written while looking at my little boy asleep in his cradle. Blessed child! He has since gone to dwell with the angels.

A child asleep!

How like a picture of sweet innocence
That knows no guilt. Like man's primeval
state,

Ere sin had placed the stain of guilt upon
His brow, and furrowed out his cheek, and
dimmed

His eye with tears, and wrung his heart with
pain,
And filled the world with sorrow and des-
pair.

Thy lovely smile

Seems more of heaven than earth, as though
to man,

With all his sin and sorrow, guilt and shame,
There was a something left so pure and good,
That e'en the hardest heart would feel its
sway,

Its mild, persuasive eloquence, to woo
Him back to virtue, happiness and God

My darling child

How happy is thy lot. Thou knowest not
The many ills which in life's pathway lie,
Unconscious in thy innocence. But soon
The blasts will fiercely blow around thy
form,

And clouds obscure thy sky, and tempests
rage

Around thy path; but happy still if thou
Shalt seek a refuge 'neath the mercy seat,
There sheltered thou shalt be secure 'till all
The storms be overpast and calm return.

Thus sheltered still

Thy foe may rage, and thou may'st calmly
smile

To see their impotence. God is thy shield
And thy exceeding great reward. Not dark
And drear is life to him that hath the light

Of heaven upon his soul. Though dark
without,
And desolate and drear—'tis light within
As on he journeys, and his pathway still
Doth shine with Heavenly lustre bright,
And brighter still, e'en to the perfect day.

Such be

The path ordained by heaven, for thee.
sweet child!

To shun the paths of vice and sin, and tread
The holy path that leads to heaven and God.
Then safely thou shalt pass life's devious
way,

And reach the land of blessed sweet repose,
To be forever with the Lord. Thy voice
Tuned to the melody of heaven, shall swell
In harmony with all the sanctified,
The happy praises of redeeming love.

AKERSVILLE, Pa.

Editorial.

LETTER FROM THE EDITORS.

On the evening of June 25th we left New York for the Peel District Camp-Meeting. We paused a few hours for rest and refreshment at the Suspension Bridge, and again gazed at the world-renowned wonder, the sublime and beautiful Niagara. As we listened to the hoarse, ceaseless roar of the mighty cataract, our hearts in sympathy with the multitude of adoring ones, whose chorus was as the sound of many waters, united in the song, "Great and marvelous are Thy works, Lord God Almighty; just and true are Thy ways, Thou King of saints." Passing over the Suspension Bridge, that stupendous work of art, on the morning of the 27th, we pursued our way two hundred miles through the domains of Queen Victoria, some portions of which have been made memorable by having witnessed gracious conquests of the God of battles.

Passing along by the banks of the Ontario, a few miles above St. Catharine, I was reminded of a

GRAPHIC SCENE

which occurred in that vicinity over a year since. The relator was one who loved the pure in heart, and was endeavoring to exem-

plify by his life mainly the excellency of this grace. But he had now resolved to get nearer to God, and as ever, God drew nearer to him. An indulgence in relation to, which he had not been without misgivings, when viewed in the light of the Lord, now appeared palpably wrong. He had resolved that the banner, *Holiness to the Lord*, should no more be trailed in the dust, but that it should by him be uplifted in the presence of the people.

But ah, the beauty of that banner was sadly marred, as conscience portrayed before him a pipe that had cost him several dollars, and the remains of several pounds of tobacco. The outer man plead for the indulgence, but the spirit said, cast it from thee:

"Vessels of mercy, sons of grace,
Be purged from every sinful stain,
Be like thy Lord, His word embrace,
Nor bear His hallowed name in vain."

He parlied with the flesh no longer, but cast his costly pipe and the remains of the filthy, injurious weed far away into the beautiful lake, never to be resurrected again. A camp meeting, at which we were present, was in progress within less than five minutes walk, to which he retraced his steps, and with displayed banner, told of his new conquest.

Our way lay along through Hamilton, C. W. Never can we pass through this neat, enterprising town, without having our hearts newly energied in memory of the remarkable revival that occurred here in the Autumn of 1857, when we asked the Lord to permit us to see a

MODEL REVIVAL.

And the fact was demonstrated, that any church community, who will rise and put on their strength, and commence an attack on Satan's kingdom, may be led forth to glorious conquests. During our visit of eighteen days, the names of over five hundred were recorded by the secretaries, as newly won over to Jesus. The superintendent minister, Rev. Dr. Rice, told us seven years afterward, that he never saw the fruit of a revival so abiding. The principle set forth on which this revival occurred, is presented in tract No. 7, entitled, "*Revival Extraordinary*." The same principle, if again carried out in all

evangelical churches, would result in the speedy ingathering of tens of thousands of precious souls.

Arriving at Berlin, we were met by Mr. Hayes, Esq., with a conveyance, and traveled over twenty miles, through pleasant towns and nicely cultivated land, reaching our destination between eight and nine o'clock on Saturday evening. We were taken to the pleasant residence of Mr. Robertson, Esq., and family, whose hospitalities we were to enjoy during the camp meeting services. * *

Unable to command time to re-write, we give the subjoined account of the

PELL CAMP MEETING,

as given in a letter to a friend:

Let God alone be glorified. We have witnessed a wonderful work of the Holy Spirit in this place. The meeting commenced on Friday. Sabbath was a great day of the feast. It was indeed as one of the days of the Son of Man. Multitudes had gathered. I can scarcely make an estimate, (the *Waterloo Chronicle* says about 6,000), but I think about as many were present as our blessed Lord fed in the wilderness. The superintendent, Rev. James Goodwin, had asked that we would take the 9 o'clock service. Jesus was there, and manifested His glory. I have seldom, if ever, felt more lifted above the earth. Dr. P. read and made some comments on the first thirteen verses of the 11th chapter of Luke, after which I opened my lips for Jesus.

You will remember that Jesus here teaches His disciples the importance of *definiteness* and *importunity* in prayer. And then asks, "If ye then, being evil, know how to give good gifts unto your children, how much more shall your Heavenly Father give the Holy Spirit to them that ask Him?" My heart had been most powerfully impressed with the conviction, that the blessed, Holy Spirit must and would be honored, and extraordinary demonstrations of His sanctifying, convincing and saving power, be given in answer to definite, believing prayer.

Such a scene of divine power followed, as has, I think, seldom occurred since the great model revival, which marked the ushering in of the Spirit's dispensation. More than one hundred and twenty, (I do not doubt but

twice that number), rose to express their determination that they would covenant with God, never to rest, until filled with the fullness of the Spirit. Then followed a season of mighty, all-prevailing prayer.

Multitudes were in the valley of decision. God looked upon them from His holy hill. In hallowing, energizing power the High and Holy drew near, and saint and sinner *felt* the power of His presence. The subsequent services proved that during those hallowed hours of Sabbath morning service, from nine till after mid-day, not only were many of the disciples baptized with the Holy Ghost, but many unsaved ones pricked to the heart.

In the afternoon, a Spirit-baptized minister set forth the amazing love of the Redeemer, and scores of earnest seekers came forward acknowledging His claim, and yielding themselves up to His service. From that time the work went on with steadily increasing power. A leading minister expressed it as his view, that such a searching, permeating work on the part of the leading people of the church—particularly local preachers, class-leaders, &c., had not been known in these regions. Said an intelligent brother, I have been a local preacher several years—have preached about twenty-seven sermons monthly. But O what sermons! I would that they were all burned up—now I am going on my return to engage in the work of *saving souls*. In burning words he told how he had received the baptism of fire, and the constraining influence he felt to glorify God in the future ministrations of life. But I cannot begin to tell of the many who thus from the ardors of their newly baptized souls spake as the Spirit gave utterance. It was only to give an invitation for seekers of pardon or purity to present themselves, and from one to two hundred would come flocking forward.

The amount of good done, the day of eternity alone can reveal. Surely it was not by might nor by power. To God alone be all the glory!

I commenced to write this letter on the 1st. It is now July 4th. The meeting has since closed. I would love to give particulars, but time will not permit. Surely it was a continuous scene of Divine power, from Sabbath to the close. Alleluia!

GODERICH.

July 8th.—We have entered upon a few days labor in this place, in compliance with an official invitation of the Wesleyan Church, of which our highly esteemed friend, Rev. Wm. H. Poole, is Pastor. A delightful work is in progress. It had commenced previous to our coming, but is now going on with increasing power. Afternoon and evening meetings are being held. He who baptiseth with the Holy Ghost and with fire is gloriously present. The altar is crowded with seekers, and at every service unseen reporters are bearing the news from earth to heaven of souls newly converted, and others sanctified wholly. Praise the Lord!

We have seldom labored at a place where it has seemed more desirable to protract our labors, but the state of our health and engagements in other portions of our Lord's vineyard, demand that we should leave shortly. This is a very pleasant little town, with several thousand inhabitants, on the banks of Lake Huron. The captain of a steamer, who put in here on Sabbath morning, says it is the *most pious* place he ever visited. His reason for saying so is a provocation he received, when he would have unloaded his vessel of the merchandise belonging to the place, and the good Mayor of the town, being apprised of the fact, sent a polite note informing him that the regulations of the town were such that he could not be allowed to unload on the Sabbath. So much for a God-fearing Mayor.

“HOW AND WHAT MUST I BELIEVE?”

I think the difficulty in your experience is that you do not apprehend the divinity of God's *word*, quite as you should. Is not your faith more like that of the nobleman, than that that of the centurian?

The nobleman said, “Sir, come down ere my child die;” he did not think the *word* of Jesus sufficient, and therefore demanded his actual presence, saying, “Come down!” Jesus reproving his want of faith, said, “Except ye see signs and wonders, ye will not believe.” Not so with the centurian. Such a deep sense had he of his unworthiness, and such a high veneration, for the word of Jesus, that though our Saviour would have gone

down to heal his servant, he declined the honor and said, "*Speak the word only and my servant shall be healed.*" And then how greatly did Jesus commend his faith, saying, "As thou hast believed, so be it done unto thee." And does not Jesus always say this to all his disciples. Yes, my brother; and he will say so to you just now, if you will but believe his *naked word*. Perhaps I hear you say, I have believed, and I do believe, but it does not produce the feelings I anticipated. Suppose you leave *results*, that is, the amount of peace, power, emotion, manifestation, and everything else to be controlled by God, and this moment steps out upon the broad promise, "*I will receive you.*" There was a point of time in Abraham's life-career, when he ventured out upon the *naked word*. That point of time is distinctly noted in the book of his life then being written up. The book of your life-history is now being written up with an immortal pen. Shall it be seen when "the books" (Rev. 20—12) are opened, that *you, at this moment*, irrespective of circumstances or emotions, rely wholly on the *word of God*?

Believe, because God says so, and for no other conceivable reason, not because you have *peace, or power, or joy*, but because GOD SAYS SO. It was thus Abraham believed, and his *faith* was counted unto him for righteousness. Years rolled away before he saw the anticipated result, still he believed. And not only did he believe, but he confessed with his mouth what he believed." He was strong in faith, giving glory to God."

If from this moment you will count the cost of living a life of faith, and do likewise, God will take care of results, and give you just such realizations of peace, power, love, joy, and any and every other grace, as will most glorify his name. Duty is yours, and events the Lord's. This is the command of God that we believe. If you say *what* must I believe, in order to bring the witness of purity? God tells you *just* what you must believe. It is the record He has given of His Son. The blood of Jesus Christ, His Son, *cleanseth from all sin*. Do you now present yourself *through* the blood of the everlasting covenant? Then you now have the authority of God's word, assuring you that it *cleanseth you now* from all sin. The passage is in the

present tense, *cleanseth from all sin*. To doubt it, is to dishonor God's word. "He that believeth not maketh God a liar."

Never will the cleansing fountain be nearer to you, or more efficacious than at this moment. Jesus is even now in gentle whispers saying, "LO, I AM THY SALVATION. And do I not hear you saying, "*I will trust and not be afraid.*" Surely—

"If all the sins that men have done,
In thought, in will, in word or deed,
Since worlds were made, or time began,
Were laid on one poor sinner's head,
The stream of Jesus' precious blood,
Would wash away the dreadful load."

SPIRITUALISM.

A friend asks that we will give our views of Spiritualism. We have always regarded Spiritualism from first to last in the most emphatic sense a doctrine of devils. There is no aspect in which it can be properly viewed but with unmitigated abhorrence. When it first issued from the pit in its new phase, between twenty and thirty years ago, we openly expressed our belief, that this was that spoken of by the Revelator, "I saw three unclean spirits like frogs come out of the mouth of the dragon, and out of the mouth of the beast, and out of the mouth of the false prophet, for these are the spirits of devils, working miracles, which go forth unto the kings of the earth, and of the whole world, to gather them to the battle of that great day of God Almighty." It is now about twenty years since we gave our views publicly in a somewhat elaborate article in one of the leading dailies of New York. But though we augured much evil from the prevalence of Spiritualism at that early date, scarcely could we have anticipated that so many would have been deceived by its sophistries, or its results so various, terrible and far-reaching for evil. A few weeks ago, the Spiritualists held "jubilee" meetings in various cities, and among others, at Boston, in the Music Hall, which is the largest one in the city. In the afternoon they had an exhibition of the "Children's Lyceum," which may properly be called the Devil's Sunday School; got up in opposition to the Sabbath schools in the churches. The great hall was not large enough for the occasion, though a

fee of twenty-five cents was required for admission. The hall was decorated with various banners. On one was a representation of an old meeting-house in a very dilapidated condition, with the steeple tumbling down into a mass of ruins. Just in front of the old house was an old grave sinking down into the ground, with old, leaning moss-covered stones at each end. On the foot-stone were the letters "O. T.;" on the head-stone, "Tight-jacket old theology rest in peace." Underneath on the banner was the following:

"Hark from the skies a joyful sound,
Our ears attend the cry
Old errors come and view the ground
Where you must shortly lie."

On another banner was the following—

"Broad is the road that leads to life,
And thousands walk together there,
But error shows a narrow path,
With here and there a traveler."

On another the following:—"The stroke of death is but a kindly frost which cracks the shell and leaves the kernel room to germinate. What consummate fools this fear of death hath made us."

On another conspicuous banner was the following:—"The fear of the Lord is the beginning of folly."

It is a settled fact that Spiritualism is most emphatically *antichristian*; but we firmly believe we have not seen it yet in all its hideous deformity. But few are aware what deadly hostility it manifests towards everything Christian. It is high time every friend of Jesus was awake and girded with the whole armor of God, that he may be prepared to meet Satan's advancing legions, waving their banner, with the inscription on it: "THE FEAR OF GOD IS THE BEGINNING OF FOLLY."

Rebibal Miscellany.

WHY DO YOU GO TO THE CAMP MEETING?

Perhaps it is because you need *recreation*? Your health has given way under the pressure of constant application to your calling. You knew of no better place to rusticate than the beautiful spot where the multitudes gather for the "Feast of Tabernacles," and

you are here seeking rest and social enjoyment. All this is well: but are such your highest, your leading objects in coming here? Have you no greater need than mere relaxation from business? Have not your multiplied cares and other influences injured your soul quite as much as your body? Are your faith, and zeal, and love, fully up to the Gospel standard? They ought to be. The Church may have another standard, but God has not. If ever there was need of people "endued with power from on high," it is today. Look around you in the nation, in your community, in your family, in your heart? Does not iniquity abound? Devote one hour to such thoughts as will occupy you in a dying hour, and you will feel that *something must be done*. Who shall do it? "Every one of us must give account of himself to God," and you and I will be held responsible for the prevailing moral and spiritual dearth if we do not obtain all the grace we can, and labor to our utmost to rouse the slumbering church and save perishing souls.

Dear reader, this camp-meeting may be your "Pentecost." While resting your mind and body from life's cares, and away from its frivolities, you may linger near the Throne until the "Tongue of Fire" shall fall upon you. Then your words from the pulpit, or in the prayer-meeting, or in private conversation, will be "in demonstration of the Spirit and of power." You may not *gain compliments*, but you will *win souls*. "Lukewarm" ones, whom God is almost ready to spew out of his mouth, will be stirred up to labor for the cause of Christ, and careless sinners will be awakened and converted. God works upon individuals through individuals. One man, one woman, "filled with the Spirit," cannot but be a power for good. Such an one you will be, if you rightly use the week in the consecrated grove.

You may say, "Camp-meetings are not what they used to be. Too many go for recreation, and the gatherings are too often like huge pic-nics, rather than seasons of waiting upon God." If this is true, there is all the more reason for you to work. How must this state of things appear to the Master? He was grieved when He saw the buyers and sellers in the Jewish temples; how must He be moved to behold these merry-

makers in the leafy temples devoted to Christian worship. Brother, sister, Jesus calls upon you to help Him drive out—not the people, but the spirit of worldliness and sin, so that the people shall become true worshipers. Will you not do it? Can you, in the light of the judgment, dare you add your influence to make this meeting a pic-nic, a mere recreation, when it may be to you, and through you, to many others, a Pentecost?

In the name of Him before whose bar we must shortly stand, I call upon you, as a follower of Christ, to do what you can to make this camp-meeting a source of spiritual profit to yourself and to others. Do you plead that you can do so little? That plea did not avail Meroz, Judges, v. 23. It did not avail the man who wasted one talent, Matt. xxv. It will not avail you. I beg you, then, do all you can. Begin now to get your own heart ready. Try to induce others to join you in prayer and effort. A little time each day devoted to free conversation and earnest prayer, with such as you may find specially interested, will be well spent. The Lord may give you a word to an unconverted friend, more potent than any other means that could be used for the salvation of that soul. Let every opportunity, public, social, and private, be improved in the name of the Lord, and He will fulfill His word. "Call unto me, and I will answer thee, and show thee great and mighty things which thou knowest not."

Remember! If recreation, social enjoyment, health, is your first object, souls must suffer; while if you "seek first the kingdom of God and His righteousness, all these things shall be added unto you."

Remember! THIS MAY BE YOUR LAST CAMP MEETING. SHALL IT BE A PIC-NIC OR A PENTECOST?

Correspondence.

For the Guide

SUNSHINE IN THE VALLEY.

REV. G. HUGHES.

It is often said that Christians die well. But this is emphatically true of eminent Christians—Christians who have lived holily. The records of the church in this respect are lustrous. They reveal the fact that in the experience of the holy there is sunshine in

the valley—"in the valley and the shadow of death." This thought was presented to my mind with wonderful force on a beautiful, cloudless morning in April last, while on my way to attend the funeral of one of the Lord's chosen ones. We have had many cloudy days during the past Spring, but on that morning the sun shone with unusual brilliancy. As I looked upon the cloudless heavens, I was impressed with the correspondence between the aspects of nature, and the realizations of one who had just entered upon the fairer realm of immortal life. I thought of the poetic utterance:

"No midnight shade, no clouded sun,
But sacred, high, eternal noon!"

Surely there is sunshine in the valley. The bright beams of the Sun of Righteousness cover the heavens, in the closing hour, with surpassing glory. The dying couch upon which the sufferer reclines, and the brow, growing momentarily pale and cold, in the last struggle, are radiant with the heavenly light.

Miss Annie Van Name, of Newark, N. J., was an eminently holy Christian. She had for years prior to her decease taken such lively interest in all pertaining to the great theme, and had so remarkably illustrated the beauty of holiness in her life and conversation, that it may be well to furnish some particulars for the encouragement of the readers of "The Guide." Her conversion was indubitably clear, the result of a determined struggle. She was deeply convinced of sin, under the preaching of Rev. B. W. Gorham. For two days and nights she pleaded with the Lord, alone in her room, refusing to take food, until her soul was fed with the bread that cometh down from heaven. On the evening of the second day, she came into the kingdom triumphantly, with songs of rejoicing. The Sun of Righteousness had arisen gloriously upon her soul, "with healing in His wings." Every doubt of her acceptance was dissipated, and she exulted in the God of her salvation. She was from that hour a meek and devoted follower of the Lamb—making steady progress in the life of faith.

About four years since, while listening to a sermon by Rev. A. Cookman, on "Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God," she was convinced of the need of entire sanc-

tification. She saw the beauties of the higher Christian life, and resolved to be satisfied with nothing short of a perfect impress of the Saviour's lovely image. In the month of January, 1865, she grasped the pearl of great price. The evidence of this second blessing was as clear as that of justification. Holiness unto the Lord now became the motto of her life. She exhibited strong faith—

"A faith that kept the narrow way,
Till life's last hour was fled,
And with a pure and heavenly ray,
Illumed a dying bed."

Nothing could shake her confidence in the doctrine of a *definite work*, distinct from justification. She often gave her testimony on this subject, with such "an unction from the Holy One," as to melt obdurate hearts. Her face would shine with celestial light, and her words were full of power. There are those now living, ministers of Christ, who have been melted down "into the mould of love," as the result of her mighty testimonies concerning the perfect efficacy of the atoning blood. The most skeptical concerning the doctrine, when they heard Annie speak, were shaken to the very foundation.

But it was reserved for the closing period of her earthly life to unfold the riches of grace and the brighter features of her character. For years she had been a sufferer. Consumption, the relentless foe, had marked her as his victim. For a few months prior to her departure, her sufferings were intense. Wearisome days and nights were indeed appointed to her. "The waters of a full cup" were indeed wrung out to her. But throughout, grace seemed to cast upon her spirit the wealth of eternity. She was wrapped in Jesus' crimson vest, and He had evidently told her all His name, His favorite name of love. No murmur escaped her lips. In the midst of the most terrible suffering, she would lean on the arm of the Omnipotent, and smile as she thought of the heavenly rest. On one occasion the writer visited her in company with a brother minister, who was an excellent singer. I shall never forget the soft, mellow, heavenly light which illumined her pale face, as he lifted her in the melodious strains to the margin of the beautiful land—the land where pure enjoyment reigns. On the occasion of a visit from her pastor,

in the course of conversation, he said he could not sing, but he could read some of the blessed hymns for her. He opened the book and commenced,

"Come on my partners in distress," &c.

She said, "Oh! that does not suit, I am not in distress!" No! while the poor, trembling, decaying tabernacle, was racked with pain, her spirit was full of joy and gladness. Hundreds of people of different denominations visited her room, and were marvelously impressed. It was a common remark, that it did not seem like a sick-room. It was like the passing of a triumphal procession—the chariots and horsemen were there—the angelic retinue—the burning splendors of the throne reaching down to the very gates of death. Thoughtless sinners could not go into the room of that pale consumptive without feeling "shocks from the battery"—and coming away with eyes swimming in tears.

The last day was a triumphant day. At the hour of morning worship, her father leading the devotions, was lifted quite out of himself. He had glorious access. The whole family circle was moved. Annie was borne upward—a little nearer Heaven than she had yet been. A fuller view of the metropolis of glory was granted than ever before. She shouted aloud amid the bright unfoldings of the hour. The day, as it rolled on, was full of light. Ever and anon the harbor heaved in sight. The sound of the cable letting down the anchor into the quiet waters was in her ear—and the songs of the heavenly harpers were floating over the battlements of heaven upon her dying couch. It was no ordinary entrance that was being gained, but an "*abundant* entrance"—the ship entering the harbor grandly—the colors flying—the ship's company giving the triumph salute. Just before midnight of that Saturday, April 11th, the anchor reached its resting place—the voyage was ended—the feet of the voyager touched the shore—the portals of light were widely opened—cherubin legions guarded her home—just in time to catch the first notes of the Sabbath song from the lips of white robed millions—a Sabbath ne'er to end—a song to be perpetuated while the cycles of eternity ceaselessly roll. Friends now often visit Annie's grave, near the city of

Elizabeth, planting sweet flowers there, and catching, as they linger near the sacred spot, the richer fragrance of a life, brief but beautiful, wholly given to Jesus, feeling that she being dead yet speaketh. "She is gone," as one loving her dearly said, "she died when she had just compassed that most useful and practical of all knowledge—*how to live*—but she carries our thoughts to a nobler existence, where we shall live forever!"

For the Guide.

SCENE AT A CAMP MEETING.

M. H. TWOGOOD.

"And he took bread, and gave thanks, and break it, and gave unto them, saying, This is my body which is given for you : this do in remembrance of me. Likewise also the cup after supper, saying, This cup is the new testament in my blood, which is shed for you."—Luke xxii : 19, 20.

More than eighteen hundreds years have passed; the camp-fires burn with unusual brilliancy, while the rays of the full-orbed moon fall with wondrous splendor upon the leafy temple in which are met a band of earnest worshippers, who, having been savingly acquainted with Christ, are glad to obey the injunction,—"*This do in remembrance of me*"

"Remember thee! thy death, thy shame,
The griefs which Thou didst bear;
O memory leave no other name
So deeply graven there."

was the spontaneous gushing of those richly baptized hearts; earth seemed receding, heaven approaching, as wave after wave rolled o'er them. Wealth, position, and gaudy show made no distinction; all drank at the same stream, found cleansing at the same fount, and clothed with deep humility, proved that the "*flesh of the Son of God was meat indeed, and his blood drink indeed.*"

The stillness of the night was broken by shouts of victory, songs of triumph, and loud hallelujahs to the Lamb—while the arch-deceiver was, for the time, a vanquished foe. Those richly baptized sons and daughters in triumph sang—

"Angels now are hovering round us,
Unperceived amid the throng,
Wondering at the love that crowned us,
Glad to join the holy song :
Hallelujah !
Love and praise to Christ belong."

The sufferings of the blessed Saviour had been commemorated, consecrations renewed, vows paid by many, when a mother rich in faith, and full of the Holy Ghost came alone with her boy, her darling Willie, and at that sacramental feast, presented him, a living sacrifice, a whole-burnt offering to God, with all the confidence of hope claiming the fulfillment of the Father's promise. Heaven smiled while her Isaac was bound with love's own cord to the altar of sacrifice; and while the elements of the broken body, and shed blood were being administered, with clasped hands and upturned eyes, Sister P. shouted the victory which is by faith. Who shall say that the victories of that hour will not leave their impress upon the heart, and mark the future life of her boy. Although, still exposed to the temptations of youth this mother trusts Him who said "*the promise is to you and your children,*"—and while looking for richer displays of divine power, believingly prays,

"Our sons henceforth be wholly Thine,
And serve and love Thee all their days,
Infuse the principle divine
In all who here expect Thy grace;
Let each improve the grace bestowed,
Rise every man a child of God,

ALBION, 1868.

For the Guide.

FAITH VICTORIOUS.

F. W.

PART THIRD.

Brush up the evergreens in the garden and let them stand—emblems as they are of an immortal life—mementoes of my last work on earth. You'll want a crocus bed in our garden next spring—don't forget that. Go to the Green-house at Rose Hill, for plants of all kinds that you need. Remember how fond I was of flowers, and do as I would have done if I had lived. I expect you will observe nature more than ever when I am gone.

IN THE NIGHT.—Did I tell you about that letter we received from Helen, describing a walk past our home in Evanston? It was the most pitiful little episode in all my history. You know I hadn't thought much about bidding good-bye to the house, the garden or the village. As we started for the depot that pleasant autumn morning, I

looked neither to the right nor the left as we drove along, for I thought, "My good friends, I shall see you all again." But when Helen's letter came, telling about the bouquet of flowers she gathered from the garden-beds,—about that bright-leaved bush near the front door—it brought the dear old place which I shall never see again most vividly before me, and I cried like a child, and said in my heart, "My home, I bid you an *everlasting farewell*."

TO MOTHER.—I used to think death was a fearful thing, but now I am going right to sleep, though feeling that I may not live three days. Yet I was never more alive to what death is—my perceptions were never more acute. But Christ is my rock of strength.

JAN. 21st.—Sang his favorite verse—

"Take my poor heart and let it be,
Forever closed to all but thee."

He said, "Oh my child, that is my prayer for you—perhaps the last that I shall ever breathe, but it's enough. For saint or sinner, it doesn't matter who, that is the most elevated purpose of which a human mind can be possessed.

JAN. 22nd.—His sister, Mrs. Robinson, said to him: "Josiah, we don't know how to spare you—there are not many of us, now." He answered cheerfully: "You spared me when I was but a boy of sixteen, to go from home; later in life you spared me to go West and live for many years:—the time that you will have to spare me now won't be so long as those times in the past."

As I waked up just now and consciousness came over me, this question flashed through my mind: Is it possible that there is any unsafety—any unsafety for me anywhere in God's universe? My child! That is a startling thought to one just going into the unknown world. But in a moment I settled down again quietly, saying to myself: "No I'm safe in any event—I'm safe by the mercy of my Lord and Saviour, Jesus Christ. If I have one strong wish that is not a heavenly aspiration, it is that I may die with a clear intellect;—that I may be able to look God in the face as I go into His presence, and into the eternal world.

I look forward to a scene like that when our dear Mary went to Heaven, as a pleasant

scene,—the pleasantest of all my history on earth. But I shall be unconscious in that final hour, perhaps, notwithstanding my desire. *May it be just as God wills.*

God willed to take him one cold winter night, January 24th, 1868.—in storm and darkness,—to take him in an hour when consciousness was clouded and the power of speech was gone.

A little while before his death we caught these words,—among the last, indistinct utterances of his receding intellect:

"Jesus—take me—take me to thyself."

EXTRACTS FROM LETTERS DICTATED.

"My dear Sister Bragdon: Your poor friend lies helpless in the arms of Jesus, waiting to depart. I often think of you and of your little family gathered up there in your cosy home so near that dear home of mine which I had hoped longer to enjoy, but which I have given up—though not without many a bitter pang. But it was one among the many sacrifices of this life which I must make before going to my glorious home in Heaven. I expect we shall again be settled near each other in a better world. I'm going, soon, to take possession of my mansion, and perhaps I shall see, marked with golden letters, the name of my sister Bragdon upon the one adjoining, the one awaiting her. I expect to find Brother Bragdon quite at home and able to lead me by the hand unto pleasant pathways and delightful contemplations of the marvels of that world which he has now for several years enjoyed. I praise God for our prospects, and believe the day is not far distant when your family and mine and all our dear friends will be spending our years in unitedly serving and praising God around his throne in Heaven."

(LETTER WRITTEN BY MOTHER.—*Extract*.)

"Last evening, as your father and I were alone together, talking of Christ and His salvation, he was, perhaps, the happiest man I ever saw, in contemplation of heavenly things, and in the enjoyment of the Saviour's abounding love. We sang, 'Take my poor heart,' and, 'Can it be, thou heavenly King, that Thou should'st us to glory bring.' He said, 'Christ releases me awhile from suffering, and strengthens me for all that lies before me. He has come into my heart with

songs of praise. When I get beyond the smoky hills of this world, I shall look back and see that my trial, which I thought so hard to bear, was nothing,—nothing at all.' O, how he rejoiced in the knowledge, love and presence of the Redeemer."

For the Guide.

EXPERIENCE.

W. P. A.

About seven years ago, I went to a protracted meeting, being held in a church of which I was then a member. The text for the evening was, "On earth, peace." The speaker, Rev. Mr. Lawrence, that evening presented a theme with which my mind had never been familiarized. I had been, as I thought, a consistent Christian, but at times I felt a longing for a higher life. I never remember to have heard a sermon upon entire sanctification, and it was with no little interest that I listened to the divinely inspired words as they fell from the minister's lips. He then and there described how the word of grace was able to cleanse and purify the heart, so that not a stain should remain upon it. I listened with rapt attention. I thought the doctrine was a new one, but one which exactly suits my necessity. He described the manner in which the Holy Spirit would so control the will that it could be stilled into the sweetest rest and repose. He made the remark, "even now may any of you grasp the promise as yours, and be saved entirely from sin." I was enabled through grace to lay hold of the blessing, and the sweetest peace filled my heart. This state of feeling continued for several days. Then, fatal mistake! Partly from not seeking to know the will of God and partly from a want of knowledge, I let go the hold on the promise and this sweet, ecstatic enjoyment fled. But God, too good to let me forget the precious lesson I had learned, and after many struggles with Satan, he was pleased on a blessed Sabbath in August last, at Vineland Camp Meeting, to manifest Himself to me in a wonderfully gracious manner as my Saviour from all sin.

I feel that I have been too timid about confessing this blessing; but God has been pleased to lay His afflicting hand upon me and I may never recover. I felt constrained

this Holy Sabbath to write my testimony for Jesus.

To-day, while I listen to the solemn tones of the church bells inviting worshippers to come to the house of God, I feel that He meets with me, and that some crumbs from the Master's table are being scattered here. Yes! glory to the Lamb, the heavenly manna is sweet to my soul, and I can eat with relish what He graciously sends to me. In conclusion, let me add my testimony to that of others, of the power of God to sustain in sickness. It is so sweet to feel that whether living or dying we are the Lord's.

"We speak of the realms of the blest,
Of that country so bright and so fair,
And oft are its glories confessed,
But what must it be to be there."

For the Guide.

BANNER DISPLAYED.

A dear Baptist minister, who some time since visited the Tuesday Afternoon Meeting, in New York, writes: "Since my return I have had 'HOLINESS TO THE LORD' written in large letters upon the wall of my church, over the pulpit, in face of the congregation, as a symbol of the grace we wish to cultivate. I have also established a household meeting on Friday evening of each week, for religious exhortation and prayer, and we have sweet seasons of faith and love toward God, and panting after holiness."

The Tuesday Meeting.

Meetings for the promotion of holiness, are held at the residence of Dr. Palmer,

23 SAINT MARK'S PLACE,

near the Bible House, at 2½ o'clock every Tuesday afternoon.

Rev. J. S. I.—In regard to the subject of Christian holiness, I find it is requisite to be very specific, clear, and definite. Sometimes I have thought that it might be better to use phraseology and modes of speech that others would find less objection to than those ordinarily employed. I have never, however, been tempted aside from a straightforward course in this matter. Thank God, I nailed my flag to the mast as soon as the Lord let me into this liberty. I never had any trouble about its coming down; it can-

not come down ; I have left no halcyons for it to come down. I believe in God that till I die I shall continue in this way, and the reason why I believe so, aside from the grace of God, is to be found in the fact that I came out squarely and definitely ; I got so far out that I never could go in again. If I ever go back I will move out of this country, somewhere where nobody will know me ; I never could look these people in the face again if I ever took down my flag, but by the help of God I will not do it. It is too late in life for me to perform such a foolish act.

I have been very much blest this week. I went away from the meeting last Tuesday determined to be more decided than ever in speaking more definitely upon holiness. In looking over my list of texts I found that for the last three or four months I had not said much about Christian holiness, and when I came to look at the other list I keep, I found there was not so many converted. Every time I preach directly on the subject of holiness (and there has been no exception to it during the past four years) sinners are awakened and brought to God. I told the brethren that I would preach upon holiness on Sunday morning. At night we had the most interesting conversion that has occurred since I have been at Greene Street, and one of the most promising young men in the congregation, whom we have tried in every way to move, came forward. It does seem that God honors me in this. I believe holiness is power. O how sweetly I am getting along ! When people say anything that indicates that they pity me, and that I have only one idea, it does not pain me as it used to. Well, if I have only one idea, it is a grand one ! Bless God, I expect it will fill eternity. I believe there will not be much but holiness in heaven, and I expect to be absorbed by it here. The devil tempts me, but I am not so worried as I used to be. The way that I am in is so much better than the way I used to be in as day is brighter than night. We ought to honor the Lord Jesus by saying that the nearer we get to Him, the more we enjoy Him. Blessed be God I am satisfied with Jesus.

A minister of the Dutch Reformed Church said, I sat and drank in Brother Inskip's words with the delight of one who takes a

draught of fresh water on a warm day. Jesus Christ formed within us the hope of glory is the living water. The Lord has given me a very precious experience within the last few days. It is, however, but the repetition of what went before, only it gets brighter and brighter. I have no troubles, because Jesus is so great that He can condescend to take all my troubles, and I lay them before Him entirely. They are surprised at me at home—the dearest earthly one wonders a little sometimes how we can sing with so much force while other things might be better, but other things could not be better in my estimation. It is the glorious Lord's will, and there we are, glory be to His name. How firm a foundation we have who have trusted in His word !

I feel a deep interest in everything on the subject of holiness—every sentence spoken, every meeting held, whether great or small, because I am convinced that it is not possible for me to believe that Jesus Christ designed that His Church should live in the seventh chapter of Romans. I believe that Apostolic religion is this—the law of the spirit of life in Christ Jesus making us free from the law of sin and death ; and whatever view we may have of the seventh chapter of Romans, I believe that it is simply a parenthesis ; it is not meant to come and dash the glorious sixth chapter all to pieces. Glory be to the Lamb that He has given me an interest in the sixth and eighth chapters of Romans, and He has taught me what the seventh means. He has planted my feet on the rock, Christ Jesus, and enabled me to say that He is all my salvation and all my desire. It is faith in Christ. But they say, "You cannot live so." I know I cannot live so ; it is not me, but Christ living in me. I do not feel crucified to the Church, for I love all the Church in Christ Jesus, and I love to do what I can for them ; but I do feel crucified to the world. There is not a thing in this world that can charm my soul : Jesus Christ charms it fully. I tell you the truth in Christ ; I lie not. I believe that Paul at one time had a trial with legality and unbelief. At one time he said, "O, wretched man that I am," but not all the time. I believe he came out of it, and when he preached to the Galatians he preached to them out of a por-

tion of his own experience. He called them "foolish Galatians;" he knew they were; he knew he had been foolish. Glory be to God he has taken me out of that folly, and has given me wisdom. Now, Jesus Christ, my wisdom reveals Himself unto me as my all in all; it is Christ first and Christ last. I tell you it is full salvation; there is nothing wanting. Some one may ask, "Is it possible that you could be as happy as you would be in heaven?" I do not know much about heaven yet, but I know I have got a little heaven below. I do not pretend to know what heaven is in all the glory of that resurrection body. I have not apprehended that, but I know that I have heaven now. I have my heaven, not the angel's heaven, not the heaven of the just made perfect; and yet I have the heaven of the just made perfect in Christ Jesus here below: this is Christian perfection. I do not use the word perfection generally, because it is not thoroughly understood. Some people will not understand it, and consequently I use some other terms except when I use God's word, because He uses it. He tells me I am made perfect in Christ Jesus. I understand this, that I am kept from sinning, not by any effort of my own; I disclaim all effort of my own in keeping me from sin, but I believe the Lord Jesus Christ has promised that I shall be kept from sin by His Almighty power. I am able to reckon myself dead unto sin, but alive unto God through Jesus Christ.

A great many think that this boldness of faith does not belong to religion, but it does. Love and faith are very much alike. They cannot be satisfied with anything outside of God. He works within, and this outgoing of faith to God is the inworking of the Holy Spirit; and when God inworks in me by His Holy Spirit, I may be bold. It is a necessity of my new born nature, I verily believe God has promised to keep me pure. Faithful is he who hath called me who will do it. There are those who oppose this doctrine honestly, but I present it to them as the experience of my life. I say to the praise of grace I am kept; I tell it to you to-day. I long for you who had not this normal Christian experience; you have not what God designed you should have. God has purposed that you should be filled with His fullness; He de-

signs to come into your heart, and bless it with the unspeakable riches of His grace. He did not mean that you should go comfortless, and have doubts and fears, but He meant that you should with boldness come and receive grace to help you in every time of need. Cast on Him every care, and all your weakness, and let Him make it strength. His strength is made perfect in our weakness. Glory be to His name that He is the worker in it all.

SISTER L.—In my early Christian experience there was one text that seemed to impress itself upon my mind very strongly—that we were to be renewed in the image of God, in righteousness and true holiness. When I was very small I asked myself, what does it mean? Adam was created in the image of God, and when I got the idea that we were to have that image restored, it lifted my thoughts, and I seemed to be in a new world. I have never felt any satisfaction in any other state of religious experience than the restoration of the image of God. I remember when a camp meeting was closing, thirty years ago, the presiding elder gave us some very good advice. He said, "Some of you have been making loud professions, and I want you to go home and live it. A dear aged sister got up and said, "Yes, praise the Lord, I made a loud profession, but fain would I sound it out so loud that heaven and earth might hear. Jesus is a full Saviour, and He is mine;" which she repeated again and again with a thrilling voice.

Rev. E. O. said—I knew the sister to whom Sister L. referred. My wife and I spent two days with her after that camp meeting, and she made a "loud" profession with her life. A minister of the New York Conference, who lived four years under her roof, never in all that time saw anything in her contrary to the gospel. Blessed be God, she being dead yet speaketh. In reference to what Bro. Inskip said about the connection of success in winning souls and the preaching of holiness, I would say that in the first eight years of my ministry—from 1823 to 1831—I saw some souls converted every year; but in 1831 I heard a sermon from a minister now in heaven that led me to see the importance of preaching full salvation. I tried to do it from 1831 to 1839, and I do believe I saw four

times as many souls converted as in the previous eight years. O that God would fill us now with the power of the Holy Ghost!

A sister said—The grandest sight that my eyes can look upon now is a meeting for the promotion of holiness. It has seemed to me that I could hear Jesus say to-day to me, as he said to the young ruler that kneeled before him, "If thou wilt be perfect, sell all that thou hast," and instead of that sounding harsh to me, it sounds benevolent. There is nothing noble short of entire consecration to Jesus Christ. O, I am so glad that down deep in my heart Christ has my full consent to follow him by the way of the cross. I have got my eye on Jesus, and my heart is His; and all I want now on this earth is power to work for Christ. I know the time is short with me, and I do want to be empowered from on high to finish the work that He has given me to do.

A brother said—When I came to the Saviour I was a poor wreck—nobody would pick me up; but Jesus took me, blessed be His name, and made a perfect cure, so that when I examine myself I feel none of the disease I once had. I follow my Saviour every day, and I feel that He dwells in my heart, and if He was not with me day by day, I believe I would fall into the grossest sin.

A brother,—I have come with another brother one hundred miles almost expressly to attend this meeting. I must tell you something of what the Lord has done for me. Two years ago I read the life of Carvosso, and I felt he had something which I wanted, and I longed to enjoy it. I went to a camp meeting, longed, prayed, and wrestled for the blessing. Once, about midnight, I awoke, and it was all dark to me, when I heard the words, "Come unto me all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." I said, "Lord Jesus, I come," and no sooner did I say this than He poured His precious love in my heart. That was rest indeed. I never knew what rest was before. He kept pouring it in until it seems there was no room for more; after an hour or two I thought I would get a little rest for the body, but the Lord wanted to give rest to my soul that night. Blessed be God, I rested in the arms of Jesus till morning. I am now sweet-

ly resting in the arms of Jesus, and can say, "I am the Lord's, and He is mine."

SISTER P.—I have never found but one way to be saved, and that is by a momentary act of reliance on Christ. The story of my salvation is always new because I am always being saved. That dear sister, who came a long distance, was told to try Jesus, that is to prove Him. He says, "Try me and prove me." A Presbyterian minister, who many years ago attended this meeting, and is now in heaven, used to say, most exultingly, "I have just as good a Saviour as St. Paul." We have just the very same Saviour, and just as much of the precious blood of Jesus was shed for us to redeem us from all iniquity as to redeem St. Paul. I think the characteristic of this afternoon's meeting should be that we should all try Jesus—prove Him. The prayer was offered at the opening of the meeting that we might have an outpouring of the Holy Spirit here this afternoon. It is an ever-present idea with me, and I do not want to divest myself of it, that God is always willing, a thousand times more than willing to fulfill His promises; and He has promised to pour out His Spirit upon us. This assembly is made up of individuals, and if every one will comply with the conditions, we shall have such an outpouring of the Spirit as we never before witnessed. "Bring all the tithes into the storehouse." That does mean something; it, perhaps, means a little more than some here imagine. We sang in the early part of this meeting,

"Who are these arrayed in white!"

The revelator asked, "Who are these arrayed in white?" And the answer came, "These are they that came out of great tribulation, having washed their robes and made them white in the blood of the Lamb."

I am reminded of a letter I received from a dear sister, who said I often pray for the image of the heavenly, but I have been asking myself, Am I willing to bear His image as the man of sorrows?

"Pure may I be, averse to sin,
Just, holy, merciful, and true;
And let Thine image formed within
Shine out in all I say and do."

I know that there is one standing in our midst who baptizeth with the Holy Ghost and with fire. Now let us make a personal

matter of this, and bring all the tithes into the storehouse. I never dare to question the faithfulness of God. His name is faithful, He cannot be unfaithful. If the promises are not fulfilled to us, it is because we do not comply with the conditions. There are those here who enjoy the blessing of holiness; they have laid all upon the altar so far as they know, still they feel they have not the power they need. Holiness is power. We ought to be exceedingly careful in examining ourselves to see whether our sympathies are all in union with Christ. We want a love that brings us in sympathy with Him who died for a lost world. Whatever our former experience may be, let us look for a deeper baptism of the Spirit of Christ. I am asking and trusting for it, and I am sure I shall not trust in vain.

Book Notices.

*All books noticed may be ordered of W. C. Palmer, Jr.,
14 Bible House.*

SABBATH CHIMES; OR, MEDITATIONS IN VERSE FOR THE SUNDAYS OF A YEAR. By W. Morley Punshon, M.A. Carlton & Lanahan, 200 Mulberry St. 223 pages.

This book is got out in the most beautiful style of the art. Is ornamented with a lithographic likeness of the author, and descriptive views. It would furnish a desirable present, not only for the holidays, but for all days in the year. Mr. Punshon says: "I offer this little volume, the offspring of a year's enforced pause, amid the activities of a busy ministry." Those who will do themselves the favor of reading "Sabbath Chimes," will gratefully acknowledge that the ministry of the author, during the fifty-two Sabbaths he was prevented from participation in usual pulpit activities, was not profitless. We will furnish our readers with a few lines illustrative of the style and spirit of the work. We transcribe a portion from "Advent Sabbath:"

Prepare His way! No wasteful thoughts and rude,
No dalliance with sin,
Must greet His march, nor on His sight intrude,
When He comes in.

When He is nigh, no lion-lust must walk
Over the swarded green,
No ravening beast through trampled pastures stalk
In rage unclean.

The way is called holy. All is still,
And pure, and heavenly bright,
As the sweet rose-hearts, which the dewdrops fill
On Summer night.

Where quiet ones in thoughtful moments stray,
He lingers by their side,
Flings a rare charm on their Emmaus-way,
And loves to bide.

In upper rooms, where tarry earnest souls,
He passes through shut doors;
And heaven comes floating in as morning rolls
On golden floors.

O Advent blessed! Lord we wait for this,
In hush of watching love;
Wait in Thy temple, wait to prove the bliss,
All bliss above.

Come to thy own! Come to thy wishful bride!
Shed thy pure love abroad,
And each heart shall become a clear and wide
"Highway for God."

THE WORD OF GOD OPENED. Its Inspiration, Canon and Interpretation, considered and illustrated, by Rev. Bradford K. Pierce. Carlton & Lanahan.

The object of this excellent work is to place in the hands of young students and interpreters of the Bible, who are not familiar with the original tongues in which the Holy Scriptures were written, or favored with an easy access to the treasures of sacred criticism which are constantly accumulating. Such evidence of the authenticity, genuineness and general purity of the English version of the Old and New Testaments, arising out of its history and the searching examinations to which it has been submitted, that they may open it with confidence to discover in its revelations the mind of the Spirit. This, the avowed object of the author, we think, has been concisely and admirably met, the size of the work considered. It must have required no small amount of patient research to prepare the volume, and the thanks of the religious public are due to Rev. B. K. Pierce for this new issue from his pen. The spirit of the book is truly devotional. The author in his closing paragraph says: "We trust that our labor, which has from first to last been a labor of love, will not be in vain, but that our little volume may become a guide to many young explorers among the hidden mines and treasures of Holy Scriptures;" and to this we say Amen. It contains 223 pages, is printed on tinted paper and is bound in the beautiful chaste style which generally characterize the publications of the Methodist Book Concern.

For the Guide.

THERE'S VICTORY IN JESUS.

WORDS AND MUSIC BY REV. DWIGHT WILLIAMS.



1. The world is full of trou - ble, And danger's al - ways near,
2. Thy foes, O man, are ma - ny, And they will hedge thy way,
3. Mountains are in thy path - way, And storms that threaten thee,
4. The world will rob thy spir - it, And sin will con - quer thee,



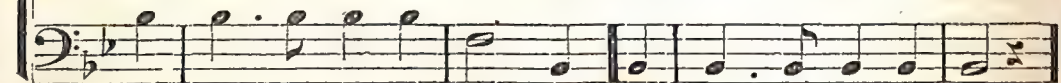
- But he who trusts in Je - sus Shall nev - er know a fear.
And thou must fight with Je - sus, If thou wouldst win the day.
But stop not in thy jour - ney, Christ has a crown for thee.
Un - less thou fight with Je - sus, And gain the vic - to - ry.



CHORUS.



There's vic - to - ry in Je - sus, There's vic - to - ry for thee.



O, Christian, in life's bat - tle, Come, gain the vic - to - ry.



5. Satan is on thy pathway,
And lurketh to devour,
And O, there's none like Jesus,
Can save thee from his power.

6. Sinner, what will thy doom be,
If overcome at last,
O come to Jesus, sinner,
Ere mercy's day be past.

CHORUS—There's victory in Jesus,
There's victory for thee,
O sinner, in life's battle,
Come gain the victory.

7. A crown of life is waiting,
If thou wilt conquer sin,
O give thyself to Jesus,
And life eternal win.

Guide to Holiness.

SEPTEMBER, 1868.

For the Guide.

MINISTER'S EXPERIENCE.

REV. E. DAVIES.

My youthful heart was led to Christ at the age of twelve years, through the instrumentality of a pious mother, and devoted Sabbath school teachers. My sins were forgiven and my heart filled with holy love. For months I walked in the light of God's countenance. I yielded to the temptation to neglect my class meeting, and from that time I declined in religion, and endured the awful experience of a backslider. There was no rest to my soul day or night. I plunged deeper into sin, till at the age of seventeen I found my way to Christ, after a hard struggle of three long and bitter months. One Friday night, at ten o'clock, my trembling heart trusted alone in Christ, and joy sprang up in my soul. I joined the church, took a class in the Sabbath school, went from house to house to deliver tracts, and from place to place to help to hold prayer meetings and labor for souls. I read the lives of many holy men and women, and my heart was in great earnestness to emulate their holy example. Many times I prayed with all my heart for the fervor of a Fletcher, the faith of a Carvosso, the spirit of prayer of a John Smith, and the zeal of a Bramwell. But I found that they had a heavenly wisdom and holy earnestness that I had not. That they had experienced the fullness of God.

I panted for this fullness. I fasted, and prayed, and mortified the deeds of the body, broke off my easily besetting sins, and looked to God for a clean

heart. I felt that I must be holy, if I would be useful. At length I brought the matter to an issue by a determination to wrestle all night in prayer if need be, for the blessing. The family had retired and I began to pour out my heart before God, and to consecrate all the powers of my being to Him. At about 11 o'clock I was enabled to trust implicitly in the blood of the everlasting Covenant, for a free and full salvation. Then passed over and through my soul such a heavenly sweetness and bliss, that language can never express, it was indeed

"All the silent, heaven of love."

And with the blessing came the heavenly testimony, of the spirit of God with my spirit, that I was a child of God fully saved from inbred sin. It was indeed a Spirit voice speaking in the spirit ear and the communication was most intelligible. Such solid, heavenly peace, I had never felt before. My soul was filled with praise, and then welled up spontaneously out of the very depths of my heart such sentences as "praise the Lord," "glory to God," and this remained so till I retired to rest, and I closed my eyes in sleep with these feelings in my heart and these words in my mouth. I awoke the next morning in the same heavenly frame, and went out into the world filled with God. It required no effort to pray or praise. I retired often to secret places for prayer, and it seemed as though my feet touched not the ground as I ran in the path of obedience.

At a suitable time I confessed to my class mates what God had wrought. I met with a coldness which was hard to

bear, still I rested in Christ, and devoted my powers to his glory. I soon began to feel that I must preach the word of God, or forfeit his favor. There were mountain difficulties in the way, and I met with many discouragements, still I held myself ready to follow the openings of Providence. I began to exhort, and to attempt to preach as opportunity offered. At length my name appeared among the local preachers' of the Birmingham east circuit, England, and I preached almost every Sabbath till the finger of Providence pointed to America, and I bid adieu to my mother's grave, and many converts and friends, and sailed for New York, fifteen years ago. With the spirit of entire consecration I found myself walking the streets of that great city waiting for the openings of Providence. I shall never forget the kindness of Dr. Abel Stevens, or of Mrs. Palmer. I found myself in the holiness meetings and was graciously strengthened thereby. At the suggestion of Bishop Janes I came to the Main Conference and began to preach this full salvation. I have labored ever since, in the city and in the country and have seen souls saved on every charge. I have spent three years at the Biblical Institute, Concord, N. H., and amid all the trials of the itinerancy, the loss of my dearest friends, I have found God the strength of my heart and He shall be my portion forever. I still feel that I am wholly the Lord's, and amid many infirmities I have and mean to fully devote myself to Him who gave Himself for me.

"Happy if with my latest breath,
I may but gasp His name,
Preach Him to all, and cry in death,
Behold, behold the Lamb."

For the Guide.

SCRIPTURE ILLUSTRATIONS.

REV. W. H. POOLE.

"And I will give this people favor in the sight of the Egyptians, and it shall come to pass, that, when ye go, ye shall not go empty. But every woman shall borrow of her neighbor, and of her that sojourneth in her house, jewels of silver, and jewels of gold, and raiment."—Exodus iii., 21, 22.

"And the children of Israel did according to the word of Moses: and they borrowed of the Egyptians jewels of silver, and jewels of gold, and raiment. And

the Lord gave the people favor in the sight of the Egyptians, so that they lent unto them such things as they required. And they spoiled the Egyptians."—Exodus xii., 35, 36.

It is an easy thing for a sceptic to misrepresent God's dealings with His people, and also the conduct of the Israelites to their former masters, as alluded to in the words above quoted. Many an earnest and devout reader of the Bible has been puzzled and embarrassed as a strong case has been made out against the honor and honesty of the transaction here recorded. If a few words from our pen will aid to a right understanding of the passage, and furnish a shield of defence to the needy one we have our reward. Our pen is the Lord's.

1. The word "*borrow*," which is *shaal* in Hebrew, means "to ask," "request," "demand," "require," and is not used to signify the act of loaning a thing. In the Greek text it reads, "She shall ask," and in the Latin it reads, "She shall demand."

The same word *shaal* is used in Deut. 10, 12, in regard to the requirements of God. "What doth the Lord Thy God (*shaal*) require of thee." Also in Joshua 15, 18, "Where Caleb's daughter was moved to (*shaal*) ask of her father a field. It is also found in Judges 5, 25, where Sisera *asked* a drink of water. It also occurs in 1 Sam. 30, 32, when speaking of property that David *recovered* from those who had violently removed it. I need not multiply quotations. In none of these passages could that word be understood to mean "*borrow*" as we understand that word.

2. The Egyptians had been enriched by the labor of the Israelites, and God, who judges rightly, now constrains them to refund a part of that which was justly due to them as wages.

3. The Lord inclined the Egyptians to remunerate them willingly. "The Lord gave the people favor in the sight of the Egyptians."

4. The Egyptians felt it to be a forlorn hope, and esteemed it a good bargain to repay them; to settle up with them in full, in order to secure their departure.

It is recorded that an Egyptian prince

came to Alexander, the Great, soon after the conquest of Syria, and said to the conqueror, "Our nation has heard that you are so benevolent that you pay all the just debts of your poor subjects, and of those whom you have conquered. I am sent to enquire." Alexander replied, that he did pay all lawful claims. Then said the prince, "The Jews a long time ago borrowed jewels of silver, and jewels of gold, and costly plate, and never returned them. I demand, in behalf of my nation, both the principal and interest. Alexander enquired as to the evidence supporting his claim. The prince referred him to the Jewish Scriptures and to Egyptian records. Alexander asked three days to examine the evidence, and called in his secretary and treasurer, a learned Jew, named Mordecai. The secretary assured the parties that he was quite willing to entertain the case, but that the Egyptian prince must promise three things.

1. To take the Jewish Scriptures and the Egyptian records as the only evidence for or against his claim.

2. To answer whether Egyptian law allowed servants a just and equitable compensation for services rendered, and how much?

3. To pay the balance if due on the other side.

To this the prince agreed. Mordecai then produced Gen. 46, 6, where Jacob took their cattle and their goods, with their wealth and their families. They were there 215 years, and gave their labor and their service, and received no return of lands or cities, save only their bread. That Egypt owed its existence, its laws, its policy, and its opulence to Joseph, and yet they did not so much as furnish him with a grave.

He then requested the prince to value the property taken down to Egypt; the flocks and the herds; to count up the wages; to calculate the interest; to double the sum for the time they did double work; to value the materials for the time that Pharaoh refused to furnish them; to find the total amount due the Jews, and from that sum deduct the small amount they received on their de-

parture; then to tell the balance. In this way, at very low wages, he brought the young prince immensely in debt. He also reminded Alexander that the prince did not understand the language of the Jews; that they did not borrow the gold and silver plate and jewels, but that they demanded it as a small installment of the amount long since due as wages. The young prince made his best bow, and retired.

GODERICH, Ontario, 1868.

For the Guide.

JESUS ONLY.

M. W. L.

"Jesus only" is the motto
Now engraven on my shield;
Where He leads me I will follow,
Fighting bravely on the field;
Weak and tempted,
Through His strength, I'll never yield.

"Jesus only," when I'm doubtful,
Can my feeble faith make strong;
Only He can wisely counsel,
Make me right where I've been wrong,
He's my Saviour,
Praises loud to Him belong.

"Jesus only," with thanksgiving
All my care on Him I roll,
With His peace, past understanding,
He now "garrison's" my soul.
Blest Redeemer!
Glad I yield to His control.

"Jesus only," His salvation,
Free and full, and present is;
Through His blood I've found redemption,
Perfect love, deep joy, and bliss;
I am resting
In the Lord, my righteousness.

"Jesus only," let His praises
Sound to earth's remotest shore;
Souls from sin and shame He raises,
Saves them by His mighty power,
Hallelujah!
Love and trust Him evermore.

For the Guide.

DIFFICULTIES OVERCOME.

REV. JOSHUA BUFFUM,
Congregational Minister.

I feel desirous of writing a few words concerning my experience in "the liberty wherewith Christ hath made us free." We are taught in the word (1 Cor. 12, 6) that "there are diversities of operations, but it is the same God which worketh all in all," while, in the general, our "hearts are fashioned alike," yet so different are our conditions in many things, that each has an experience of his or her own, and in some points, perhaps, differing from most others; our peculiar traits of character, our differing dispositions, our idiosyncrasy, our life before conversion; all these things seem to make it needful for our heavenly Father to teach and guide us in different ways, to accomplish His work in us. How various the means used to bring men to repent and believe; and just so various, I think, are God's dealings and teachings to all who are seeking for holiness.

I was fully persuaded years ago that entire sanctification was a duty and privilege, but the more I prayed and strove after it, the more was I continually brought to a point, so perplexing, so strange, so contrary to what seemed to be right, that often I scarcely knew what to do, or what way to turn; and the adversary, of course, was continually on the alert to aggravate all my perplexities and distress; he and his followers, "who search out iniquities," and "commune of laying snares privily" (see Psalm 64: 5, 6) were apparently determined that I, who had been snatched as "a brand out of the fire" should never come to full salvation; but blessed be God, I can say with David, "By thee I have run through a troop, by my God I have leaped over a wall," and with Solomon, "A wise man scaleth the city of the mighty, and casteth down the strength of the confidence thereof."

This passage of Mrs. Palmer's, from "the Guide" for June, 1865, p. 137, was a great help to me at that time; she

says, "I was for years hindered in spiritual progress by theological hair-splitting and technicalities, and it was not until I resolved to let all these alone, and take the simple, naked word of God, and conform my life wholly to its precepts, *though I might have an experience unlike every one in the world beside*, that the steady light of truth beamed upon my heart." Blessed be God, and blessed be Sister Palmer for these words; they were "apples of gold, and pictures of silver to me." I have learned that our heavenly Father, by His Holy Spirit, our great Teacher, makes known to each of His saints such truths as they need; the needs of all are not in all things the same; there are some truths, of which it may be said, in the words of our blessed Lord, "He that is able to receive it, let *him* receive it." There are some truths of Scripture for some particular casts of mind, which other persons cannot receive, or do not need. (Matt. 19, 12) "There are *some* truths which our Great Teacher will impart to us, *if we need them*, if we go to Him with child-like trust, which it is not lawful for man to utter." 2 Cor. 12, 4.

Here is something I read a few years ago, which was a great help to me, and may be to others who are struggling hard after a clean heart, and suffering the buffetings of Satan, as I have; it is from a valuable book, entitled, "Satan's Devices," chap. 15, p. 106, "There are many who suffer much from lustful thoughts and impure images thrust upon them like darts, which both inflame and pierce the sensibility, and throw the mind into an agony of grief and sorrow. The enemy pursues them so relentlessly with this kind of weapon that they often conclude that their hearts are too unclean for the Spirit to dwell in, and that they must abandon all hope in His mercy. They are ashamed to carry such things to Christ; they find it impossible to rid themselves of them, and they stand and suffer until God rebukes the adversary. They need to learn that "the shield of faith" is given them to quench *even such* "fiery darts." However ashamed we are, and ought to be,

of many things in our minds, we should never hesitate to carry all to the Lord Jesus: in Him only is our help, and when Satan assaults us in the above manner he is confounded and disappointed to find that we run with the whole matter to our Great Father.

Blessed be God, who has carried me safely through these trials, and "brought me forth into a large place." Psalm 18, 19. I find that "Great peace have they that love Thy law, and nothing shall offend them," (margin, "they shall have no stumbling block.") Psalm 119, 165. My soul is filled with peace and joy, and comfort, and an assurance of sins forgiven, and of acceptance with God, through the "precious blood which cleanseth from all sin." Glory be to His holy name. I am persuaded that many are tempted and tried as I have been, and I hope you will think it proper to publish this in "the Guide" for their benefit. "To the pure all things are pure, but to the defiled and unbelieving there is nothing pure, but even their mind and conscience is defiled." Again, "Shall a man be more pure than His Maker?" Let all who are striving after sanctification hesitate not to make known to the Saviour all their troubles and trials, and difficulties, He expects of us this entire confidence in Him, and will reward us for our trust with clean hearts and the witness of the Spirit.

LOWELL, Mass., 1868.

TELL JESUS HOW YOU FEEL.

BISHOP SIMPSON.

This morning, I was reading a passage that came sweetly to my heart—"For he knoweth our frame, he remembereth that we are dust." I am weak—Jesus knows it all. I have my anxieties—Jesus feels them all. I am very imperfect—Jesus understands it all. I have strange feelings in this bosom—He knows them every one. He knows all the weaknesses of the Christian.

You sit down by your friend, and tell him your experience; you ask him, "Did you ever feel so?" and if he did,

you are gratified to think some other bosom feels as you have felt. Go and sit beside Jesus, and tell Him how you feel; ask Him if He knows how you feel. He says, "Yes, I have felt the same." He knows what sore temptations mean, for He hath "felt the same." Blessed be God! there is not a sorrow of my heart but Jesus understands it; there is not an anxiety of my soul but He knows it; there is not a depression comes over me but He helps me to bear it. He is the everlasting Father. He leadeth me on to conquer, and if I follow in His pathway, I shall reach everlasting joy.

January 23, 1868.

For the Guide.

THE SHIELD OF FAITH.

REV. S. H. WHEELER.

All who are striving, like Muller, to live a "life of trust" in God, have learned by blessed experience how truly faith is described by the Apostle Paul, when he calls it "a shield," wherewith we "shall be able to quench all the fiery darts of the wicked." The shield used in ancient wars to defend the body from darts and javelins was, doubtless, often drenched with water, that when flaming arrows were shot from the ranks of the enemy they might be "quenched" as well as turned aside. Thus our "shield of faith" is, so to speak, dipped not in water, but in *blood*, since we trust not in the water wherewith our bodies were baptized, but in the atoning blood of Christ, which is indeed "able to quench all the fiery darts of Satan, as his power is also able to turn them all aside."

The ancient shield covered only the body, but "the shield of faith" defends the *soul* from all the evils and dangers which beset the soldier of Christ in his victorious march. Its celestial temper, tried in many a well-fought field, is proof against every weapon forged in Satan's armory, and he finds, that while he bears this heavenly shield, "there shall no evil befall" him, "neither shall any plague come nigh" his "dwelling:" that is a shield of continual and perfect salvation from all harm.

We may and should be clad with the whole "armor of light," and armed with "the sword of the Spirit" as a weapon of assault against the Enemy of souls; and yet "*this is the victory that overcometh—even our faith.*" Without faith we can do nothing, though we have all things else, while with it we can do *all* things "through Christ who strengtheneth us. Paul, after admonishing the Ephesian brethren to put on the whole armor of God, says, "above *all* taking the shield of faith"—showing its vital importance as a part of the celestial panoply. The "sword of the Spirit" may flash idly in the sun, inflicting no wound from our lack of strength or skill; the "breastplate of righteousness" may be lost in an evil and unwatchful hour; the "helmet of salvation" itself may at times scarce seem to save us wholly from Satan's cruel power; but if we can only hold fast our "*shield*" all will be well. He cannot reach us in any vital part with his most fiery and venomous darts.

By faith the saints in all ages have "subdued kingdoms, wrought righteousness, obtained promises, stopped the mouths of lions, quenched the violence of fire, escaped the edge of the sword, out of weakness were made strong, waxed valiant in fight, turned to flight the armies of the aliens." With no trenchant weapons of offence were these true soldiers armed, but simply holding with undying grasp "the shield of faith," they "fought the good fight," have "finished their course," and now in heaven wear the victor's crown. So let us grasp it too, and

"Should earth against our souls engage,
And fiery darts be hurled,
Then we can smile at Satan's rage,
And face a frowning world."

BRIDGEWATER, O., 1868.

For the Guide.

WHITE GARMENTS.

MISS A. MILLS.

"Jesus, Thy blood and righteousness,
My beauty are, my glorious dress."

How lovely the daughters of the Lord appear, who wear constantly this pure, white robe. Jesus' blood cleanses from

all sin. Covered is their unrighteousness, so that they no longer mourn over their unworthiness, but looking unto Jesus, ascribe praise to Him for His costly, unmerited gifts.

Why should not each daughter of the King, now, be made all glorious within?

Afraid to put on the robe, lest you should be unable to keep it undefiled! Dear sister, do you not know that the King has cast up a highway for you to walk in—a *clean* way? There the opened fountain ever floweth. It is momentarily available, and your Guide says, "I will sprinkle clean water upon you, and ye shall be clean."

Come at once into this holy way. How unwise you would esteem a person who would persist in walking in the midst of a muddy or dusty road, when there was a beautiful walk on either side.

But do you say, "I want to walk in this way; I would willingly give all that I possess, if I could only obtain this blessing of full salvation."

Ah! your *all* is not enough to purchase this white garment; but the price has been paid for you, and when you cast your all at Jesus' feet, feeling that it is entirely worthless, and tell Him that you have *nothing* to pay for that which you so earnestly covet, and that which you must have, in order to glorify Him, He will not turn you away empty,—His free, unmerited gifts He delights to bestow upon you.

Again: do you say, "If I should receive this gift, I should not dare speak of it. Oh! no, I could not profess the blessing."

If some wealthy earthly friend should give you a beautiful dress, would you be afraid to tell of it? especially if that friend had promised to give one to all who would ask him for it. Would you not rather be anxious to speak of it to those you loved, bringing to their notice the value and beauty of the dress, so that they might be led to desire one? And would you not tell them just where they should go, and just how they should make their wishes known to your friend, that they might have a garment like

yours? Would not such a course honor your friend?

Let us then tell what Jesus has done for us until other hearts break out with strong desire to prove the bliss of loving God alone.

We expect to walk with the white-robed throng in Paradise when our pilgrimage is o'er, "Wherefore, beloved, seeing that ye look for such things, be diligent, that ye may be found of Him in peace, without spot, and blameless."

APPLETON, 1868.

For the Guide.

OUR PILGRIMAGE. No. 2.

I. N. KANAGA.

DOUBTING CASTLE.

As we passed by this famous old castle of such terror and dread formerly to pilgrims, we observed it had all fallen down, and gone to decay. We could but think of Solomon's description of the home of the sluggard. The old stone walls were broken down, while briars and thorns grew rankly about the old court and castle. Mutation and ruin had marked the place for their own. The grim old giant and his Jezabel of a wife had sickened and died some time before we came along. They were buried by one Scythe, a grey-headed, ill-favored old fellow, and there afterwards Mr. Fidelity set up this inscription: "Here lies the old Giant of Doubting Castle and his miserable wife; let the memory of them rot."

THE FLATTERERS.

We were so much delighted in walking in the King's highway, and found all the journey all along here so much a way of pleasantness and a path of peace that we turned not aside to find a greener or more pleasant path for our feet, but kept straight and directly on our way, not so much as getting a sight of that old stile. Nor did we fall in with the flatterers, nor see even a print of their footsteps. We heard that they had moved, since the death of the old giant, pretty well on towards the farthermost side of

THE ENCHANTED GROUND

This part of the road was more beset with fiends than any other part of our journey. The three that most set themselves in our way were Indifference, Sloth, and Security. Drowsiness and Sleep we saw in the distance approaching us, but we were so terrified at what we beheld about the middle of this dreadful ground that we immediately began to run away from these two approaching fiends with all speed, crying: "Lord save, or we perish! Great Deliverer come to our succor speedily, or we are lost!"

For here among the green bowers, places of rest, and flowery paths that led from and crossed the highways we beheld, to our utter astonishment, not only "two men fast asleep," but scores and and hundreds lying all around, sleeping so soundly that, perhaps, the summons only of the great day will wake them up! And what added greatly to our terror and dread we saw many of these that lay down to sleep never woke up again. They had slept their last long sleep of security, and off of many of these miserable beings the flesh had already rotted, and there lay their ghastly skeletons bleaching upon the turf a perpetual warning to all pilgrims that should come after. Greatly alarmed we added all the speed possible to our steps, and were soon out of the enchanted land. O may we never, never see this terrible place again! We hastened on, and were soon in

THE LAND OF BEAULAH.

This land to us is the most delightful part of our journey—yes, more by far than all the other parts of the road put together. We had heard a great deal said by others who had searched this favored land about its climate, sunshine, flowers, music, &c., but truly we can say, "the half has never been told." We are sojourning here, and have been most of the time for the past twenty-two years. So with confidence and in the sight of the All-Seeing we now may tell what we have felt and seen in this glorious land.

The sun here is always above the horizon. Flowers, sweet and beautiful, are here perpetually in bloom; for lovely Spring-time extends throughout the year. The pure crystal waters of life in this favored land are perennially gushing forth and flowing on into green fields and flowery vales.

Here peace, that delightful guest, holds her constant reign. Strains such as we hear not in any other part of our pilgrimage are constantly heard amid these bowers and pleasant walks, and filling the air with more than earthly melody!

For the Guide.

CHRIST IS MY ROCK.

MRS. MARY D. JAMES.

CHRIST IS MY ROCK—foundation sure
On which I build my faith and hope;
'Mid earthly tempests still secure
Exultingly my soul looks up—
While furious winds, and beating rain,
And sweeping flood assail in vain.

CHRIST IS MY ROCK—within whose side
I've found a cleft—a safe retreat—
There 'mid life's woes I ever hide,
And find with Him communion sweet:—
Till earthly storms shall all pass o'er,
And I shall gain the Heavenly shore.

CHRIST IS MY ROCK—when hosts of foes
In dread array my soul surround,
And earth and hell my way oppose,
They cannot my calm heart confound:
The Eternal Rock is my defence—
My refuge is Omnipotence!

CHRIST IS MY ROCK—whence waters sweet
In rich profusion ceaseless flow,
To cheer me 'mid the burning heat
As through life's wilderness I go.
*O, thirsting souls come drink with me,
These living streams—so pure—so free!*

CHRIST IS MY ROCK—beneath whose shade
While wand'ring in this weary land,
Drooping and faint my steps I've stayed,
And 'mid the desert's burning sand—
Thus shelter'd from the scorching sun,
I rest me till the heat is gone.

CHRIST IS MY ROCK—when wreck'd by sin,
And whelmed beneath despair's dark
wave,
Death claimed me for his prey—O, then
I saw an arm stretched out to save!
And to that blessed Rock it led:
The Rock that towered above my head!

Yes, there I found my rest, my hope,
My peace, my joy, my happy home!
O, how my thankful soul mounts up
To think when death's dread storm shall
come,
In Nature's last convulsive shock,
I shall exult in CHRIST, MY ROCK!

For the Guide.

"ALL THINGS ARE POSSIBLE TO HIM THAT
BELIEVETH."

H. QUERIPEL, JR.

Many Bible readers of the present day take up the word of God, and read its pages as if it were an irksome duty—passing over in excusable haste that which should be carefully searched.

Truth does not always lie upon the surface; sometimes the earnest and diligent seeker has to dig deep, labor hard and long to secure it. And so it is with the word of God—a rich mine as well as an abundant field. Gems are hid deep in its besom. You must study it; pray over it, and with earnest anxiety *enter into it*, if you would *adorn* the Christian profession, and *enrich* your experience. Earnest and faithful labor, properly directed, in the study of the Word, and in assimilating its spirit, will do much to enable us to reach the highest altitudes of Christian knowledge and experience; strengthening our faith, and giving to it a higher and broader scope.

The proper and true scope of faith is the *will* of God; though there are some who think they shall be able to attain to a power *within themselves* of removing material mountains, and shutting up heaven and the like, James says of such, "Ye ask, and have not, because ye ask amiss," not in accordance with the will of God. They continually delude themselves with a false hope by misappre-

hending the promise contained in the words, "All things are possible to them that believe;" vainly supposing that all they have to do is to ask what **THEY** will, and it shall be done, whereas it is a promise only to them who ask *in faith what God wills*. "All things" involved in the will and requirements of God "are possible to him that believeth." It, therefore, follows that whatever things, however good and desirable they may be, inconsistent with the divine mind, are not possible, however much we might believe..

The language of true faith is, "Teach me Thy will, O Lord," and "What wilt Thou have me to do." This is the burden of every prayer; the state of the soul, "Thy will be done in me, by me, and through me." To such an one all the promises are, "Yea, and amen in Christ Jesus," and all the commands are by them cheerfully obeyed. They ask, and have because they ask, according to the mind of the Spirit.

We know the will of God because it is declared in His word. And what is His will? "*Be ye holy*, for I, the Lord, your God, am holy," or, as St. Paul has it, "This is the will of God, even your sanctification." Having received the *forgiveness* of sins, God designs to give, on condition of faith, a greater and more glorious work—freedom from sin, a complete turning out of the old nature, and an inworking of the new, after the likeness of Christ. And this is the proper object of faith, because it is the will of God, and is "possible to him that believeth."

There are many that have got so far in experience as to *know* and feel the necessity of being holy—of being constantly saved from *all* sin, and of living in the continual approval of God; and for every day passed in a consciousness of anything less than this, feel a sense of condemnation and guilt resting upon them. They are earnest and devoted in their endeavors to obtain, and have sought deliverance with many prayers and tears, but without success. So they have been *doing* and *trying* these many weeks; some many months, and some years, but all to

no purpose. I cannot, says one, subdue this tendency, nor break off that habit; oh! if I could get rid of these things, then I should have confidence to come to Jesus, and believe and receive this grace, but how can I who am so easily overcome by sin expect to become holy and accepted of God? I know that God desires me to be holy, and wills my sanctification; and all things are *now* ready, but I am not *fit* to receive so great a blessing.

It is very evident that your *whole labor* has been to *save yourself*; and no wonder you miserably failed each time; for this is a work which God *alone* can do. If the blessing depended on trying and doing, you would have had it long ago; but no, God requires faith, and *faith alone*. "All things are possible," not to him that doeth, but "believeth."

Having reckoned ourselves dead unto sin, we are not any longer to continue therein, and having in faith made full consecration of all we have and are; we are not to give ourselves to doubts and fears; for let not him that doubteth or wavereth think he shall receive anything of the Lord, but *wait* patiently on the Lord, knowing that His word can never fail.

Having fulfilled the conditions required of us, we are to *REST IN OUR FAITH*. "They that believe *do* enter into rest;" and thus *wait* patiently before the Lord all the days of His *proving* without doubt or fear, and when the *test* is ended you shall receive the divine sealing; God's attestation that the work is completed. It is here that a great many have failed, they wanted the blessing in *their own* appointed time and order; whereas, we must submit to *God's own* appointed time and order.

Try it, my friends, don't stop to make yourself fit. "The Ethiopian cannot change his skin," neither can you your nature; but come to God in humility and in faith, and there make the consecration of your all; and *reckon* yourself *dead* to sin, *now and forever*, and in due time you *shall* reap if you *faint* not. "All things are possible to him that believeth," and to him only.

For the Guide.

VENTURING FAITH.

MRS. H. HOLBROOK.

If we go to a friend and ask a favor which we know is in his power to confer, we expect it will be granted. Having this confidence in him as a friend, and knowing his ability to give, we naturally expect the very thing we ask, and not something else; and during the interval between asking and receiving we feel just as sure of the thing asked, as though we already had it in our possession. Much more, then, should we honor God with just this kind of confidence when we ask for spiritual blessings: for His is more than mortal friendship—ininitely more than even parental love and tenderness. He says, "If ye then, being evil, know how to give good gifts to your children, how *much more* shall your Father which is in heaven give good things to them that ask Him." Since our loving Father has so graciously encouraged, yea, invited, us to ask *great* things, shall we be satisfied with anything less?

"Being justified by faith," we should "go on to perfection." God has not only made it our privilege, but He has commanded it, therefore it is our duty. He says, "Be ye holy, for I the Lord your God am holy." Unbelief suggests that it is a state too high to be attained by any only a favored few; or, that it is only at the close of life that we can expect to be cleansed from all sin. But what saith the Word? "If we (any one) ask anything according to His will, He heareth us." The only restriction or limitation is, that we ask in faith according to His will; and "it is His will, even our sanctification."

Dear reader, are you oppressed with a sense and burden of indwelling sin, and earnestly longing for inward purity—holiness of heart? you have only to go to God with full confidence in His power and willingness to save "even to the uttermost," and according to your faith it shall be done unto you. You need not wait till this or that besetting sin or sins are overcome, or that you feel thus

or so. These are no real hindrances to your acceptance; come with all your impurity, with all your weakness, with all your infirmities and unworthiness; come just as you are. God is ready and waiting to bless you *just now* with full salvation from all sin. Lay your offering just as it is upon the altar; God knows it is the *best* you have—that it is *all* you have. It is the altar that sanctifieth the gift; it is not the gift that sanctifieth the altar. The moment the offering is laid upon the altar it is sanctified, and God, in His faithfulness, is bound to accept it. Do you believe this? It is not that He will do it at some indefinite time in the future, but that *He does* accept and cleanse you from all sin *just now*—this moment. Why not *now*—this moment? "This is the confidence we have in Him, that if we ask *anything* according to His will, He heareth us; and if we know He hear us, we *know we have* the petition we desired of Him." We know we have it now—not alone at the close of life.

Well do I remember that point in my own experience, where the enemy for a considerable length of time successfully kept me from entering into the rest of perfect love, by telling me it was presumptuous to venture, that presumption is a sin, and that we should pray for power to believe. All praise to our ever-blessed Triune God! Through the direct teachings of the Spirit of Truth I clearly saw that it was my privilege to take God at his word, and through faith in that precious word, "*the* petition I desired of Him" was immediately granted—holiness of heart—with it, and resulting from it, that "peace which passeth knowledge." O there is such a blessedness in taking God at his word—in *venturing* upon the promises, trusting in His faithfulness to fulfill His own word without any other evidence apart from it.

"Venture on Him, venture wholly,
Let no other trust intrude."

IONIA, Mich.

Holiness, Happiness, and Usefulness,
are inseparable.

For the Guide.

LIGHT AMONG THE SHADOWS;

OR,

"MY GRACE IS SUFFICIENT."

MRS. M. H. TWOGOOD.

"To man the bleeding Cross has promised all;
The bleeding Cross has sworn eternal grace.
Who gave His life, what grace shall He deny?"

"My grace is sufficient!" In tones of melting tenderness, "One, like unto the Son of God," apparently accompanied by a retinue of the heavenly host, spake thus to our heart, as the words—"HE'S DEAD!"—in answer to earnest inquiries about him with whom we supposed our life's destiny united, fell like a thunder bolt upon our ears. A few hours previous, unseen by mortal eye, having by faith gained an audience with the Deity, and in the most solemn manner presented our humble sacrifice, as a whole burnt offering, upon the altar that sanctifies the gift, from a heart subdued, we prayed—

"The dearest idol I have known,
Whate'er that idol be,
Help me to tear it from Thy throne,
And worship only Thee."

With no thought that so soon our consecration would be tested in the furnace, or that he whose return was hourly expected was even then in an unknown grave. The shadows of night had fallen; the clock chimed the hour of twelve as the tidings of this first great grief well-nigh overwhelmed us. O! how deep, how dark, how tumultuous the waves of grief as they rolled o'er us; but a voice above the tempest said, "Peace, be still; and there was a great calm." The furnace fires threatened to consume us, but the form of the fourth, like the Son of God, was in the midst of the flames, and said, "The flame shall not kindle upon thee." Earth receded, Heaven approached, and the invisible was almost seen by mortal eye: God, as a tender Father, administered "the oil and wine of consolation;" and, although quivering as a leaf in the wind, because of the severity of the stroke that numbered our heart's treasure with the glorified, and left us widowed so early in life, yet "the eternal God was our refuge,

while underneath were the everlasting arms;" and, in a voice of melting tenderness, He who bore our griefs and carried our sorrows, said, "My grace is sufficient for thee: for my strength is made perfect in weakness: trust in me."

O the strange baptism of that hour! While "the flesh cried out it cannot be," and fainted neath the stroke, the soul had a consciousness of unity with Christ unknown before. No meteor glare illumined, to die away and leave us in greater darkness. Jesus was Himself

"The soul's clear light,
The blessed Day-Star, scattering the night;"

And no influence was permitted to dislodge the soul from its rest in Jesus. The return of death was frequently looked for, but its sting was gone; and we, though chastened, were permitted, amid earth's defilements, to wear the white robes—the royal apparel, while waiting an invite to the "marriage supper of the Lamb." To human vision, the shadows were thick darkness; but the eye of faith looked through the mists of time, and read—"To him that overcometh will I grant to sit with me in my throne, even as I also overcame, and am sat down with my Father in His throne:" and we praise God that "the sufferings of this present time are not worthy to be compared with the glory that shall be revealed in us."

LIBERTY MILLS, Mich., 1868.

For the Guide.

CHRIST MY ALL IN ALL.

M. C. COLE.

For several months I have been seeking and praying for a deeper work of grace, for the blessing of holiness. Having been led to do so by the Spirit and the blessed experiences which I found related in "the Guide" from month to month, until June 22d, the present year, I found no relief. But now, praise God's holy name, whereas I was once blind I now see. Darkness is made light, and despair, hope. Jesus is mine, and I am His, and I joy in the sunlight of His presence.

From my diary of the above mentioned date I copy this to me blessed experience, and send it you, trusting that some burdened soul may be able to look to Christ, and believe.

"My heart all day has been burdened with prayer for entire consecration to God; for the mind of Christ; for the power of the Spirit, and the simplicity of the truth; for wisdom, strength, zeal, faith, meekness, charity, love, humility, patience; that I may be like Christ: able to tell sinners of the Saviour's love in that manner, as to secure their attention to His claims, and induce them to seek His pardon. And oh! precious, precious Jesus! Thou dost reveal Thyself, and answer prayer. And this is the confidence we have in Him. That if we ask anything according to His will, He heareth us, and if we know He hear us, whatever we ask, we know that we have the petitions we desired of Him. 1 John v., 14. And praise Thy holy name, we have the witness in our hearts. He that believeth in the Son of God, hath the witness in himself; he that believeth not God hath made him a liar: because he believeth not the record that God gave of His Son. And this is the record, that God hath given to us eternal life, and this life is in His Son. He that hath the Son, hath life, and he that hath not the Son, hath not life. These things have I written unto you, that believe in the name of the Son of God, that ye may *know* that ye have eternal life, and that ye may believe in the name of the Son of God. And we know that the Son of God is come, and hath given us an *understanding* that we may *know* Him that is true, and we are in Him that is true, even in His Son, Jesus Christ. This is the true God and eternal life. 1 John v., 10, 11, 12, 13, 20.

But, says the enemy, you prayed for wisdom, strength, zeal, faith, meekness, charity, love, humility, and the power of the Spirit, which you do not possess. But I do possess them, for I possess Christ, you cannot cheat me longer; you are the father of lies, and robbed me of my inheritance by deceiving my first parents. Jesus has purchased it back with

His blood, and secures me in its possession now, a portion of which are the graces for which I pray, and which are embodied in Christ, and which are mine. Through Christ, the Saviour, Immanuel, Jesus, Prince of Peace, the Alpha and Omega, the Bright Morning Star, the Word, which was in the beginning, which is Christ, the Son of God, who is wisdom, strength, zeal, faith, meekness, charity, love, humility, power, and patience, all of which are mine, because I have Christ.

Behold on the cross the bleeding, suffering Jesus, and dare not contest with me the possession of my Saviour, who crowns me with His glory, purity, and love. Thou art mine, blessed Saviour, and I am Thine, through the sacrifice which Thou hast made. In taking possession of my heart Thou hast made me pure and holy, for Thou canst not abide where sin dwells. This it is for which thou didst pray when here in the flesh. That they may all be one, as thou father art in me, and I in thee, that they also be one in us. That the world may believe that Thou hast sent me, and the glory which Thou gavest me, I have given them, that they may be one, even as we are one—I in them, Thou in me—that they may be made perfect in one.

This is perfection, perfect love, Christ who casts out all fear, who has taken up His abode in my heart, who is in me, and I in Him. Glory! glory! everlasting glory to His holy name; His blood cleanses from all sin; cleanses now; cleanses me; Jesus says so; the quickening spirit says so; the freed heart, so long groping in darkness, now bathing in the ocean of His love, says so; all within and without the Bible, angels, redeemed spirits, and living saints, says so. This is the blessing, for it is Christ who is holy; the Spirit of holiness, which is mine through the atonement, the blood of the Lamb, and it will bring forth fruit to the honor and glory of God. It is the active principle of all life and cannot die. It is the vine which makes us fruitful.

Oh, the joy which now is mine: Jesus

lifts me up into an atmosphere of purity and love; He clothes me in spotless garments; gives me a new name in a white stone, which no man knoweth but him that receiveth it. Jesus overcometh for me, and I shall eat the hidden manna, for the Spirit says so, and the Spirit is Christ, and Christ is God, and God is my heavenly Father, and has made me His heir, joint heir with Christ to an inheritance that is incorruptible and full of glory, and that fadeth not away.

Jesus is with me, is mine, and I am His; He has taken all my infirmities; sees all my necessities; indites and presents all my petitions at the Throne, which bring them before the Father pure and acceptable. It is not me, it is Jesus; my out-goings and in-comings, thoughts, prayers, daily bread, friends, health, and eternal salvation are in His hands, consequently safe. All fear is gone, and I joy continually in the Rock and God of my salvation. Through Christ I am saved; He is my all in all; nothing can harm me, for I am persuaded that neither death, nor life, nor angels, nor principalities, nor powers, nor things present, nor things to come, nor height, nor depth, nor any other creature, shall be able to separate us from the love of God, which is in Christ Jesus, our Lord. Trembling Christain, claim the full blessing—claim Christ, who is all in all, and you will enjoy the power of the Spirit, which is love—which is Christ.

NEW ORLEANS, La., 1868.

For the Guide.

VINEYARDS FROM THE WILDERNESS.

H. L. F.

"I will bring her unto the wilderness,"—"And I will give her vineyards from thence." Hosea, ii. 14-15. I do not know that in the economy of God's plan and providence, it is necessary for the Christian to forget his first love; "through an evil heart of unbelief to depart from the living God;" to wander away into the wilderness of sin and sorrow and suffering, in order to

taste and see that the Lord is good: but this I do know, that when laid aside from all active usefulness, deprived the blessed privilege of inquiring in His temple—of knowing Him in His palaces for a refuge; called to possess months of weariness and vanity; to the endurance of daily and hourly privation and suffering, that we know cannot be allayed—there it is, with the everlasting arms as a refuge,—the child of God finds, not merely clusters, but their "vineyards from thence." O, then we have such a sense of the nearness, tenderness and pity of the Father; of His infinite love and fullness as no other experience can ever afford.

When our blessed Saviour, in His agony, prayed, an angel of the Lord *appeared*, strengthening Him: when Paul twice besought that the thorn in the flesh might be removed, he received for answer, "My grace shall be sufficient for thee;" when Hagar, banished, cast down her child to die in the desert alone, "And sat down over against Him," for she said, "Let me not see the death of my child," "God opened her eyes and she saw a well of water." In the wilderness can we learn as no where else, that as the trial abounds, grace and consolation much more abound. "Through Him who loved us and gave himself for us," there can we learn of the unsearchable riches of Christ. I have been told that a brother said at love feast, that he was the richest man on earth, for in Christ *all* things were his. Ah, yes! Here is wealth indeed—untold—inexhaustable. What are some of the *all* things? The exceeding great and precious promises which are yea and amen in Christ Jesus are ours. Are we in trouble? "I will be with thee in trouble," "A stronghold in the day of trouble; He knoweth them that trust in Him;" He stayeth the rough wind in the day of the east wind." Are we perplexed and sorrowful? "Why art thou cast down, O, my soul, and why art thou disquieted within me? Hope thou in God; for I shall yet praise Him who is the health of my countenance and my God." "Lover

and friend has He put far from us and our acquaintance into darkness?" "Fear not I am with thee; be not dismayed for I am thy God; I will help thee, yea and will uphold thee with the right hand of my righteousness." Do we shrink from the future with its weight of trial and suffering? "My presence shall go with thee and I will give thee rest." "I will never fail thee nor forsake thee." Do we look about us and feel that we are doing nothing and can do nothing for Him who has done so much for us? He is not unrighteous to forget our work of faith and labor of love; and we cannot lose our reward, for our judgment is with Him who judgeth righteously. Do they who are over us in the Lord, often beset by trial and discouragement, go forth weeping, bearing precious seed? "In due season they shall reap if they faint not," and shall surely return rejoicing, bringing their sheaves with them, and receive a "crown of glory which the Chief Shepherd shall give them when he appears." I believe that many a devoted servant of God will be surprised in "that day," at the richness of His reward; He will say *when* saw we thee sick or in prison and ministered unto thee,—and He shall say, "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me." In Christ we "have the heritage of those that fear Thy name;" "This is the heritage of the servants of God, and their righteousness is of me, saith the Lord." The inheritance, "incorruptible, undefiled, that fadeth not away, eternal in the heavens;" the inheritance of the sanctified ones in light. There is a city which hath foundations, whose builder and maker is God: and when we have done and suffered all His will here; there we shall dwell, "forever with the Lord." What then has the child of God to fear? Nothing is able to separate us from His love; nothing shall pluck us out of His hand; in sorrow or in joy, in the wilderness or the fruitful field, "this God is our God forever and ever; He will be our guide even unto death."

FEEDING HILLS, Mass.

For the Guide.

HOW I ANSWERED MY OWN PRAYERS.

It seems so foolish now not to work as well as pray. I had a great burden for souls, and asked that sinners might be converted, and said before the Lord, Oh that all, especially in the village where I dwell, might turn to the Lord; Thou canst do all things, Oh Lord, &c., I repeated in my faith; I rose, feeling that now, since I had prayed and believed, it would be done. I took my sewing, and sat awhile, communing with my Saviour in thought. "Go work to-day in my vineyard," was spoken to me; "Faith, without works, is dead, being alone;" "The sluggard desireth and hath nothing." These verses of Scripture were urged upon me, and presented so often, that I could not but believe that I must go out and do what I could. I called on the woman next door, whose husband was an infidel. I prayed and read the Bible with her and her children. I went into stores and public places, and there, modestly I trust, but firmly spoke to all I could, if only these words, "Do you love Jesus?" Then, if the attention of all the inmates was directed to me, as frequently it was, I still continued with wisdom (not my own, but God's) to expose Satan, and recommend the Lord Jesus Christ. Catholics and all, of whatever wrong belief, I, by the grace of God, combated. I was sneered at in some places—openly ridiculed at others, and the door shut in my face at some. They would have crucified me, I suppose, if circumstances had been favorable.

I spent the day in this work (for I could as well as not), and at night returned home, having answered my own morning prayer as far as a human being could.

Come, sister in the Lord, come, brother, do the same some day; never mind the work, God will take care of that. If you are industrious, you can do both; and do not let these be special days, but every-day business. Who has a better right to your time than Jesus? Have you finished the work He gave you to

do in your own village, or city? then go to another—you can do it; if not for a permanent residence, at least for a visit, with far more profit and enjoyment to yourself and others, than any pleasure excursion you ever participated in.

“FAITH AND WORKS.”

For the Guide.

LIKE LITTLE LAMBS.

CHISLON.

“We must all be like lambs of the flock. We must be all like little lambs—like little lambs.” Mrs. Mary Hunt’s dying words. See “Guide,” July, 1868.

One whom Jesus loved was dying,
And the dear ones gathered near,
Soothing gently life’s last sorrows,
Breathing words of love and cheer.

“Fear not, little flock,” they whispered,
“God will save you by His grace.”
The blest words a joy imparted,
Lighted up the pilgrim’s face.

“Little flock”—she seemed in dying,
Jesus and His fold to see;
And they heard her sweetly saying,
“Little lambs we all must be.”

“Little lambs”—O may the message,
Cause our hearts to cry in prayer,
“Make me, Saviour, holy, gentle,
Sweetly patient, lamb-like here.”

“Like the little lambs,”—yes, Jesus,
Then we shall Thy Spirit show,
And in all our words and actions,
Thy dear life produce below.

Camp-meetings are generally regarded as an institution of Methodism, and are, therefore, viewed from a Methodist stand-point. We take pleasure in presenting a sketch of the late National Camp-meeting from a valued correspondent, who, though not marshalled under the banner of Methodism, loves all who love our Lord Jesus Christ in sincerity.

NATIONAL MEETING

FOR THE PROMOTION OF CHRISTIAN HOLINESS.

R. P. S.

In one of the inland counties of Pennsylvania, a retired spot off the main lines of travel, there gathered on the 14th of

July, a National meeting of those who are living in the blessed power of practical sanctification in Christ, or who saw their personal need of it. They came from Maine, South Carolina, Missouri, Wisconsin,—the extremes of the eastern half of the continent. Six hundred tents were pitched for ten days of prayer and praise, and of seeking the power of the Holy Ghost in our souls. The number was probably three to four thousand remaining from day to day, including about 300 ministers of different denominations, and on the Lord’s Day the German and American population around gathered in, till it was estimated that 20,000 or more were present.

The meetings were quiet and solemn, but glorious in known and realized power of the Holy Ghost. Imagine the most truly sanctified saints from a radius of a thousand miles gathered together to wait upon God, and “be filled with the Spirit;” imagine them all separated from their daily cares and surroundings in tents laid out in streets, with even their meals provided without care of their own: imagine the solemn and earnest pleadings, that all around your own tent in the cool morning hour or at night, were heard going up to God, for His presence and power in the midst of them, mingled with hymns of praise from hundreds of groups. Above all, imagine a degree of power and access with God, and the presence of the Spirit in thousands of hearts, in measure, perhaps, unexampled since Pentecost in so large a gathering: and you have a scene that was, indeed, a dream of heaven that seemed more than half true. Secular cares seemed like a distant vision, and I do not recollect to have heard ten words pass in ten days upon any secular subject outside the camp.

After family devotions, at half-past five o’clock, we gathered in large meeting tents, a few hundred together, for prayer, praise, or for helping those who were in special need, whether of practical sanctification by faith, or of the forgiveness of sins, till the call to the breakfast tables. The meal over: groups gathered in the tents to pray for and

teach inquirers, or to speak to one another of the loving kindness of the Lord in His dealings with their souls; while others gathered in the meeting tents to listen to the instructions of Dr. and Mrs. P., and others, who having long walked in this path of trust in Christ for sanctification, were able to teach it. The needs and difficulties of inquirers were here publicly stated and answered for the guidance of others as well as themselves. Frequent and powerful testimonies were given to the newly realized power of the blood to cleanse from *all* sin in the *heart*,—as well as in washing away the stains sin has made. Hundreds learned, in a distinctive sense, never before known, what it was to present their bodies living sacrifices to God, so as to be able henceforth to say, "*No more I but Christ liveth in me.*" The witness of the Spirit in this full union with Christ was stated to me by one of the most experienced minister's present, a man deep in the things of God, and manifestly walking in the Spirit, to have been in a thousand instances that came under his notice more distinct and unmistakable, as a general rule, than the evidence of forgiveness of sins in conversion.

At ten o'clock came the morning sermon by some one selected by the Committee, and thousands gathered before the stand. Glorious strains of praise from hearts that were overflowing with joy went up to God, and in His manifested presence I could not but recall the words, "*O, thou that inhabitest the praises of Israel*"—God dwelling in the heart-felt praises of His people. Formalism and speech-making to God and men, under the name of prayer, seemed gone, and everything was so simple and so intensely natural.

Whatever the amount of literary ability or lack of it in the various preachers, one feature was prominent; their intense earnestness, and the absence of conscious effort or display. Both in itself, and in the blessed results that followed it was manifestly the Gospel preached with the Holy Ghost sent down from heaven, so that criticism seemed disarmed. A re-

markable feature was that the power of the meeting did not seem to depend much on the character of the preaching, the Holy Ghost being so manifestly present to take whatever of God's truth was preached and energise it in life. Differing as were those present in means, position, or ability, there seemed absolutely no consciousness on either part of the differences of life, while yet familiarity or rudeness was scarcely seen. The impression was as if all had come back to child-like simplicity of character, while yet retaining the force and ability of maturity. The thought often came up, "We are all children here," and so we were under the present power of the Holy Ghost.

Dinner over, the tents were closed half an hour for secret prayer, followed by the social praise or inquiry meetings again, and then by the afternoon sermon. The interval after tea was happily filled in the same way, till as the shades of evening stole over the grand old forest, four large bon-fires, upon raised platforms, lighted our cathedral, and beneath the stars thousands of faces were again upturned toward the preacher. Prayer seemed a different thing in its spontaneousness, simplicity, and fervor from what it often is from the pulpit, and the singing of "There is a fountain," "I shall overcome through the blood of the Lamb," and similar hymns, with so many voices of really heavenly people was moving beyond description. In fact when I closed my eyes, and heard only the peans of praise, so heavenly was it, that I had repeatedly to open them to reassure myself of my presence in the body.

On Monday evening, after preaching by a man full of faith and of the Holy Ghost, a season was set apart for silent prayer by the vast congregation. While thus engaged in deep stillness a wonderful sense of the presence and power of the Holy Ghost came over the meeting, so marked that almost the whole company of Christians fell on their knees without a word, and unconverted men were seen in all directions, running away to get behind the tents. A minister tried

to pray but failed; having a strong voice he tried to raise it to break the silence, but again failed. Expressions of the overwhelming feeling seemed like intrusion. There was that vast assemblage upon their knees with upturned faces in anxiety and dread, or in wonder and joy, and not knowing what next to expect. It seemed as though the visible presence of Jesus was there, and others seemed to be swept up into heaven. I almost hesitate to describe this to those who have not experienced anything like it, but a similar experience of the presence and wondrous power of the Holy Ghost a year ago at a similar meeting was the means of giving me such wondrous views of the reality of the scene on Calvary, and of leading me to such implicit dependence on the guidance and power of the Spirit, that I am compelled to acknowledge it as a special grace to meet the need of God's children. I have not known either scene succeeded by any acts of fanaticism or excitement, and by every scriptural and evangelical test in its fruits, I must own it to be indeed of God. It was not the result of overwrought feeling in excitement, but came while God's people were in silent earnest prayer before Him for His presence, and it was simultaneous over the assembly. Many conversions appeared to follow it.

The last night, the Lord's supper was distributed to probably three thousand persons, the first one to break the bread being a venerable preacher, whose ministry extended over about three-quarters of a century. The scene was closed by the congregation walking past the ministers in front of the stand, and as they passed shaking hands with each one individually, with hurried benedictions, "The Lord be with you," "God bless you," etc.

The next morning, after ten days of dry weather, the vast company scattered north, south, east, and west with souls filled with joy, to sound out the word everywhere. Multitudes were strengthened in soul for the Lord's work, sinners were converted, and large numbers who had come with yearning, burdened souls took in a definite and distinct act of

faith, Christ to be henceforth their Sanctifier as He had been their Justifier, their Helper as well as their Saviour. The bearing of their sins in His own body on the tree was by a continuous act of faith to make them henceforth dead to sins and alive to God in Jesus, Christ our Lord. Thank God for such a foretaste of heaven, and the joy that it will be unceasingly to join our songs in praising the Lamb!

Loved One's Gone Before.

For the Guide

LOIS S. GOLDEN.

BY M. C. NINDE.

Lois S. Golden was born October 3d, 1837, in the town of Ovid, Seneca Co., N. Y. Her parents were Christians, and sought to train their children in the nurture and admonition of the Lord. January 27th, 1864, she yielded her heart to God. At the midnight hour, while a beloved sister in Christ was bowing with her in prayer, she passed from darkness to light.

She was a cross-bearing, self-denying and working Christian. She commenced at once to labor for souls, her husband and the members of her own family circle were her first effort, nor did she labor in vain. Always was she found (when health permitted) in her place in the Sabbath School, class, prayer meeting and sanctuary, not there as a hearer only, but as a *doer*. She loved to speak of what she felt of the powers of the world to come, and her testimony "was always with power." For two years she "ran without being weary," doing the will of God with a cheerful heart. Then her Master called her to suffer His will. That fatal and insidious disease, consumption, seized her for its prey, and for the last two years of her life she lingered to suffer. As a last resort, in Sept., 1867, she came with her *now* bereaved husband and motherless little one to Winona, Minn. All that medical skill and loving care could do was done, but the disease marched slowly but steadily to the citadel, and on Sabbath night, just at the same hour that she passed into the kingdom of grace, she entered into the kingdom of glory.

May 17th, 1868, is a day never to be forgotten by those of us who were privileged to stand around the departing saint. All day long, it was evident to loved ones, that her end was drawing near. At 3 o'clock in the afternoon, the severe struggle commenced, a distressing paroxysm was followed by prostration, the death sweats gathered on the brow, eyes closed, voice hushed to a whisper, and she was evidently on the margin of the river. A loved sister said to her, "Lois, dear one, you are failing, and going home." "Yes," she answered, "and it is not all light. Pray that it may be light." Several times she called this sister, and said, "it is not light yet: pray, do pray that it may be light." She replied, "at eventide it shall be light," and we bowed in prayer. When we rose from our knees she said, "it is not all light yet." The same promise was repeated, when she replied, "Keep praying, keep praying." She continued in this state for about two hours, praying herself, and entreating us to pray. Then the light broke through, and she called a loved friend in a clear and audible voice, "Mary, it is all light now, it is all clear. Jesus has come and taken away all the pain out of my lungs, and I am going to stay a few hours and talk with you all, and then I am going home." Her voice, which had been hushed to a whisper, became clear and distinct, her eyes were opened wide and lustreously bright, her countenance lit up with a heavenly smile, and the whole room was filled with the glory of the upper world. To every one that came in she would say, "I am going home to-night, Jesus has started to take me, and this beautiful Sabbath night I shall be with father, mother, sister and brothers in Heaven. Will they not be glad to see me, and will it not be a nice meeting for us all." Then for an hour she sent messages to loved ones, to the church, to the young people, and each one that came in had an exhortation, warning, or invitation addressed to them. "Tell the church, there's that blessing of Holiness, they must get it, and keep it, it does not do to live half way Christians, they will need Holiness for life, and when they come to die. Tell the young people to keep close to Jesus, and make sure work for Heaven." To a friend, who said in reply to her question, "Do you love Jesus?" "I hope

so." "Hope so. Don't you know so? O do not rest till you can say you know so." To an unconverted friend, "Promise me now, on my dying bed, that you will seek Jesus, give your heart to Him, and then when you come to die all will be light." All these remarks and many more she prefaced with "I am going home, to see Jesus." Then she committed her dear little one to the care of her weeping husband and a loved sister, charging them to take good care of him, train him for God, and lead him to Jesus." At this point they both wept, when she said, "Do not weep, Andrew, do not weep, Mary. Sing, smile, rejoice, but do not weep, this is no place to cry when a saint is going home to glory. Sing! Sing!" "What shall we sing, dear," we asked. Sing

"Jesus, lover of my soul."

We sang, and when we got to the stanza,

"Hide me, O my Saviour hide,
Till the storm of life be past,"

that voice, which for months had not been able to sing a note, was returned by the Heavenly Chorister, and in a clear, beautiful alto she sang three or four lines, filling the whole room and charming every ear. It seemed as music from the upper sphere. Her countenance at the time was perfectly beautiful, a heavenly radiance lighted it, and truly we felt,

"That the chamber where the good man meets his fate,
Is privileged above the common walks of life—
Just on the verge of heaven."

This jubilant, ecstatic state lasted about two hours, then having disposed of her property and left other messages, she bade her little one farewell, and at five minutes to twelve, May 17th, 1868, fell sweetly asleep in Jesus.

Bro. McKinlee preached her funeral sermon, from the text, "Blessed are the dead that die in the Lord," &c., and her remains were taken to Rockford, Ill., where they rest beside her kindred till the resurrection morn.

WINONA, 1868.

For the Guide.

OUR "SISTER HATTIE."

BY E.

It was a lovely summer morn when we were called to part with our dear sister. Two years before, she returned to us from a for-

eign clime—returned to bless us and die. Yet, I scarce can call it death, it seemed she slept. Hers was a life of love and trust, and her flight was glorious.

For some years she had been a constant sufferer, and the last few months of her life were trying ones. Yet, all was peace; no murmur rose. Her spirit had drank deep of the waters of life. The days sped on, and we felt that she was leaving us, to go to that loving Father whom she loved so well.

I stood by that couch on a pleasant Sabbath night, and as I caught the words of prayer breathed upward, and heard her talk with that Blessed Master, and looked on that face—such a face I ne'er saw before, and may never see again on earth. I felt, indeed I was in the presence of God. Angels seemed to hover o'er us, and Christ was near. Such a night few see on earth. If this was death, it is glorious so to die.

Morn came, but no change in our sister; she was yet with us, but not of us. God spared her a few days longer, then she fell sweetly asleep, never to bless us with her presence.

As I stood by her casket, and took one last look, my mind wandered o'er the past and dreamed of the future. I saw her in distant Persia, leading the Nestorian to Christ. I saw her in "that little room," teaching a band of converts of "the higher life." I looked to see her before me, but I knew she was far away, in a mansion above, praising the once Crucified. Yet, though in heaven, I felt her presence near me. And now, when tempted to doubt or to be led astray, my mind's eye runs back to that life, and that glorious Sabbath night, and that sweet falling asleep. Our sister lived in Christ, and never can those who knew her doubt that Christ is a Saviour from all sin.

God has taken her, but many thank Christ for her life, and her works do follow her. "I am crucified with Christ: nevertheless I live: yet not I, but Christ liveth in me: and the life which I now live in the flesh I live by the faith of the Son of God, who loved me, and gave himself for me." These words of Paul describe, better than we can, the life of this loved one gone before.

Heaven is the home of the Christian.

For the Guide.

IN MEMORIAM.

ARTHUR W., SON OF SANSOM E. AND ADALINE PARSONS.

S. J. M.

In the silent dust thou art laid,
Sweet one, in peaceful rest,
Thy dimpled cheeks where roses played,
The mother dust hath pressed.

But oh that form shall rise again—
The earth shall yield her dead:
Those little feet all free from pain,
The golden streets shall tread.

Thine eyes, now closed in dreamless sleep,
The Father's face shall see;
And we who for our first-born weep,
Shall with our loved one be.

And round our Father's throne,
We'll praise redeeming love,
And bless the Triune God, in one
Triumphant song above.

For the Guide.

MRS. M. TAILBY.

Mrs. M. Tailby sweetly fell asleep in Jesus on Sunday, May 24th, 1868, aged 53 years. Sister M. in early life gave her heart to God, and united with the Baptist Church, where she remained a worthy member till called to join the Church above. She has been a possessor of that perfect pearl, Perfect Love, about one year, and about three years a reader and lover of the "Guide." Said she to me on one occasion, that is the only book that I read but has a tendency to draw my mind from the Bible. By its numbers her feet were guided in the highway of Holiness. There is a power in its pages that will reach every earnest Christian heart. Oh how she prized them, she hailed their visit with joy.

She has left a large family, but their loss is her eternal gain. A short time before she left us, she repeated the first verse of that beautiful hymn, commencing with "Another six days work is done," and added, "Praise the Lord, praise the Lord." She asked all to meet her in heaven, and said you can if you will. She told a friend that called to see her that she wanted to be ready at any moment. She had no desire to live, but to do the will of God. Hers was a life of suffering and

trial, but her trust was in Him who has said, I will never leave nor forsake thee. Though she passed through the furnace of affliction, the form of the Fourth was always with her. Much might be said of this amiable woman, but those who knew her best loved her most.

Revival Miscellany.

For the Guide.

COMMENCING A CONFERENCE YEAR.

Extract from a Letter to the Editors.

REV. J. HERBERT STARR.

It was in my heart to attend your National Camp Meeting; but many circumstances combined to make it impossible this year. I venture to hope that another year I shall see you at your annual gathering.

Commencing a new Conference year, there is realized an awful sense of responsibility, and my prayer is, O to be taught of God! In the midst of the hallowed toil of the past year, I have many times pleaded the promise, "Call unto me, and I will answer thee, and show thee great and mighty things which thou knowest not;" and never, no never in vain. God did show us "great and mighty things, which we know not." Souls were saved, of whom we never thought of as candidates for salvation, until they came to Jesus, and others, with whom, until then, we had no personal acquaintance. But I find in my soul an earnestness—a restlessness to know more, to witness more, of the wonderful works of the mighty God in the salvation of sinners.

The reading of the "Guide" always does my soul good; but I have been specially interested in an article contained in the last number,

"REVIVALS THE EFFECT OF A LAW."

My own thinkings recently have been in the same direction with the thoughts therein expressed. In an age pre-eminent for biblical criticism and investigation, how strange, that amid the multitude of theories propounded and illustrated, there should be so little of the practical—so much to make men think, so little to make men work. And with all due deference to the writings of learned and holy men, who have honored the age in

which they lived and wrote, it does appear to me that the Church is only *now* beginning to realize the deep spiritual meaning of many of "the exceeding great and precious promises" of the Bible. How many there are, who, in the exercise of a timid, hesitating faith, *limit* the promises of God, instead of *pleading* them with holy earnestness at the mercy-seat. There are natural laws, and there are spiritual laws; and while the former are fixed and certain in the government of the natural world, the latter are equally fixed and certain in the government of the spiritual world. In harmony with those laws THE EARNEST, FERVENT, UNITED, BELIEVING PRAYER OF THE CHURCH FOR THE PRESENCE AND POWER OF THE HOLY GHOST, IN THE SANCTIFICATION OF BELIEVERS, AND THE CONVERSION OF SINNERS, MUST (not may) RESULT IN A REVIVAL OF RELIGION.

In a little work called the "Rocket" there are detailed the trials and discouragements of that noble man, George Stephenson, who from being a pit engine boy, earning two-pence a day, became one of England's most honored sons. It is wonderful to contemplate the mighty revolution wrought in commerce and manufactures, and in the face of the most formidable difficulties, through the influence of that one mighty mind. But Stephenson, with all his perseverance, skill and genius, was powerless to *create* one new law in mechanics. Certain laws had been in existence for ages; their simplicity was the reason why others had failed to discover their value; but Stephenson recognized those laws, and applied them to the completion of that object which lay so near his heart—the construction of the steam-engine, and hence the secret of his marvellous and triumphant success.

It is

A LAW OF CHRIST'S KINGDOM,

that the Holy Ghost is given in answer to prayer. "If ye therefore, being evil, know how to give good gifts unto your children, how much more shall your Father in heaven give the Holy Spirit to them that ask Him." In truth, it may be said that this simple law is *fundamental*, lying at the basis of all growth in holiness—being the foundation-stone of all effort for the salvation of souls. Can a prayerless Christian be holy? Can a

prayerless minister be useful? Can a prayerless Church be instrumental in saving souls? The grand reason why so many professing Christians are worse than useless in their Master's vineyard, not only inconsistent in word and life, but utterly recreant to the high and holy trust committed to their charge, thereby retarding instead of promoting the growth and prosperity of the Church, is because they are comparatively *prayerless*. Failing to recognize the simple New Testament law,—*that the Holy Ghost is given in answer to prayer*, they, and others, whom they might have influenced for good, suffer the alarming consequences. On the other hand, the praying Christian is holy, useful and happy. No matter how humble his position in life, God is with the individual who is given to earnest, believing prayer. And the Church that is a praying Church is a power, a mighty power for good in the world.

I believe in a "prayer list."

NINE OUT OF THIRTY

on my own prayer list, only opened a few months ago, are now the saved of the Lord. May they be faithful! I believe in Christian men and women being leagued together, in solemn covenant, to pray *specially* for others that they may be saved; and mean, at an early day, to institute a meeting of that character among my own dear people. O that people and ministers would only recognize the force, the majesty of that simple law,—*that the Holy Ghost is given in answer to prayer*. Then would the Church, "fair as the moon, clear as the sun, and terrible as an army with banners," go forth to glorious conquest.

THOROLD, Ontario, 1868.

For the Guide.

THE PENTECOST AT MANHEIM, NO. I. REV. G. HUGHES.

The National Camp Meeting just closed at Manheim, may appropriately be designated, "*The Modern Pentecost*." We cannot adequately describe the scenes which transpired during the ten days' consecrated to the service of the most High. The occasion was one of extraordinary interest. The eyes of thousands of our Israel in every part of the land

had been turned to the place of holy convocation. The voice of prayer had ascended from closet, and pulpit, and domestic altar, in this behalf. It was to be expected that the assembly would be crowned with fire. And we were not disappointed. We may speak,

I.—OF THE GROUND.

The Committee has thus far been very singularly led in the selection of places for "The National Camp Meeting." Last year the selection of Vineland was not a little remarkable, but the sequel showed that the hand of Infinite Wisdom was in the arrangement. Manheim has a history as to the location which cannot well be written in this connection. It is known to those immediately engaged, and to the great Disposer of events. We believe the result answers the highest expectations. To locate such a Camp Meeting near a large town where there was not a Methodist, nor a Christian of any denomination who might be disposed to sympathize with the objects of the meeting, seemed in many respects to be hazardous. Indeed, there was hardly a probability that the country for ten miles around would afford many sympathizers. So far as the natural advantages, and the accessibility, were concerned, there was perhaps, every thing that could be desired. The section of country where the Encampment was located is beautiful. The forest was ample, but the clear, burning sun, which rested upon us was a little too strong for the shade. The water was excellent, and the best I have ever found at a Camp Meeting. Considering the intense heat, and the multitudes daily on the ground the supply was all that could be anticipated. For ten days there was not even a shower—intense heat and dust all the while. The arrangement of the ground was under the supervision of Rev. B. W. Gorham. The main circle was very large, perhaps not too much so, in view of the crowds assembled. Some inconveniences were realized at the commencement by tent-holders. But, considering the difficulties which had to be contended with in procuring labor, &c., in such a community, the wonder is that so much was done, and so well.

II.—THE DEDICATION.

The ground was formally dedicated on Tuesday afternoon, a large congregation being

assembled at that early stage of the meeting. The opening prayer was by Rev. Dr. Pattison of Reading. He seemed to take fast hold of the Throne. Appropriate addresses followed by Rev. W. L. Gray, Presiding Elder of the District; Rev. J. S. Inskip, President of the Committee; Rev. B. W. Adams of Brooklyn; Rev. John Allen of Maine, and Mr. Smith a layman of Millville, N. J., an earnest worker in this great cause. The service was profitable, and gave promise of richer subsequent manifestations.

III.—THE PREACHING.

The preaching was under the direction of the Presiding Elder, and the Committee as the Board of Council. The following brethren occupied the Stand, viz: Brothers Swindell, Philadelphia Conference; B. W. Adams, New York, East; J. W. Horne of N. Y., East; S. H. C. Smith of Columbia; W. M. McDonald of New England; Simmons of N. Y. East; S. L. Gracey of Philadelphia; Wells of Troy; S. Coleman of Troy; Jackson of Philadelphia; C. Munger of Maine; A. E. Ballard of N. J.; Arthur of West Va.; Bishop Simpson; John S. Inskip of N. Y.; A. Cookman of Philadelphia; J. A. Wood of Wyoming; J. Thompson of Philadelphia; Boole of N. Y. East; Pomroy of Troy; Raber of Illinois; R. V. Lawrence of N. J.; B. W. Gorham of Wyoming; L. R. Dunn of Newark; Dr. Miller of Pittsburg; and G. Hughes of N. J.

The preaching had this peculiarity, that the brethren seemed with one accord to study simplicity, and immediate effect. There was less of systematic sermonizing than I ever witnessed at a camp meeting. In several instances the brethren laid aside the sermon altogether, *technically*, and in words of exhortation and experience greatly profited the people. This was the case with Brother Cookman, he had prepared a sermon, but under the leadings of the Spirit was moved to lay it aside, and give a simple *talk*. That Sabbath evening service, especially the prayer meeting, will not be forgotten. If there were those who went to the meeting with a critical ear, as to preaching, they were doubtless disappointed. Never did a band of ministers, called to occupy the stand on such an occasion, more fully give themselves up to Divine control, and never were the ministrations more

abundantly crowned with Divine unction and visible effect. Tears flowing freely, and outward rejoicings, sometimes swelling like the waves of the sea, were the palpable tokens that the Gospel was not in word only, but in the demonstration of the spirit, and with power. Probably on the Sabbath 20,000 people were assembled. Good order prevailed, and the multitude listened with unmistakable interest to God's chosen ambassadors. The Bishop's sermon on Spiritual Influence, and its relations to the individual Christian life, and the vitality of the church, on which he took occasion to answer objections raised by a vain philosophy, was one of his happiest efforts. It was full of unction.

One of the best efforts of the occasion, having direct bearing upon the great design of the meeting, was the sermon of Brother Wells. He held up the state of a justified soul as one of true exaltation, and then showed with great clearness and power the richer realizations of the truly sanctified. But God was with His servants throughout, and eternity alone will reveal the harvest.

Some of the friends in Illinois sent to the meeting a deputation of ministers. They were earnest workers at the Stand and in the Tents, and will no doubt carry to the great West a high freightage of Spiritual blessings.

IV.—THE LOVEFEAST.

The Sabbath morning Lovefeast at 8 o'clock was a marked occasion. I suppose not less than five thousand participated. The Stand was crowded with ministers, whose faces glowed with heavenly light. Among them was the venerable father, Boehm, now in his 93d year, connecting us with the generations of the past. His thrilling words and smiling countenance, betokening so much of heaven, will be remembered. His presence clothed the Encampment with patriarchal splendor, and seemed to give an earnest, that the spirits of ancient worthies, aye, of the sainted Asbury himself, with whom our honored father traveled, mingled in the sublime scene. The eagerness to testify for Christ was marvellous. It was like a sea of intelligent countenances, and every one showing a desire to speak. At times, perhaps a dozen would be speaking at once, some from far famed New England; some from the middle States;

some from the sunny South, and others from the mighty West—all lifting up their voices at once in praise to Jesus. And, what was peculiar, this multitudinous testimony did not seemingly make the slightest discord. It was the most perfect concord and the whole atmosphere was full of heaven. And when Brother Gorham would lead the multitude in song, it was like the sound of many waters, and we could almost hear the heavenly harpers joining in the sweet melody.

It was estimated, as nearly as could be, that about 500 orally testified for Christ—and when, at length when all who were His chosen witnesses were called to their feet, in one last concerted testimony, the scene was positively sublime. The commingling of tears and shouts was grand. Some of the testimonies were pointed, and very rich. One said: "I understand all you are talking about in my heart." Another, "I have been drinking for fifty years from a well that never runs dry." A minister said, "Last Wednesday I found full salvation in Jesus, my daughter Helen was converted yesterday, and another is seeking full salvation."

Another said: Watts sung,

"Could I but climb where Moses stood."

But Wesley sung:

"The promised land from Pisgah's top,
I now exult to see."

and such is my experience.

A minister said: "I have had holiness, happiness, usefulness, and heaven for eleven years." "I feel in my soul this is the Mount of transfiguration, Jesus wonderfully exhibits himself," was another testimony. A blind man said: "It is sunrise in my soul to-day, I am in a land of corn and wine, and oil." "I wouldn't be without sympathy with this meeting for the universe," said a Sister from St. Louis. "I am told to declare my hallowing God hath wrought a perfect cure," was the word of testimony by another Sister. A veteran said: "Thirty-four years ago I attended the first Lovefeast where holiness was the whole theme. So great was the power of the occasion, that it took the devil a whole year to organize his forces for another battle in that community." These are but specimens. To have any conception of the interest it was necessary to be present.

V.—THE PREACHERS MEETINGS.

One of the points of attraction was the Preachers' Experience meeting at 6 o'clock P. M., in the large Green Street Tent. There was no Preachers' Tent on the ground. Nor was it needed. The brethren scattered around in the different tents, and nobly for their Master stood. At the quiet evening hour they met together for the relation of experience and prayer. The people flocked around claiming the privilege of being present at least on the outskirts. At one time a count was made of the minister's present, and 126 were numbered, equal to some of our Annual Conferences. And who can ever forget the interest of those meetings. At times the bench was cleared, and the venerable, and tireless veteran, father Coleman would invite them to the open fountain. And many plunged in and have gone home full of faith and the Holy Ghost. The influence of the meeting upon the ministry will prove to have been immense. There were 31 ministers of the "Evangelical Association" who visited the ground, and 7 entered into full Gospel liberty. A minister of very decided ability in his Conference, who had hitherto stood aloof from this movement, became convinced that it was of God, knelt humbly at the altar, received the baptism, and went home to testify what he had felt and seen.

But as I have commenced to write the subject has opened with so much vastness, that I must not trespass longer upon your columns in this number, but hold in reserve other facts and reflections, for a subsequent number of your valuable "Guide." There are various reflections which may profitably be indulged. The inquiry may be urged by many readers, however, "*what of results?*" I answer, no reliable estimate can be made, probably, of the number saved. It is safe to say that hundreds were justified, and hundreds entirely sanctified. But, more about this, hereafter. In the meantime let me breathe a fervent "*Glory to the Lamb!*" in which your many interested readers will unite.

Worship, honor, power and blessing,
Christ is worthy to receive;
Loudest praises, without ceasing,
Meet it is for us to give
Help ye bright angelic spirits;
Bring your sweetest, noblest lays;
Help to sing our Saviour's merits;
Help to chant Immanuel's praise.

Editorial.

A DREAM OF CHILDHOOD VERIFIED.

When about thirteen years old, my mind was in much perplexity, not being able to stay my soul on Jesus, and apprehend Him as a present Saviour. Still, my longings for an abiding trust were intense.

It was while under the abidings of this strong spiritual influence, that, in visions of the night, I seemed to be standing in an open field gazing at a beautiful star. As I continued to gaze, its brightness increased and its rays spread, illuminating the heavens yet more gloriously. As I continued to gaze with wonder and admiration, I saw in that star the form of the infant Saviour, as born at Bethlehem in Judea, and the words of Scripture were mysteriously and powerfully inspooken, "Unto us a Child is born, unto us Son is given: and the government shall be upon his shoulder: and his name shall be called Wonderful, Counsellor, the Mighty God, the Everlasting Father, the Prince of Peace. And yet I gazed with rapture unutterable on the wondrous star, till I beheld the whole heavens so luminously brightened by its rays that all was one blaze of glory. O the bliss of looking to Jesus!

Never shall I forget the time when I persistently resolved that I would look away from the experiences and views of those around me and from myself, my sighs, tears, prayers, good works, my feelings, whether joyous or adverse, and *look to Jesus*, the Day-Star from on high.

I was not thinking of this dream of my childhood when I thus resolved, but my wearied soul, as Noah's dove, had not found abiding rest. Now I turned my eye to Jesus only, determined, irrespective of emotion, that I would abidingly look to the Saviour of a lost world as *my* Saviour, and conscious that I every moment needed a Saviour, would never for a moment cease to look to Him, and unwaveringly trust Him, irrespective of temptations to the contrary, for all coming time.

Since that happy hour, the Day-Star has risen in my heart. Though faith seemed small at its beginnings, yet, keeping my eye

steadily fixed, the horizon of my soul has become yet more gloriously illuminated, till the heavens have become one blaze of glory, or, in other words, *Jesus is All in All*.

WHO HAS INVESTED?

In answer to our question, (in the July number,) *who will invest?*—a beloved brother in Ohio, who we have reason to believe, is not among the more wealthy of this world, gives us a draft for \$100. May this prove to be treasure laid up in heaven, which the light of eternity may reveal, as having augmented a thousand fold, in rich spiritual blessings on the donor here and hereafter. And to this let every reader of the Guide say *Amen!* and AMEN! Think of the gracious refreshings that may accrue as the Guide to Holiness, month after month, makes its visit to the homes and families of one hundred men called to minister in holy things!

These in turn dispense to the hundreds of their flock, of the which they have themselves received. Thus the stream through every vessel flows. Doubtless the revealings of eternity will prove an aggregate of thousands, who, through the instrumentality of our brother to whom the Lord has given largeness of heart has been encouraged and directed in taking the *Highway to Heaven*.

Others have responded to the FIVE HUNDRED dollar proposition according to their ability. A dear Christian sister also, who we trust is rich in grace, though made a steward of but a small portion of her Lord's money, helps toward raising the sum proposed by sending the name and subscription price of one subscriber. If three hundred more, possessed of equal or greater ability, would follow the example of this dear land maiden of the Lord, and cast their mites into the Lord's treasury for this purpose, the proposition of the Christian lady as presented in the July issue would soon be met.

Another, who is a beloved ambassador of Jesus, Rev. Wallace J. Gladwin, residing in Arkansas, responds according to his ability, and sends us the names of nine of his brother ministers of the Arkansas Conference. In presenting this His free-will offering to the Lord, he thus sends greeting words to the

brethren to whom he gratuitously sends "the Guide:"

DEAR BROTHER:

Please accept as a gift from the Lord, through the hands of a fellow laborer, a volume of the "Guide to Holiness," commencing July, 1868. 1st. In the name of my Master I entreat you to "Go on to perfection," Expect to be made perfect in love in this life. "Groan after it." 2d. Write "Holiness to the Lord" upon everything that you have and do. Let free, full and present salvation be your only "ism," and Christ your complete system of Theology.

If such are the responses to our proposition from individuals who are not possessed of large means, how is it with persons who love and pray for the diffusion of holiness possessed of a property from

\$50,000 To \$100,000

shall we not receive a draft from some of these for the gratuitous distribution of "the Guide to Holiness." We are continually in receipt of letters from near and remote distances, and from every quarter of the land, setting forth the manner in which the Holy Spirit is guiding souls into the one and only way to heaven through the agency of "the Guide." When one of the editors of "the Guide" proposed to be one of five to give this magazine to five hundred individuals, she had before the vision of her mind some of her friends to whom the Lord had entrusted as stewards, such an amount of means that one hundred dollars could be so easily spared as scarcely to be felt at the end of six months or a year. And if so, how will the withholding of it appear in the eye of Him who hath said, "Without holiness no man shall see the Lord." We heard a person, who had been greatly blessed through the agency of "the Guide," say to another, about thus; I have been presenting

A SPECIAL PRAYER,

in which I want you to join me. God says about certain things, "For this will I be inquired of by the house of Israel. I want you with me to unite in inquiring of the Lord that the subscription list of "the Guide to Holiness" may be raised to at least ONE HUNDRED THOUSAND. We are deeply conscious that we do not repeat this but with a single eye to the Divine glory, conscious that we have nothing but what we have received,

we will say that all the ministries of our life and pen for "the Guide" is all a free-will offering to the Lord. It is given to the public at the lowest possible rate, while some other periodicals have nearly doubled their subscription price, and the cost of issuing our magazine is three times as much as it formerly was, only the paltry sum of twenty-five cents has been added. Our object has been to keep it within the means of every lover of holiness, however restricted in purse. Now who will purely for the spread of holiness over these lands, unite with the sister to whom we have referred in asking that tens of thousands more may be induced to read "the Guide to Holiness." Who will manifest their faith by their self-sacrificing works, and do something immediately either by their purse or in efforts to obtain subscribers to raise the number of to at least 100,000. The thing CAN and MUST BE DONE. Lover of holiness help, and you will brighten your crown in heaven.

Correspondence.

For the Guide.

A BLESSED COMMUNION.

PART FIRST.

BY REV CHARLES HOWARD MALCOLM.

We are permitted to publish the following letter, received from Rev. Mr. Malcolm, pastor of the Second Baptist Church, of Newport, Rhode Island, giving an account of one of the most remarkable and precious communion seasons ever experienced in a Baptist church. Our readers have probably noticed various references to this communion, made both in secular and religious journals, and will be interested in reading this account from Mr. Malcolm's pen. This is the only account of the occasion which has been written by Mr. Malcolm himself; and, therefore, it will have increased value, both for accuracy and completeness. The description of this communion service will be of great interest to our readers, not only from the beautiful Christian love and breathings after holiness, shown forth in it; but, also, from the fact that the Rhode Island Baptist State Convention, at its recent annual session in the

City of Providence, made this service the occasion of passing a resolution which in effect disfellowships Mr. Malcolm's church, for inviting to the Lord's Table those who have not been immersed, upon the ground that "regular" Baptist churches do not allow such practice.

It is not for us to pronounce upon denominational questions; but we believe that Mr. Malcolm and his church will have the cordial sympathy and approbation of the vast brotherhood of evangelical Christians. His act has been upon the side of unity, catholicity, and love; and, if he set at naught a sectarian usage, it was that he might obey Jesus, the Bishop of the Church universal. We think, with that staunch Baptist, John Bunyan, that "Love is more discovered when we receive to communion for the sake of Christ and grace, than when we refuse for want of water." In any event, we pray that out of all this the Lord may order glory with His holy name!—[Editors of the "Guide."]

NEWPORT, R. I., May 20th, 1868.

DR. AND MRS. PALMER,

Very dear friends in the Lord:

Your letter of May 13th is before me. I really forget whether I answered your previous letter, which you kindly accompanied by a copy of the "Pioneer Experiences." My time has been so intensely occupied with official duties, and my heart so engaged in the work which God seems to have put upon me, that I have had to neglect my correspondents; and, particularly, as during the last three months I have received letters from almost every part of our country, and also from Europe, expressing, for the most part, admiration for the stand I have taken for the communion of saints at the Lord's Table.

Some days the mail brings me three or four such letters at a time. So that, with my increased letter writing, you must pardon me if I seemed to neglect your esteemed favors.

I always read your letters with great pleasure, and with marked religious advantage. Their aspirations after a close walk with God, and for the increase of holiness in the Church of our Saviour, awaken an increased desire in my own soul for complete righteousness. They always revive, also, the memory of that precious season of praise and prayer in your

parlors, at the crowded afternoon meeting, when many brothers and sisters in Christ gave their testimony to the fullness and sweetness of their peace and joy in the Holy Ghost. Although that was the only time I have had an opportunity to attend your meeting, yet the recollection of that gracious season remains with me; like the fragrance of incense remaining upon the vestments of the priest, after he has departed from the altar and completed his service. Among all the acts of worship I ever rendered to God, and among all the seasons of grace experienced in the assembly of saints, I count that to have been one of the most blessed; for then my cheeks were wet with tears, not of grief but of ecstasy, and upon the wings of holy faith and love, my soul seemed to soar upward, till like the lark it chanted its hymn of praise at the very gate of heaven.

In your letter you say "We should love to have an account as written by yourself, of that memorable sacramental occasion, and other things connected with the *principles* and *extension* of heart holiness in your own, and the regions round about." Allow me, therefore, to endeavor to give you some account of that communion service, which has been the occasion of much reproach and accusation to me upon the part of some of my denominational brethren; but which, also, has received the earnest endorsement of other persons of my denomination, some of them clergymen of great distinction, and which I believe has been owned and approved by our blessed Lord Jesus Christ.

In giving some account of that service, let me state some things by way of preface, so that you may see how that was but the fruit of seed long before planted, and watered with much grace. Let me ask your notice especially to this point. To my own mind it shows in a remarkable manner the ordering of Divine providence.

Four or five years ago, my heart being greatly moved with a desire to promote increased unity and fellowship among Christians in this city, and longing also for a more fervent state of religion in our churches, I invited the pastors of all the evangelical churches of Newport, to meet on a certain day at my residence, that we might confer together concerning the observance of the

week of prayer, as recommended by the Evangelical Alliance. This invitation I extended to the pastors of three Episcopal churches, three Baptist churches, two Methodist churches, and one Congregationalist church, besides four or five other clergymen, then residing in the city, but not officiating as pastors. At the time appointed all the ministers invited came, except the pastors of the Episcopal churches. They, neither then, nor afterwards, ever joined in the movement. I placed before my brethren my proposition, and urged it upon their attention; and, after much conversation and prayer, it was heartily agreed to keep the week, commencing with the first Monday in January. From that time we observed the week of prayer every year, and always with great spiritual blessing and edification; while the churches were manifestly brought into a closer unity of the Spirit, and holy fervor and love increased.

Afterwards, two of the Baptist churches, having changed their pastors, and happening to get those of less catholic spirit, and of intenser denominational zeal, than their former ones, withdrew from our alliance, and refused longer to observe with us the week of prayer. Instead of this, those two Baptist churches set up, and continued while the other churches were holding their union services, a course of public sermons upon denominational topics; and, bringing here distinguished clergymen from distant places, they discoursed upon the necessity of immersion, the evils of infant baptism, the excellency of close-communion, and kindred themes. I felt sorrowful in spirit because of this, as also did many of the brethren; but my church, together with the Congregationalist and Methodist churches, studiously avoided uttering a word of controversy or bitterness, and endeavored to show forth by a meek and gentle spirit, that we really sought to promote unity and love. Four congregations were still left to hold in unison the week of prayer. God graciously smiled upon us. Our meetings, held every evening, in the main audience room, in the churches alternately, were seasons of refreshing from on high. Crowded congregations attended. Saints were comforted. Sinners were converted. The Holy Ghost rested upon many brows. Great sweetness and preciousness of the Divine presence was experienced. A

season of quickening in the churches followed. Ere long forty-two additional members were added to my own communion; while in works of piety, and in alms-giving, my church grew much to the glory of God.

This year the two Methodist churches, the Congregationalist church and my own, again kept the week of prayer. The pastors of the two other Baptist Churches were affectionately invited to unite with us, but declined. We followed, evening after evening, the themes suggested by the Evangelical Alliance; so that our thoughts and petitions were in unison with those of Christians throughout the whole world, who were observing the week after the same manner. Much and fervent prayer was offered for the unity of the Spirit. The week had been one of great nearness to Jesus, and to each other. On Saturday evening, at the close of the meeting, after a service of extraordinary fervor and unction, my soul was greatly impressed with the thought that it would be for God's glory, and would show forth in visible and beautiful manner the oneness of Christ's disciples, if we should close the week with the administration of the Lord's Supper. Moved, therefore, as I humbly think, by the illumination of the Holy Spirit, I turned in the pulpit to my brother pastors, immediately upon the close of the meeting, and suggested that the next evening, which would be Sunday evening, we should, as the last solemn and loving act of the week of prayer, gather around the table of our Lord in remembrance of His dying love. My suggestion met with prompt and hearty acceptance. They had never intimated such an act, out of delicacy to me, as a Baptist, knowing that the usage of my sect in this country is of restricted communion; but the moment I proposed it, their faces beamed with pleasure, and they expressed their belief that our adored Saviour would own the ordinance by manifesting himself to our hearts.

But I perceive, my dear Dr. and Mrs. Palmer, that my letter is growing too long; and, after after all, I shall have to reserve a description of that sacramental occasion to another epistle.

“That they all may be one: as Thou, Father, art in me, and I in Thee, that they also may be one in us.”

For the Guide.

WHOLLY SANCTIFIED.

REV. C. M. ROBINSON.

By faith the mighty work is wrought,
O Lord, within my soul.
Whose ransom by Thy death wast bought,
Is every whit made whole.

I feel the glorious cleansing blood
Now to my heart applied.
And washed in that atoning flood,
Am wholly sanctified.

The Spirit witnesses with mine
Unto the death of sin,
That I, my Lord, am wholly Thine,
That Jesus reigns within.

The fullness of His grace is given
In mercy from above,
It flows in streams of life from heaven,
And fills my heart with love.

O Saviour, keep me by Thy grace
A blameless child of Thine,
Until I see Thee face to face,
And in Thy glory shine.

COLDWATER, 1868.

The Tuesday Meeting.

Meetings for the promotion of holiness, are held at the residence of Dr. Palmer,

23 SAINT MARK'S PLACE,

near the Bible House, at 2½ o'clock every Tuesday afternoon.

Mrs. P. said, The young ruler, who came to the Saviour, loved Him, but Jesus said to him, "Yet lackest thou one thing." We want to be without spot or wrinkle, or any such thing. Let us ask ourselves is there any point where I lack that I do not fully show forth the image of the heavenly? Let us afresh present our bodies as temples for the Holy Ghost to dwell in—to adorn for God; not to be conformed to the world, but to be transformed by the renewing of our minds. Let us cherish our bodies for God, and in whatever we do, let us ask, "Would Jesus have done so if He had been placed in similar circumstances with ourselves. If He would not have done so, let us not do so."

We all know that holiness to the Lord should be written upon the pots and bells—that is, everything must bear that inscription. A mother who was eminently devoted to God, another Hester Ann Rogers, wished me to speak to her married daughter, whose surroundings were exceedingly favorable. She was married, and I suppose thought that she must please her husband. When I spoke to her about being conformed to the world, she said, "My conscience does not condemn me about these matters." I replied, "Would you be willing to take that jewelry, and bringing it before Jesus, say, 'O, Jesus, I wear this jewelry to glorify Thee; I present my body a living sacrifice to Thee; a temple for the Holy Ghost to dwell in; I wear the jewelry to glorify Thee! Would you do that?'" "O, no, I would not do that," she said. I then observed, "If you would not do that, is it not because it will not bear the inscription, 'HOLINESS TO THE LORD?'" This will settle the matter about a great many things—about what books we ought to read, the tithes of our time, talents, influence, everything. Let us ask, Will it bear the inscription of "Holiness?"

I am exceedingly anxious that all who profess the blessing of entire sanctification should be examples in all things to believers. Do not let us do anything, or read, or say anything; do not let us even care for any sort of reputation that may not be inscribed with holiness to the Lord; we must be holy and separate from sinners. There was a blessing for that one who was separated from his brethren. I do greatly desire that the faithfulness of God may be proved; that the windows of heaven should be opened. O, for a greater fullness! Our hearts can be enlarged; we can have a greater fullness; the price has been paid, and we have been redeemed from all iniquity. This redeemed company may be entirely saved—Jesus is able to save to the uttermost. No one doubts it: let us trust Him. It is an act between God and the soul. If an archangel was here he could not perform that act for us. Something has been said here this afternoon about truth. It is the luxury of my being to stand up for the truth. I have for many years past considered it a great honor to stand up identified with the cause of holi-

ness. I can hardly have sympathy with those who think it is a wonderful cross to stand up in defence of this truth. It is a high honor that we should be permitted to do so. Christ says, "Ye are my witnesses." My love of the truth is such, that if truth stood up in the most disreputable form, and all the world were pointing the finger of scorn, it would be the luxury of my being to say I stand identified. O, for perfect sympathy with Jesus!

Rev. Mr. H.: When I came into the meeting last Tuesday, you were singing,

"Only Jesus will I know,
And Jesus crucified."

And it came to me as it never had come to me before, that it was one thing to be able to say,

"Only Jesus will I know,
And Jesus crucified."

And another thing to be able to say

"Only Jesus will I know,
And Jesus glorified."

I felt it would be a comparatively easy thing to be willing to know Jesus glorified, but not so easy a thing to be willing to know Jesus crucified. The Jews would have been very willing, indeed, to have known Jesus glorified, if the Messiah had only presented Himself as a glorious prince and conqueror, the Jews would then have accepted Him very readily; but when it appeared that Jesus was to be received as Jesus crucified, the Jews themselves, and Gentiles too, were ready to crucify Him. So at the present day, I see many learned men who are very willing to confess Jesus, the matchless teacher, moralist, and philanthropist, but they do not wish to know anything about Jesus crucified. But, O, I feel this afternoon there is no salvation for us except in knowing Jesus crucified. We must so accept of Jesus crucified that all the shame and sorrow that came to the Lord Jesus Christ we deserve to have upon us; that that agony in the garden we deserved; that that which caused the Lord Jesus Christ to cry out, "My God, my God, why hast Thou forsaken me?" we deserved. As the Lord Jesus Christ was crucified for our sins, I feel that that old man must be crucified in us with the corrupt affections and lusts, and just in that same proportion are we able to put on the new man which after God is renewed in righteousness and true holiness.

Last Sabbath I was trying to preach from that wonderful passage of St. Paul, in which he says that he bows his knee to the Lord Jesus Christ, and prays with respect to the Ephesians in particular that they may be mightily strengthened with the Spirit in the inner man, &c. Then I saw and felt as I never saw and felt before, that before we can rise up to comprehend with all saints, the length and breadth of Divine love, we must first go down—rooted and grounded—and then rise up to comprehend with all saints the length and breadth of the love that passeth knowledge. There is a double figure—that of a tree and of a building. What does that tree do that has to stand exposure upon the mountain ridge? Taught by nature it strikes its roots first deeper and deeper, and wider and wider, wraps those roots around the crags and clods of the valley, and then it rises higher and higher, and laughs at the storm and tempest. The building must have its foundation (perhaps the Apostle had the temple at Jerusalem in his mind). The foundation must first be laid broadly and deeply, and then the architect may build upon it. So we must first of all go down till all of self comes out of us, and then we can rise up into the Lord Jesus Christ. I am told that there are rapids in a certain portion of St. Lawrence river, and as the boat goes further and further into them she comes to a point when it seems that the boat would be shivered, but in another moment, with a skillful touch of the helm, she shoots out into the broad places of the river. So when we go down, and self comes out, we emerge into the breadth and fullness of the Lord Jesus Christ, and know the love of Christ which passeth knowledge. When we are down in the valley, our horizon is only a few yards around us, but as we come higher and higher up the mountain side, the wider becomes our view. So is it in respect to the love of Christ as we rise higher and higher we become smaller and smaller with respect to ourselves, and the boundlessness of Christ's love fills a fuller circle. As the lark goes up higher and higher it becomes smaller and smaller, until it seems but a speck, and yet its horizon is wider, and its notes fall more sweetly upon the ear; and so, blessed be God, as we mount higher and higher into the love of the Lord

Jesus Christ, we pass out of sight, and the horizon of His love becomes wider around us. Blessed be the Lord God, I never felt freer, sweeter, purer, and more at liberty in my own soul in the love of Jesus than I do to-day. I rejoice with joy unspeakable and full of glory, feeling that I have received the end of my faith, even the salvation of my soul.

A Sister. I live in the country. I want to tell you this precious doctrine of holiness is my meat and drink. I feel that Jesus has made a perfect cure: the love of Jesus would cure every soul in this room if they would only apply to Him by faith, and trust in Him to be saved. I believe it is our duty to embrace holiness. O how precious the Saviour has been to me: He fills my soul with joy unspeakable and full of glory. He does dwell in my heart by faith. I am nothing of myself, but all I am is what Jesus has made me, and He will make every one of us holy if we will but come to Him, and trust in Him for salvation and for life. Glory be to His name for the precious promises which I receive constantly. I love God's word: it is sweeter than honey and the honeycomb. I feed day by day on the promises of God, and they sustain, comfort, and build me up.

Rev. G. A. H., It is many months since I have had the privilege of meeting with you. They have been very busy months in my charge, and in the special duties that I thought God called me to. During these months past I have enjoyed an extraordinary nearness to God for me. It is so sweet, so constant, day after day, week after week, hour after hour, praising God by day, and serving Him, as I felt in the way that He would have me do. I was led in the course of my reading to examine the hymns that God's children had composed in His praise or in illustration of Christian truth. Within six months I had occasion to read more than twelve thousand of them, and I have been astonished at the manner He has made the heart of His people to sing. I have been specially engaged too in the study of the four gospels, and I was astonished that I had lived so many years, and had been preaching the Gospel almost a quarter of a century, and had overlooked so many wonderful things that are in them. I found that the study of God's word and of God's truth, as manifested

in the experience and hearts of His people, have been constant meat to my soul. Since God has brought me into the blessing of holiness, I find my work is so easy, and I love the preaching of the word. The truth of God that used to be so formal on my lips glows and burns now right down into my heart, and I feel that I am fed while I am feeding God's people. I was reading to-day a book of which I have seen frequent notices, "The Fragments of the Diary of the Queen." I read it because I felt that public men and ministers ought to know public books. I have been impressed with this thought—how very trifling some lives are that might be made sublime. I thought if the employments of every hour, and the channel into which every current of thought has flowed, had been put down by us in a diary, and we were now to review it, how would it appear to us? I am afraid that very much of our lives we would not like to meet at God's bar. I was led at once to say, "Precious Jesus, will not Thy blood cover the past? I felt that it did, and that the past time of my life should suffice me to have wrought the will of the worldling. I praise God for a constant salvation; I teach it, and I have the satisfaction of seeing many of my people walking in the light of it. I expect to preach it, to live it, and to die in its triumph. Holiness is power.

A Sister said, The more clear and definite I confess the blessing of perfect love, the more definite is the inward enjoyment. The enemy used to baffle me a good deal on that point. If young believers can learn to speak clearly and definitely, no matter whether their class leader enjoys it or not, if we are enjoying purity of heart, we must speak clearly about it. We can put forth an instantaneous act of faith upon the cleansing blood. The enemy said, "You have not got the witness." I said, "I believe now this moment that the cleansing blood of Jesus is applied to my heart." I believe more have fallen from that state of grace for the want of this definite testimony than, perhaps, from any other means. O, how many I have heard say, "I let the testimony drop, and I lost the inward witness." I have always been thankful that God has given me strength to give the testimony that I am

saved by the cleansing blood of Jesus applied to my heart.

Children's Corner.

MAY THE LITTLE ONES BE SAVED?

We answer directly and positively, Yes! If experience confirms anything, it confirms the fact that young children may be converted. The piety of childhood and youth is no counterfeit. A dear little friend of mine has recently given his heart to Jesus. I no more doubt the reality of Arthur's conversion than I doubt the mother's devoted piety through whose instrumentality the boy's soul is saved.

Arthur D. is but nine years of age. He is possessed of a quick and active mind, and often carries the playfulness of his merry nature to an extreme. But Jesus comes and makes the heart of the boy a fit temple for the indwelling of the Holy Spirit."

Let the mother tell the story of her boy's conversion:

"Arthur came to me, saying, 'Mother, I have become a Christian since you have been gone.' How mercies are mingled with trials, said I to myself. I have felt for the last month or two there was no room to doubt his consecration to God, but never before has he expressed the least hope for himself. He has since last Spring every day asked God to 'please to make him a Christian, and he would try.' Sometimes the prayer would be, 'I do wish you would.' Once he added, 'You are such a good God. You can do anything.'

"He was often last Summer so distressed for himself that he could not sleep. He wanted me to examine him by questions, and see if he did love the Saviour, but never was satisfied or received any hope.

When questioned he would say, 'Yes, I love the Saviour some, but not as I do papa.' 'Are you not sorry you have sinned against Him, and grieved Him?' Sobbing aloud, he said, 'Yes, some, but not very much.' I tried to give him comfort by telling him Jesus would forgive him; but he could not trust. Finally I was told it was a morbid, unnatural state for so young a child, and I must divert his mind; so I said nothing, only tried to cheer him.

"Last night I asked, 'Why do you think you have become a Christian now? What has happened different from any other time?' He replied, 'I've been giving myself away to Jesus for Him to do just as He's a mind to with me all my life, and He's taken me for His child.'

"What makes you think so?' 'Why, I gave myself to Him, and He accepted me. I felt so, and I felt He loved me, and I love Him so much.' These were his exact words.

"To-day he is full of hope; says 'He is the Saviour's boy,' and says, 'If I do sin once, Jesus wont cast me away any more than you would, mamma, will He? for I am His child now.'

O parents, superintendents, teachers! bring, as did those parents of the olden time, the children to Jesus. His blessing shall be salvation, aye, the "kingdom of heaven" for your little ones.

Bring the children to Jesus. Let the land be full of young converts singing the praises of Jesus.—*S. S. Times.*

Book Notices.

SPIRITUALISM CONDEMNED, by the Bible, and by the Testimony of its own Witnesses. Mrs. M. D. WELCOME, Yarmouth, Me.

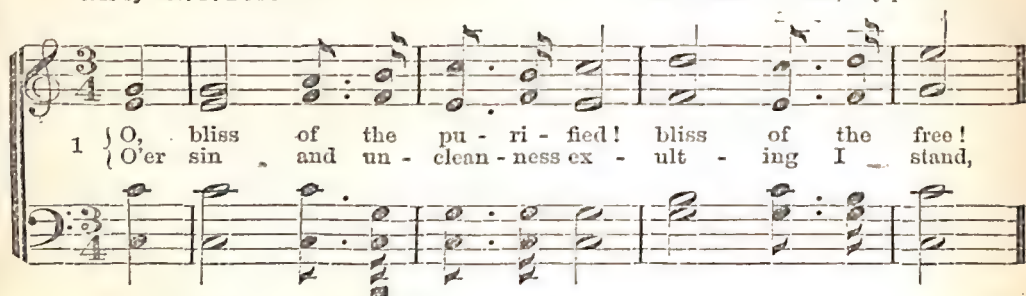
This is a truly excellent, timely, and faithful expose of Spiritualism. We wish we could say something that might induce thousands to read this pamphlet. Many regard Spiritualism as a tame error. We advise all such to lose no time in getting this truthful, well-written pamphlet, not only for themselves, but also for any friend or neighbor who may be in any way tainted with this doctrine of devils denominated Spiritualism.

Many years ago the devoted Charlotte Elizabeth, Author of "Principalities and Powers," and other excellent works, wrote thus, "We shall soon need to exercise judgment in the discerning of spirits. The sixth vial, under which there can be no doubt we now live, is marked by the going forth of the three unclean devils, of whose wonder-working we are forewarned." Says the author of this work, "These spirits of demons are gathering their forces, a mighty host, imbued with their influence, strengthened by their power, and guided by their counsels, and we doubt not that the fearful crisis is at hand when these forces will be consolidated and concentrated in that place designated in the Apocalyptic vision, which is called in the Hebrew tongue ARMAGEDDON, i. e., the mountain of distraction. How appropriate the admonition, '*Beyold, I come quickly*'" For sale at 14 Bible House. Price ten cents, post paid; fifteen copies for \$1.

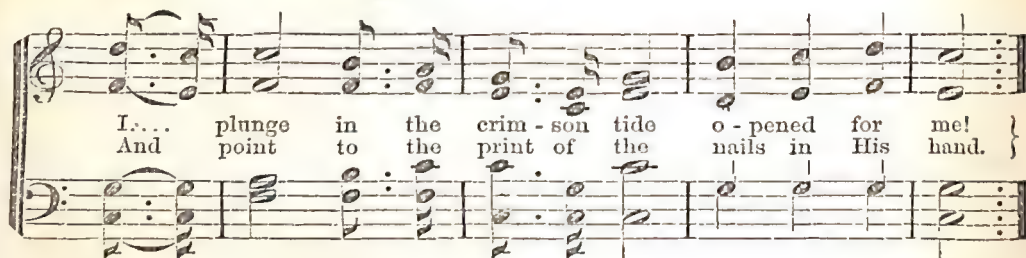
O SING OF HIS MIGHTY LOVE.

Words by Rev. F. BOTTOME.

From "FRESH LAURELS," by permission.



1 } O, bliss of the pu - ri - fied! bliss of the free!
 { O'er sin and un - clean - ness ex - ult - ing I stand,



I... plunge in the crim - son tide o - pened for me!
 And point to the print of the nails in His hand. }

QUARETTE. *Light.*



O, sing of His migh - ty love, sing of His migh - ty love,



Sing of His migh - ty love—migh - ty to save.

2 O, bliss of the purified! Jesus is mine,
 No longer in dread condemnation I pine;
 In conscious salvation I sing of His grace
 Who lifteth upon me the smiles of His face!
 O sing, &c.,

3 O, bliss of the purified! bliss of the pure!
 No wound hath the soul that His blood can-
 not cure;
 No sorrow-bowed head but may sweetly find
 rest,

No tears—but may dry them on Jesus's
 breast.—O sing, &c.

4 O, Jesus the crucified! Thee will I sing!
 My blessed Redeemer! my God, and my
 King!
 My soul filled with rapture shall shout o'er
 the grave,
 And triumph in death in the *Mighty to save!*
 O sing, &c.

Guide to Holiness.

OCTOBER, 1868.

For the Guide.

MINISTER'S EXPERIENCE.

REV. W. C. STOCKTON.

I was converted the 7th of December, at about ten o'clock at night, 1842. My mind soon became interested in the subject of holiness. But I am sorry to say that not until six years after my conversion was I sanctified wholly to God. In reading some of Mrs. P.'s publications, and also such excellent biographies as Carvosso, Bramwell, Fletcher, etc., in connection with my precious Bible, I finally, on a Sunday morning, in a class led by me, with eight others, pledged myself to seek definitely and unceasingly until the prize was obtained. On Christmas morning, one week after, at five o'clock; "Refining fire went through my heart." My body, soul, and spirit was sanctified to God. I asked permission before the meeting closed, and witnessed to the glorious work wrought in me by power Divine.

I wish to record here that I was happy in a justified state, having no doubt of my acceptance with God when seeking purity, and especially was this my experience the morning before receiving the witness of entire sanctification. I wish also to bear my testimony of the glorious salvation received when pardoned; "When my guilt, like the cloud of the morn, was chased in a moment away." "No mortal so happy as I," so I thought and felt. But when receiving the witness of purity, as great as was my peace of mind in a justified and partially sanctified state, now the depth of peace, the nearness to Christ, yes Christ

abiding within, not only to give me the victory over sin, (which is the case with every justified soul,) but cleansing away all the carnal mind, and giving me the sweet assurance that all was pure within. O! what a rest!

This took place the 25th of December, 1849. "All glory to the Lamb." I reckon myself to be a very unprofitable servant, and do not claim to be anything, only in the Lord, my Redeemer. I sweetly realize *now* "My grace is sufficient for thee." All glory to His *saving name*. I feel especially that "without Christ I can do nothing." Yet "through Christ which *strengtheneth* me I can do *all things*."

Since that precious moment of my entire sanctification I have never wilfully departed from God. But O! what seasons of conflict, and I will record to the praise of God's grace; O! what seasons of victory and glorious triumphs!

It has been my privilege to witness many conversions, and numbers sanctified wholly since coming into the clearer light myself. A month after receiving a pure heart, I believe, O wonderful condescension! even me, God called to preach the Gospel of His dear Son. Truly the least of all, yes, "less than the least." But I have continued through mercy up to the present time endeavoring to preach a free, a full, and a present salvation. My soul catches anew the fire while I write. O, that I may continue to the end, witnessing both to great and small, and preaching to all this glorious Gospel. Amen and Amen!

For the Guide.

FRUIT OF THE SPIRIT IS LOVE.

REV. WM. H. POOLE.

The Church of God is spoken of as a "vineyard in a very fruitful hill," the owner has dug the soil, and enriched it, he gathered out the stones, and protected it, planted it with the choicest vine, and made it fat with showers, and he demands fruit. It is just and proper that he should receive fruit, "good fruit," "goodly fruit," "precious fruit," "much fruit," "fruit to perfection," "fruit unto holiness," "fruit to life eternal," "fruit that shall shake like Lebanon," fruit becoming the character and care of the owner, fruit that will "show forth His praise."

That there may be no mistake in a matter of so much importance, God has given us an assurance that for this purpose we were "chosen" and "ordained" "that we should bring forth much fruit," and that in the administration of His government it is either *fruit* or *fire*.

The Apostle Paul enters minutely into the virtues and graces that are to adorn and beautify the Christian character. The works of the flesh and the fruits of the Spirit are specified and contrasted, the one, we are to avoid and oppose, the other, we are to cultivate and cherish. "As they that are after the flesh do mind the things of the flesh, so they that are after the Spirit do mind the things of the Spirit." The works of the flesh, Paul says, are manifest, it is not so affirmed of the fruit of the Spirit. The works of the flesh are *many*, while the fruit of the Spirit is spoken of as *one*. Sin is the work of the flesh, and is man's own, and is diversified. The fruit of the Spirit is from God, and is one collection or constellation of graces that are not ever separated, though in their nature distinct. He who has one grace in its perfection or fullness cannot be entirely destitute of any other. Paul mentions nine of those special fruits, not because there are no more, but because these are the principal, and because these are the direct opposites to the works of Sodom recited before.

LOVE.

The first sweet ripe fruit of the Spirit is Love, a holy affection of the soul that has for its object God, and all goodness. The product of the new nature, proceeding from the Spirit, and depending upon the Spirit as the fruit upon the tree. Love is the original spring of being, the soul of all virtue, the spirit of the new creation, the fountain of moral goodness, the root of all moral and spiritual excellence, the sunshine of Christianity, the atmosphere of heaven. It is the great centripetal force of the universe, controlling by its power, thrones, dominions, principalities, powers, intellects, and hearts: a cord of heavenly origin linking souls together: fine as gossamer, but mightier far than adamant. It is a principle stronger than death, whose holy fires even old ocean cannot quench. It is a deep current running through the great heart of humanity up to the greater heart of God, bearing on its tide not a mere faculty or power of the man, but the *man* himself. This Love is,—

SPIRITUAL

in its nature, it comes from God, and it leads us back to God. All love comes from Him, as all light from the sun, or as all water from the ocean. All kinds of Love, the Love of compassion, that streams in tears; the Love of esteem, that delights the affections; the Love of benevolence, that engrosses the energies; the Love of home, that hallows the paternal and the filial; the Love of piety, that transports the soul into raptures; the Love of the child, the parent, the citizen, the patriot, the philanthropist, or the saint, all are rays from the heart of the universal Father, who is Love. The Christian "living in love, lives in God, and God lives in him." Such an one has Christ in his heart, heaven in his eye, the world under his feet. He has the word of God as his oracle, the Spirit of God as his guide, the children of God his companions, holiness his way, glory his object, and heaven his home. To him wealth has no value only as to please God in its use, pleasure has no

attraction, honor no brilliancy, the world no charms. He gives evidence that he was born in the city of regeneration, educated in the school of obedience, lives in the valley of perseverance, works at the trade of diligence, and has large estates in the district of Christian contentment. He often walks in the valley of self abasement, and sometimes climbs the mountain of spiritual mindedness, breakfasts every morning on the word and prayer, and sups every evening on the fountains of grace. He has meat to eat which the world knows not of, and his drink is the sincere milk of the word. This Love is,—

SUPREME.

It is the highest and purest form of Love of which man is capable—the deepest and noblest affection of his nature. The queen of his intellect, governing with her mild sway all the faculties and powers of his being—the impulse that sets and keeps all his powers in harmony with the will of God. The first grand principle of true philosophy accords with the first great commandment, “Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy mind, and with all thy strength.” That is to love Him supremely. To love God more than self, and more than everything else, and to love nothing but in reference to God: to be ready to give, to do, to say, to suffer, as it may please Him; to have neither love nor aversion, desire nor delight, hope nor fear, inclination nor determination, but to honor and glorify Him. True religion is not mere love to God; it is *supreme* love to Him. Reason holds as an axiom that he who is supremely good should be supremely loved. This supreme love to God alone accords with the voice of an enlightened conscience. That conscience utters her earnest and unwavering protest against the soul giving her chief affections to any other, nor is her voice hushed to silence, until the soul can say, “Thee I can love, and Thee alone, with pure delight and inward bliss.”

This supreme love is the only medium

through which we can view God's dealings to us in nature, in providence, and in grace. The affections of the soul are the media through which the soul looks out on the works and ways of God. It is very important in order to secure a good view of a landscape that we have a good standpoint from which to make our observations. How small do the lofty structures of human greatness appear from the brow of some lofty mountain; how small will the world appear with all its pomps and pageantries when we come to view it from the “banks of the river,” or from beside the great white throne. It is also very necessary that we see through a pure, clear atmosphere; the only affection which gives it a clear atmosphere is supreme love for God. All other affections so stain and discolor, so darken and becloud the atmosphere around the soul, that its views are limited, indistinct, and distorted. From the mount of Perfect Love we get views of God which we can get no where else; that is, indeed, the observatory of the universe. How true it is, “He that loveth not, knoweth not God.” This love is—

SELF-SACRIFICING.

I must not enlarge here, but I must say that the expression of God's love to man was by sacrifice. If Jesus had made for each of us a world like this, and sent us possession of it, with all its suns and satellites, it would afford no such evidence of His love to us as in the sacrifice which He made for us. If we love Him we will show our love in some humble way by self-sacrificing benevolence in His cause and for His glory. This love is,—

CONSTANT AND UNIFORM.

It is not like the dashing torrent, roaring and foaming as it thunders down the mountain's side; but the clear silvery spring in the meadow, always full, sending away its noiseless stream to fertilize and bless, when the bed of the mountain stream is dry and dusty. It is not like the sky rocket, hissing and crackling as it goes on and out in the deeper dark-

ness; but like the well-trimmed lamp, the constant and faithful friend of the traveler. It was for a long time an important question in mechanics, how we could construct a pendulum, so that its vibrations would be the same in July as in January, in Greenland and Florida. Science and art, have succeeded by means of the "compensation rod." Now we have in morals as in mechanics a "compensation rod," so that the motions and vibrations of Christian duty are not affected by climates or zones. Dear reader, get this rod, it is like the bee, it transmutes the bitterest fruits into honey, and like the Æolian harp, it turns the wildest winds into music. It is the perfect *love* of God. I will only add that,—

It is consciously enjoyed,
It is conspicuously exhibited in life and conduct,
It is fervent and sincere,
It is filial, not mercenary,
It is progressive—such love the Spirit produces.

The next fruit is *Joy*.

(To be Continued.)

DR. PAYSON'S EXPERIENCE.

Towards the close of a life of devotedness to God, that eminent minister, Dr. Payson, observed that Christians might avoid much trouble and inconvenience if they would only believe what they profess—that God is able to make them supremely happy in Himself, independently of all circumstances. "They imagine," he writes, "that if such a dear friend were to die, or such and such blessings were removed, they would be miserable; whereas God can make them a thousand times happier without them. To mention my own case: God has been depriving me of one mercy after another; but as one was removed, He has come in, and filled up its place. Now, when I am a cripple, and not able to move, I am happier than I was in my life before, or ever expected to be; and if I had believed this twenty years ago, I might have been spared much anxiety. If God had told me some time ago that He

was about to make me as happy as I could be in this world, and then had told me that He should begin by crippling me in all my limbs, and removing me from my usual sources of enjoyment, I should have thought it a very strange mode of accomplishing His purpose. And yet how is His wisdom manifest even in this!"

For the Guide.

THE PIERCED ONE.

M. W. L.

"They shall look on Him whom they have pierced."

Just as I am, O blessed Christ,
I bow before Thy throne: conscious 'of guilt,
And full of sin, I plead Thy saving grace,
And ask the mercy shown to those who trust
Thy word.

By faith I see the thorn-marks on Thy brow,
The nail-wounds on Thy hands and feet,
And look upon Thy side, pierced by the soldier's spear;

I read in these Thy love for me, and say
To ev'ry doubt and fear, to ev'ry claim
Stern Justice brings against my guilty soul;
"There is my right and title to the joys
Of pardoned sin, the bliss of perfect love;
My title to a home in heaven."

I fear not now to pass the vale of tears,
Nor shrink to cross the cold, dark stream of death,
Nor dread to stand before Thy judgment throne,

Because Thou wilt maintain my right,
And be my help, my shield, my all in all;
Wilt bring me safe to heaven's eternal joy
To dwell with Thee forevermore.

FLOWERS FOR GOD.

We think the subjoined article exceedingly suggestive. It seems incredible, but who has not seen persons bestow time, attention, and, perhaps, even affection on a pet animal or flowers, which, if bestowed on some outcast from human society, might save a soul from death, and immortalize their names on the archives of eternity:—

At the opening of the "Revival Home," London, Mr. Morgan said, "I have been asked to give some account of the origin of this Home. In the Winter my heart ached to see the half-naked children about the streets, growing up to be thieves and harlots. We were told again and again at the noon prayer meeting of 50,000 homeless children in London, and I wondered how I could help to save some of them. The idea of a home like this entered my mind; I named it to Miss Macpherson, then to Mr. Holland; they laid hold of it; Mr. Holland found out this house; we took it. My partner and I were coming through St. Paul's Churchyard this afternoon. On our way to this place Mr. Chase said to me, 'I am afraid our friends will think that the boys we have don't look like the sort of children they see upon the street; their appearance is so altered, now they are dressed and clean.' Just at the moment up came a little fellow, asking us to buy some cigar-lights. We do not smoke, so we gave him a penny, and went on. The child was as ragged as could be; you could see almost all his body. Turning back, I said, 'Let us take that little fellow; he is ragged and dirty enough to show what sort of human creatures we mean to save.' No sooner said than done. We asked the little chap if he would go with us; he consented, and followed us to a cab-stand. The boy began to cry; he thought we were going to lock him up, but we told him he need not be afraid of that. The waterman who opened the cab-door for us, stared with astonishment at our little pick-up, but hinted that we were not to depend upon a word the child might tell us of his history. We were well entertained as we rode up here. The little merchant, whose father had gone mad through drink, kept us halfway between tears and laughter all the while by his pitiful story and his odd remarks. You have heard of the artist who, wanting to paint a picture of the prodigal son, as he walked along the street observed a dirty and ragged creature just suited to be a model for the prodigal. He told him to

come to his house the next morning, and he could earn a shilling. The morrow came, but, instead of the tattered and miserable object of the previous day, a man, clean and tidy, presented himself to the artist. The model had prepared himself, and brushed up for the occasion, and by so doing had defeated the artist's object, and made himself unfit to sit as the representative of the prodigal. Now this is just what has been done with our stray Arab of this afternoon. Here he is, (presenting the lad to view) but they have spoiled him for us, just as the painter's model was spoiled—our matron has washed and dressed him, and so I can only show you by him and all these other boys, not what street Arabs are, but what we mean to make them. We see people spending much time and thought upon their flowers, upon their fowls, and upon their pet animals. Oh, that they would seek out these little waifs of humanity, and take as much pains to train and cultivate some of them. What is there that would repay culture half as well? You can pick up human weeds like this, and make them *flowers for God*. Flowers are beautiful, and, doubtless, their cultivation gratifies some instincts and tastes implanted in us by God; but flowers have no souls—they cannot thank you; they cannot look into your face, and smile their gratitude; they have no voice to bless you in the name of the Lord. It was not for flowers, but for human souls, that Jesus was made flesh, and died. Let us spend our labor on souls rather than on canaries or on flowers.

For the Guide.

NEVER

M. W. L.

"I will never leave thee, nor forsake thee."

Let every believer grasp these words, and store them up in his heart. Keep them ready, and have them fresh in your memory, you will want them some day. The Philistines will be upon you; the hand of sickness will lay you low; the King of Terrors will draw near; the

valley of the shadow of death will open before your eyes. Then comes that hour when you will find nothing so comforting as a text like this; nothing so cheering as a realizing sense of God's companionship.

Stick to the word "Never." It is worth its weight in gold. Cling to it as a drowning man clings to a rope. Grasp it firmly, as a soldier attacked on all sides, grasps his sword. God has said, and will stand to it, "I never will forsake thee." "Never!" Though your heart be often faint, and you are sick of self, and your many failures and infirmities—even then the promise will not fail. "Never!" Though the devil whispers, "I shall have you at last, yet a little while, and your faith will fail, and you will be mine,"—even then the word of God will stand.

"Never!" When the cold chill of death is creeping over you, and friends can do no more, and you are starting on that journey from which there is no return—even then Christ will not forsake you.

"Never!" When the Day of Judgment comes, and the books are opened, and the dead are rising from their graves, and eternity is beginning—even then the promise will bear your weight; Christ will not release His hold on your soul.

O, believing reader! trust in the Lord forever, for He says, "I will never leave you." Lean all your weight upon Him; do not be afraid. Glory in His promise. Rejoice in the strength of your consolation. You may say boldly, "The Lord is my helper; I will not fear."

For the Guide.

THE GREAT REFINER.

P. J. OWENS.

"He shall sit as a refiner and purifier of silver."

Watching by the furnace fires,
Calmly the refiner waits,
While the metals need requires
Not one breath the flame abates,
Not one moment does his gaze
Falter from the scorching blaze.

Watching with a steadfast eye,
Resolute with patient skill,
Till the red flames, hot and high,
Shall accomplish all his will;
Waiting, till his image bright,
Glitters there in molten light.

Then he knows his task complete,
And the metal bright and pure,
For all noble service meet,
Well attuned to endure,
In some lovely form is wrought,
Temple fair for artist's thought.

Thus, when God His furnace bright
Kindles with consuming breath,
And we shrink before its might,
Grasping the chill hand of death
As a refuge; not in vain
Seethes that lava flood of pain.

Soul may shrink, and heart may quail,
Paling cheeks and dimming eyes,
But a love that cannot fail,
Bids the wreathing flames arise,
Till He sees His image shine
In each soul with rays divine.

Then the dross is cleansed away,
And the metal from the flame,
Shining glorious, shall display
Its great Maker's stamp and name,
Ranged on God's high altar stand,
Fashioned thus to suit His hand.

Harp to sound His praise afar,
Sword to battle for the right,
Lamp to glitter like a star
O'er the waste of sin and night,
Cup the waves of life to bear
For some thirsting soul's despair.

Each for varied use designed
Glowing from the furnace bright,
Heart and soul, and strength and mind,
In one earnest prayer unite,
Keep us for Thy service still,
Make us meet to do Thy will.

Without God's assistance we can do nothing; *John* xv. 5. *2 Cor.* iii. 5. and without God's blessing, all we do will come to nothing.

For the Guide.

PURIFYING FAITH.

BY VILLIE HOTCHKISS.

"Faith works by love, and purifies the heart." Not a mere intellectual assent, to the truths of God's word, accepting of the *theory*, while destitute of the *power* of godliness. A mere belief never saves. "Devils believe and tremble." We may profess faith in our Lord Jesus Christ, in His power to save to the uttermost, to cleanse from all unrighteousness, but unless we have a deep realizing sense in our own hearts that this work has been wrought within us by the power of the Holy Ghost it will avail us nothing, only add to our condemnation.

I praise God we may know when this work is accomplished, that when a soul filled with the earnest of the Spirit comes before God consecrating its entire being upon the altar that sanctifieth the gift, pleading for complete deliverance from all sin; the Spirit helps our infirmities, and enables us to reach within the veil, even into the inner sanctuary, and claim the power of Jesus' blood "to *wash* and *keep* us clean." Oh, the blessed consciousness of *purity within*, the Spirit testifying to the fact, and witnessing with our spirits that we are, indeed, born of God, and made fit temples for the Holy Ghost to dwell in, united to Christ; as the branch to the vine, one with Jesus in the work of saving souls.

Surely it is a privilege angels might covet: to come at the feet of Jesus, bringing precious souls in the arms of our faith, and in agonizing prayer plead for their salvation till victory comes. Glory be to God, it is *love, all conquering love*, pervades the souls of those made *clean* in the blood of the Lamb. Who would not plead for clean hands and pure hearts, that they might go forth in the name of Jesus, "Strong in the strength that God supplies through His eternal Son," to seek and save the lost and erring ones, and gather jewels for the Redeemer's crown. Lord, *breathe* upon Thy children, that they may receive the Holy Ghost, and go

forth laboring for Thee. His richest blessings are not given for our own enjoyment merely, but to fit us to be laborers together with Him in the work of saving souls. May God help us, and give us the earnest of the Spirit that we may covet souls for Him, and labor effectually in His vineyard.

For the Guide.

OUR PILGRIMAGE.

I. N. KANAGA.

SUNLIGHT—TRANQUILITY.

Here the sunlight of heaven perpetually falls. Here no troubles assail, nor dangers affright, nor storms of sorrow arise as in other parts of the way. All is bright, clear, and wonderfully serene. Tranquility reigns supreme—as sweet and glorious as when the waves and the winds were hushed of old upon the Sea of Gennessaret.

CELESTIAL CITY—NO NIGHT.

We see from hence the trees of life and the green pasture of that lovely Jerusalem, the Celestial City, as clearly, yea, more clearly than we ever beheld them from any point of the Delectable Mountains. No wonder the Lord here walks with and talks with His people in this land of "milk and wine, and corn and oil," where,—

"Serenest suns dispense serenest light,
And milder moons emparadise the night."

Nay, but there is no night here. For where our blessed Immanuel sheds His glorious beams there is not the semblance of night nor of a shadow passing o'er the gorgeous landscape! Hallelujah to God and the Lamb!

WAITING BY THE RIVER.

Here we are waiting, waiting along the flowery banks of the mystic river for the welcome summons to go up with the shining company to mingle among the white-robed and glorified ones over yonder upon that evergreen shore! Our race is, we feel sometimes, almost run—our pilgrimage will soon be at an end—

shortly our conflicts will be past forever, and the Celestial City become our eternal home!

Heavenly light already falls resplendently upon our pathway, and the bright visions of immortal life and glory beckon us on and away to our Father's mansions above!

"There is light on the hills, and the valley is past,
Ascend happy pilgrim! thy labors are o'er!
The sunshine of heaven around thee is cast,
And thy weak, doubting footstep can falter no more."

On pilgrim! that hill richly circled with rays
Is Zion! Lo, there is the city of saints!
And the beauties, the glories that region displays,
Inspiration's own language imperfectly paints."

Hallelujah! We soon shall be there,
resting at home, and enjoying the fruitions of that better land—walking by the waters of life, and ranging with kindred spirits o'er the Delectable Mountains of a blessed immortality!

For the Guide.

ON LOVE.

REV. W. H. POOLE.

From my Portfolio.

Faith and hope relate to self and time, Love to others and to futurity. Faith lays the foundation, Hope raises the superstructure, but Love completes the building. Faith connects me to God, Hope enables me to endure as seeing Him, who is invisible, but Love makes me like God, for "God is Love." Faith helps, Hope sustains, but Love makes perfect. 'Twas Love that moved heaven to rescue earth. It moved the heart of God, and moves the hearts of men. It burned in heavenly purity and divine splendor in the hearts of the Apostles and early Christians as with trumpet tongue they sounded the notes of salvation.

"Faith, Hope, and Love were questioned what they thought

Of future glory, which religion taught.

Now Faith believed it firmly to be true,

And Hope expected so to find it too;

Love answered, smiling with a conscious glow,

Believe! expect!! I know it to be so."

Tupper says, "Love is the weapon which Omnipotence reserved to conquer rebel man when all other weapons failed. Reason he parries; Fear he answers blow to blow; Future interests he meets with present pleasures, but Love, that sun against whose melting beams winter cannot stand—that soft subduing slumber which wrestles down the giant—there is not one human being in a million whose clay heart is hardened against Love."

SERVICE OF SONG.

EDITORIAL.

Of all delightful angel-like services in which the redeemed on earth can in spirit and truth worship God on earth as the redeemed around the throne the service of song stands most prominent. The pure created intelligences of the upper world sing. Before the Father of spirits breathed into man a living soul the morning stars sang together, rejoicingly, in adoring delightful worship. The first of our ransomed race, redeemed from his fallen state through the blood of the everlasting covenant, as he entered through the newly opened way, his paradise regained, began a new song. But though new, it was destined through the infinite love of the Lamb slain from the foundation of the world to be an *everlasting* song. Not long was he alone. Angels who had never been redeemed through the blood could not join him.

That they had their loved songs, and were in sympathy with the blood-washed angel spirit that had newly taken his place with the worshippers around the throne is true. They knew that salvation was of the Lord, therefore were much "people in heaven, saying, Alleluia! salvation, and glory, and honor, and power unto the Lord our God." But those pure, unfallen spirits could not with Abel sing, "Unto Him that loved us, and washed us from our sins in His own blood, and bath made us kings and priests unto God and His Father, to Him be glory and dominion forever and ever. Amen!"

But it was *love*, infinite LOVE, through

whose inspirations the song had been learned, and that, all pervading, was alike on earth as in heaven. It was His design that redeemed earth should be His temple. Abel had learned his strain before he had left earth for the upper sphere, and other spirits were already being attuned to join him. It was the design of God that the sacrifice and service of song should ascend as acceptably from the temple of redeemed, saved, blood-washed hearts on earth as in heaven. The Christian's heart is Christ's temple. Though an innumerable company have since joined that first one of our redeemed race around the eternal throne in heaven in the everlasting song, tens of thousands who have not yet passed through the vail of outward things are now returning to Zion with songs and everlasting joy upon their heads. Earth is the training place for heaven. We are sad, indeed, when we see this blessed part of worship restricted to a few, perhaps an irreligious quartette, set apart from the mass of worshippers in the gallery. To say the least, it is lamentably out of taste. The wisdom that would teach after this sort is *not* the wisdom that cometh from above, but is earthly, sensual, and we sincerely fear that the revealings of eternity will prove that it had its origin with, if we say with the devil, we should be pronounced unreasonably severe.

But surely its origin is not of God. How can the worship of song performed by an irreligious choir be an acceptable service to Him who requires the holy homage of devout hearts from the assembly of His people. God is a Spirit, and they that worship Him *must* worship in spirit and in truth. A service of song that emanates from the lips, and not from the *heart*, is nothing less than solemn mockery. And as such we fearlessly say it is not of God, and if not of God it is of the devil. Will those who stand in an official relation to the churches and have the orderings of the service of song see to this as those who will be called to render an account of their influence in such matters when the judgment is set and the books opened.

If instrumental music cannot be made fully subservient to the worship of the Most High it ought not to be tolerated in any place of worship. But we are not among those who assume to teach that all instrumental music is out of place in the house of God. The Psalmist, when in his highest, holiest inspirations, calls upon the people to praise the Lord with "stringed instruments, organs, etc." Yet how unlike the service of sweet sounds here suggested by the holy Psalmist, to the frivolous, untimely airs that too often greet our ears in the holy sanctuary from an irreligious orchestra, whose manifest aim seems rather to court praises to themselves in view of their musical performances than to sound forth the praises of the High and Holy One. If such be the aim, are not such performances an abomination to God?

METHODIST SINGING.

In a recent article published in the excellent *Pittsburg Christian Advocate*, Bishop Kingsley, of the Methodist Episcopal Church, gives his views so fully in accordance with what has been our own, and with what we believe to be the sentiments of thousands of the most spiritual worshippers in all evangelical churches, that we take pleasure in presenting them to our readers.

"The dispensation of instrumental music, for better or for worse, has fairly commenced in the M. E. Church. Some hail it as the beginning of a musical millennium, others bewail it as the precursor of decline and spiritual apostacy. Both are wrong. It will neither do all the good, nor all the harm that has been predicted. If instrumental music were to banish congregational singing it would certainly be a vast calamity. But there is no necessity whatever for this. Probably the best congregational singing in the United States is found in connection with the organ. When the singers lean on the organ, and fail to utter distinctly the words sung so that they may be heard and understood by the congrega-

tion, the instrument does more hurt than good. But after all, this is not the fault of the instrument. Some of the most distinct and best enunciated singing in the United States is in connection with the organ. An instrument is often a great advantage when the singing is weak, on account of the few that can join advantageously in the service. It then becomes a kind of leader and educator of the congregation. The question is not whether the Church would be just as well off, or better, without instrumental music, if the people only thought so. The matter of fact is, the people do not think so, and will not think so, at least until they have an opportunity of trying what virtue there is in instruments. And it is better, as it seems to me, to allow the experiment to be fairly made, and submit to it in good nature, than to live in a constant storm. If our hearts are right, God will prosper us with or without instrumental music; and it is worse than idle for any man to pretend that he cannot enjoy religion in a house of worship which holds an organ or melodeon. In such cases the devil is not in the instrument, but he has managed to get into the heart of the party complaining. He is not a very valiant soldier who can be vanquished by a little wind from an organ. The heart that for itself reposes confidence in Jesus Christ can enjoy the love of God even if the singing is not exactly to the taste.

When a man is tempted to leave the Church because an instrument has been introduced into it, he may set it down for certain that Satan is at work with him. Does any man in his senses believe that God has left the Church? Are not the accomplished results of the Gospel plain proof that God is still with us? May we not still know the tree by its fruit? If, then, God has not forsaken the M. E. Church, cannot a poor, weak, sinful man afford to stay when God can afford to stay? Suppose the singing is not in our judgment the best that we can desire, is that any reason why we should quit serving the Lord? That will only ruin our own souls without at all helping the church music. It is mel-

ancholy, indeed, to see for what reasons some people will deliberately determine to sever their connection with the Church of God. Such a movement usually ends in perdition.

There is one practice, however, generally associated with instrumental music, which certainly ought to be discontinued. It has no redeeming feature, but is only evil, and that continually. I allude to the habit, almost universal in this country, of playing an *interlude* between each two stanzas of the hymn. These interludes are positive nuisances in every light in which they can be viewed. In wealthy churches, where the organist is a fine performer, the thing is done to show off. And weaker and poorer churches keep up the practice to be in the fashion. Many of our very best hymns form a continuous and connected discourse from beginning to end. Many of them are most earnest prayers, others earnest exhortations. Others embody sound Christian experience, and others set forth in a glowing light the plan of salvation, and so on. The sense is often incomplete at the end of a verse, and the hearts of all true worshippers are prepared by what has gone before for what is to come. Just then the connection is spoiled, the continuity of thought and feeling broken up by a *diddling interlude*. Every devout worshipper feels it to be an incongruity and an infliction, and is glad when it is over, so that the worship of God can proceed. How beyond all comparison better it is to sing right through. With persons to whom these hymns are familiar one verse calls up the next, but by the time the interlude is finished, we have generally forgotten the connection. Why should the tune any more than the words be banished from the mind and heart at the end of every verse? Why should the warm glow of devotional feeling be chilled as by a cold bath every two or three minutes?

But it is said the singers need time to take breath. This is but a flimsy reason for perpetuating a fashionable folly. How comes it to pass that people have become so *short-winded* all of a sudden? Troops of musicians go through the

country singing pieces three times as long as the average of hymns, and so manage as not to get out of breath. There is more reason why the preacher should stop every few minutes to get his breath, and yet a public speaker will address an audience for hours together without resorting to any interlude. It is to be hoped that the time will never come when the ministry will become so short-winded as to need to stop at the end of every three or four sentences, and drum on a board with their knuckles, or resort to any other equally silly subterfuge in order to take breath. The thing looks ridiculous enough now because it is not in the fashion.

The great masters of music, both in America and in Europe, despise these interludes. They are as unscientific as they are inconvenient, and hurtful to the spirit of genuine worship; and the most attractive and most efficient church music dispenses with them entirely.

I wish that I could persuade every congregation that has adopted this habit to so much as try the experiment of dispensing with it for three months. I feel well assured that all Methodists who will do so will find the devotional tone of their singing so much improved that they will never revive the interludes again. Like many other bad fashions, when this absurd practice has been fairly abandoned we shall only wonder how we could have endured it so long.

And let congregations just starting off with an instrument remember that it is easier to avoid than to reform an evil habit. No professional pride on the part of the performer should be allowed to chill the warm glow of intelligent and heartfelt devotion.

For the Guide.

A GEM.

S. R. HERRICK.

There are beautiful plants and fragrant flowers, which never impart to us *all* their delicious odours, only as we *crush* them; and so there are many choice christian Spirits which never give us the full benefit of the heavenly fragrance

wrapt in them, until some severe trial, or great calamity, or truly overwhelming sorrow, *crush their hearts*; and then the sweet odorous perfumes of divine grace flow forth, filling all the moral atmosphere around us, and leading us to say with Solomon, "it is as ointment poured forth." These great sorrows are the *crucible* which our Heavenly Father employs, by which to purge away our dross, and bring out more clearly and distinctly, the beautiful image of Jesus.

For the Guide.

HEAVENLY GUIDANCE.

MRS. S. J. STODDARD.

"Thou shalt guide me with Thy counsel."

The night is dark, the tempest nigh,
And dangers thick around me lie—
A pilgrim lone, without one ray,
How can I tread life's dang'rous way!

The night is dark, the tempest nigh,
And still around me dangers lie,
A pilgrim in a stranger land—
O, for some true and guiding hand.

But hark! a voice most clear and sweet,
Above the gloom I hear repeat,
"Be not dismayed, I am thy God,
I'll comfort thee with staff and rod."

'Tis music to my heart so lone—
I will not fear, but travel on;
And though I cannot see my way,
His presence sweet shall be my stay!

Then, though no stars or sun appear
For many days—I will not fear
While *He* is with me, it is *well*.
Nor need I fear the hosts of hell.

His *counsel* now shall be my guide,
His word within my heart I'll hide—
By faith upon His arm I'll lean,
And trust the glorious One unseen.

So shall I safely reach my home,
So shall I surely overcome,
So fearless pass from earth away,
To gain the realms of endless day.

For the Guide.

SANCTIFICATION.

Views concerning it and motives in seeking it.

A. W. O.

Before I became interested in the subject of sanctification, I had very extravagant and unscriptural views concerning it; and even after I had become awakened to a sense of its importance, my ideas were still more or less erroneous. That I may yet receive light, I readily admit. After it became a settled conviction that I deeply needed and would have sanctification at any sacrifice, the false notions I entertained were gradually dissipated; for it was then (only a few years ago) that I began to read almost everything on the subject that came within my reach—at least all that my time would admit. The *Guide*, however, under God, was the principle medium through which I first became interested on this glorious theme, and was the main human help upon which I relied for instruction.

I do not purpose, at this time, to relate much of my "experience" in seeking this blessing, but simply to allude to a few of the erroneous ideas I had, as well as the motives that at first induced me to seek it; hoping that any who may be in the same state of mind in which I then was, may, by the blessing of God, receive at least some benefit.

I well remember, before I was converted, and when a mere lad, of hearing some one say "Mr. S. professes sanctification." Impressed with no special interest in my soul's salvation at the time, a feeling of contempt arose in my heart at the idea; for, having known Mr. S. a number of years and seeing nothing extraordinary in him, I took it for granted that he had not attained to that state of grace. What added to my prejudice against receiving such testimony concerning him, was the fact that he was a very simple-minded, illiterate man, an obscure mechanic, and somewhat of a stammerer in public religious exercises. My idea was that this state of grace could scarcely be enjoyed by one of such limited powers, and that it was confined mostly, if not altogether, to ministers of the Gospel.

As I now look back to those days, I see how exceedingly dark my mind was on this subject, and am not slow to believe that he enjoyed the blessing of perfect love. My ignorance led me to believe that those coming in possession of it would also receive much higher intellectual powers, as well as be blessed with an entirely unimpaired judgement. Such were some of my youthful fancies; and it is possible that some of more years may have similar opinions.

Years afterward, and quite a long time after my conversion, when my mind and heart were drawn out on the subject, and I began to think there was both hope and at least some necessity in my case for its enjoyments, I still had incorrect views. The main one was that I had not a proper apprehension as to what this state of grace consisted in, though at this time it was by no means such as above referred to. Though I did not suppose it delivered us from *all* temptation, yet I imagined the sanctified believer to have very little to contend with in this respect. I did not suppose that the conflict with *Satan* was often more severe after sanctification than before, while it may be less as far as the world and the flesh are concerned.

Another mistaken idea was that the individual in the enjoyment of sanctification had one perpetual feeling of ecstasy, yet, of course, varying at times in degree. And that he could be subject to depression of spirits I could not readily believe, at least for some causes that do sometimes have this effect. The command "Rejoice evermore," it seemed to me, would preclude anything opposite to ecstasy. That the frailties of his body often have as much to do in lessening his rapture as they really have, I was not prepared to admit; yet I by no means supposed that he could not be happy amid the severest sufferings and bodily infirmities. And that the consecration to God from the most princely possessions down to the most insignificant object—from the highest faculties, intellectual, moral, and social, descending the scale to the feeblest power of our being, was so *absolutely* necessary—and that *faith* with or without *feeling*,

simple, naked faith in God—that all this was so *important* and *requisite*, I had not fully learned to know; though I knew there must be a coming out from the world, and a total abandonment of everything that did not tend to the glory of God. Other ideas, more or less erroneous, had been imbibed, but time and space forbid their mention.

I now come briefly to notice a few of the *motives* that led me to seek sanctification. Deep, heartfelt necessity was *not* the first and most prominent one. This came afterward, and with a power indescribable, to which I shall allude before closing.

Happiness was at first the principal motive that actuated me to seek this blessing. By this I do not mean to say that I was *destitute* of happiness—*by no means*; for I realized that by being *justified* by faith I had peace with God. But there were times when I did not realize happiness to be the predominant feeling of my soul, and I thought this might and ought to be the case—not desiring holiness so much for its own sake as for the great happiness that would follow—not so much because God had enjoined it, as from a more or less selfish motive.

Another motive was that it was my *privilege* to be sanctified; for I thought what others *were* I *might* be. But my *duty* to be so had not yet become the burden of my soul. And, to be honest, I felt that there was more or less honor connected with the enjoyment of this blessing, and this had *something* to do with first interesting me on the subject. This was the only really unholy motive, although the others were not altogether the proper ones.

A desire to be more *useful* also prompted me to seek this more elevated standard of piety; for there were often times when I yearned to do more for Jesus.

But the more I read, thought, and conversed on, and prayed over the subject the more I felt the necessity for this blessing. Besides my motive having now become pure, I felt an overwhelming need of sanctification. And where these two exist, God soon gives additional light that

leads to its enjoyment. The command “Be ye holy” rang in my ears day and night; and having felt the imperative necessity, both for usefulness, obedience, and a proper fitness for heaven, I sought much by *works* at first, but afterward by a full consecration and *faith*, and found. To God be all the praise!

I would add, in conclusion, that, having obtained sanctification, I also found greater happiness, the thing I most desired at first. Besides this, I likewise *occasionally* have real ecstasy—all in Christ. And I do “Rejoice evermore,” whether I have ecstasy or not; that is, rejoice in Jesus Christ my Lord, whose blood cleanses from all sin, realizing that *He* is my sanctification; and that as it was by *faith* that I first *obtained* it, so only by faith I *retain* it.

For the Guide.

TESTIMONY TO FULL SALVATION.

M. H. D.

“I know that my Redeemer liveth,” and that He not only “lives above,” but He lives and reigns in my poor heart. Glory be to Christ! He is a satisfying and all-sufficient portion—“The source of all my joys, the ruler of my heart.”

When but a child I professed religion, and united with the Church. Occasionally I had the witness of justification, but lived most of the time in the spirit of the world. Notwithstanding the pious training with which I had been favored, and the examples of the few who lived way marks to heaven, I gradually became skeptical in my views, and at last became an infidel. About this time I became a teacher in the Sabbath School, but I was soon convinced of my inefficiency, and began to feel that I was not what I ought to be, and that infidelity was a “sandy foundation” upon which to build my hopes of eternity. Finally I was deeply convicted of my sinfulness and of my lost and undone condition without Christ, and sought and found pardon and peace through the blood of the Lamb.

I had not been long in the way before I began to think deeply on the subject

of holiness. At first I thought it was impossible for me to attain to this state of grace, and, perhaps, I might just before death, or at least when I was older and had more experience in the Christian life; but after reading and hearing the testimony of others who enjoyed the blessing, I was convinced that I, even I, a poor, weak, unworthy creature, might be cleansed from all sin through the precious blood of Christ. How much I felt the need of being saved from all sin, of having all will, all self taken out of my heart, and my prayer was for a clean heart, a heart always to feel that blood so freely shed for me, a heart,—

Where only Christ is heard to speak,
Where Jesus reigns alone."

I made a consecration of myself, my all, reputation, talents, time, and life—the Lord's forever—to be spent in His service, and I felt willing to become anything or nothing for Christ. After I had made the consecration I felt a great peace and joy, and believed that I had received the blessing, and then I began to doubt and question myself, "Am I really saved?" "Can it be possible that I am saved to sin no more?" And then I would, instead of believing and trusting in Christ, lose my confidence, and my mind would become clouded. I, like Peter, would have faith for a moment, and then begin to waver, and cry out, "Lord, save, or I perish." Oh, how I mourned, and wept, and prayed over my lack of faith. I felt that I must be all that the Lord would have me to be, or not try to be a Christian at all. I could not think of being a half-hearted Christian—I must be wholly consecrated to God, and "Dead, indeed, unto sin." I soon perceived that I had displeased God by distrusting His power and ability to save me to the uttermost, and resolved that I would believe, remembering the "just shall live by faith." I again made a consecration of myself, feeling my unworthiness, but praying that I might be accepted and saved through the *merits of Christ*. Oh, how earnestly I prayed and agonized before God, and glory be to His holy name! I soon felt that my prayer was heard. It

seemed that I could hear my Saviour say, "Daughter, be of good cheer, thy faith hath made thee whole." There was no doubting, no wavering now. I knew that I was saved. Oh, what a joy and peace filled my soul. I truly felt that the promise was verified unto me, "Blessed are they which do hunger and thirst after righteousness, for they shall be filled." Glory be to God! I felt that I was "filled with all the fullness of God," I was enabled to withstand all the fiery darts of the adversary, and I feel, that through grace, I have been enabled ever since to come off "more than conqueror through him who loved us." Jesus is to me, all in all, my shield and hiding place,—

"My never-failing treasure, filled
With boundless stores of grace."

I feel strong in God. Glory be to Christ! Hallelujah to the Lamb forever and ever. Amen!

For the Guide.

WHAT COULD WE DO WITHOUT JESUS?

CHISLON.

"Just before she expired she fixed her eyes upon a relative, and exclaimed in a most emphatic manner, "O, what could we do without Jesus." These were her last words; and I believe God will make them a blessing to many." Our Darling Mary, February Guide.

There came no voice of warning,
No slow but sure decay,
But in a few brief hours
A dear life passed away.
A life replete with beauty,
And full of fragrance rare;
Its last hour was the sweetest
So much of Christ was there.

The dying words still echo
So like some soft refrain,
"What could we do without Him,
Our Jesus—precious name."
And in the hearts of many,
Long, long will they be heard,
And stranger-hearts shall read them,
And the tender fount be stirred.

O, you who knew and loved her,
And you who knew her not,
You cannot, without Jesus,
Sustain the earthly lot.
For only He can sweeten
The cup we each must taste;
Dear Jesus! to His presence
How gladly will we haste

For the Guide.

SOLEMN THOUGHTS.

G. I. GAYDE.

Men may live in a crowd, but they must die alone. Friends and ministers can only accompany us to the entrance of the unseen world. None of them can speak from experience, and tell us what it is to die. And it is a way we have not gone ourselves heretofore. But the Christian here, though alone is not alone. "Yea," says David, "though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil, for Thou art with me, Thy rod and Thy staff they comfort me."

"Death is a melancholy day
To those that have no God."

But how must it be softened to those that have. Oh, to have the God of all grace at hand. A very present help in time of trouble. Laying underneath His everlasting arms; shedding around the light of His countenance, communicating the joy of His salvation, and insuring the glory to be revealed in ways beyond all our present experience and thought.

"O, my God, when I am afraid I will trust in Thee. Thou hast holden me by Thy right hand. Thou shalt guide me with Thy counsel, and afterward receive me to glory. Whom have I in heaven but Thee, and there is none upon earth I desire beside Thee. My flesh and my heart faileth, but God is the strength of my heart and my portion forever."

For the Guide

DRESS.

MRS. STILLMAN S. WHITNEY.

The question has so often been asked me "How ought we to dress?" that I will, in as concise a manner as possible, answer through the soul-saving columns of the "Guide."

It is not so much a matter of dress as of *heart disease* that claims our attention. For if the heart has felt the all healing balm of Gilead applied to its gangrenous sores of sin, and is well clothed in the garments of salvation, the body will very

soon be regulated in the secondary and simple matter of dress. Dress is to an observing christian, what symptoms are to the discerning physician, important in determining the degree or kind of disease that is undermining the constitution. Thus if there is in the unregenerated or partially cleansed heart, a cancerous root of vanity, striking its tendrils downward, there will most likely be the symptomatic offshoot upward, in the form of superfluity, or supernumerary ornaments, which only detract from the God-given beauty of face and symmetry of form, they are intended to adorn. If the leprosy of pride is in the heart, it will as surely manifest itself outwardly, as did the leprosy of Naaman in scales upon his body.

I never see a professed christian's hat, so full of roses and ornaments as to nearly conceal the primitive material of the hat itself, but I think of a SAVIOUR, that wore a *crown of thorns*. When I see arrangements of the hair, which must of necessity have taken an hour to adjust, I think of the hair that was used as a *towel* to wipe the Master's feet. Also of His query to His sleeping disciples, "What, could ye not *watch one hour*?" In elaborate toilets, and sweeping garments; I think of that one garment that was without seam and for which lots were cast! In embellishments for the complexion and the hair, (symptomatic of eruptive sores in the heart,) I think of that cosmetic, that made the face and head of *Moses* so to shine, that the naked eye could not behold his transcendent and glorious beauty. When I see jewelry in all its forms, adorning the head, neck and hands of professors of religion, I think of the *Crown* in reserve for those who like Paul, have fought a good fight, also of the string of pearls, to be found in 2 Peter I chap. 5. 6. 7. v. and a little article of value promised to all who *love* that kind of jewelry; Rev. 2 chap. 17 verse.

Trifles in dress are as strongly characteristic of the taste, and often disposition of the wearer, as placards would be, designating the same in words. and they are of no little import. Little foxes spoil the vines; the worm that killed Jonah's beautiful gourd in one night, was proba-

bly a small one. Who does not love elegance and refinement, and a healthy state of the inner life to manifest itself, in well fitting, neat, and durable garments, suited to each one's condition in life? And allow me to add, always attended with the most scrupulous cleanliness. Good taste will strike a happy medium between extreme of fashion, and eccentricity so marked, as to bring the *beauty* of holiness into contempt. But if at any time in seeking our mode of dress, we find fashions sway so arbitrary as to conflict with conscience, or in any way threaten condemnation, let us dare, yes choose to be singular for Christ's sake. I could wish that as christians a more simple manner of dress was cultivated; or rather that the man-fearing spirit could be so uprooted in the heart, as to look upon dress as entirely a secondary matter, and only essential, as far as physical health and comfort are concerned.

I think the most beautiful, extensive, and expensive dress I ever wore, (mine however, was a *gift* to me) or saw worn and the most comfortable, and easily adapted to all the movements of the wearer is the garment of *salvation*; Isaiah, lxi. 10. For flowers I prefer the *Rose* of Sharon, and for gems, the precious souls to shine as stars in the crown of my rejoicing. For making the plainest beautiful, there is nothing like the *power* of God in a sanctified heart, shining through the countenance. For ease of manner, *perfect love* that casts out all fear. In fact the whole Christian armor is so perfect in its utility and harmony, that the *less* we wear after being comfortable, the more that armor is appreciated.

For the Guide.

"WHY DOCTOR?"

OR

IF YOU DONT BELIEVE IT, TRY IT.

The interesting autobiography of Rev. Charles Freshman, late Rabbi of the Jewish Synagogue at Quebec, and graduate of the Jewish Theological Seminary at Prague, at present German Wesleyan minister at Preston, Canada, has just been published by Rev. Samuel Rose,

Wesleyan Book Room, Toronto. His closing remarks are:—

Here, perhaps, I had better write the little word *FINIS* and lay down my pen. but as another important event occurred quite recently, which I neglected to mention in its proper place, it may not inappropriately be inserted here, and may be called a "P. S." an "N. B." an "Addendum" or anything else that suits the fancy of the reader. Those who have been wearied with the task of reading the preceding pages, may stop when they come to the word "*Finis*" if they please; but if they do, they will never know *HOW I CAME TO GIVE UP SMOKING TOBACCO!* It occurred in this way. In the latter part of November, 1867, I was assisting at a protracted meeting in Heidelberg, on my son's mission. During one of the evenings I preached there, a good old lady, a Mrs. Weber, was powerfully awakened to a sense of her lost condition as a sinner. After the meeting, Mrs. Freshman and I went home with her to the house of her son, with whom she is living, and to whose kind hospitality we are always welcome. As she was in great distress of mind, we remained conversing with her, and pointing her to the Saviour who taketh away the sins of the world, till after midnight, when she found peace, and was made happy in God.

After this had been achieved, I thought I deserved to enjoy the luxury "of a good comfortable smoke." While preparing the necessary materials, the following conversation ensued between myself and one of the young men, a grandson of the old lady I have mentioned:—

"Why, Doctor," said he "do you smoke?"

"Yes," said I "did you never know that before?"

"Well," said he "your young men are not allowed to smoke, are they?"

"No," said I, "we would like our young men, if possible, to be in every respect an improvement on ourselves."

"Well," said he, "I was reading a short time ago in the *Apologete* an article in which you were styled, 'The Father of Methodism in Canada;' and it does

seem to me rather inconsistent that a father will persist in doing what he will not allow his children to do."

That was about all he said, and the subject was dropped; but never have I listened to a more powerful sermon than that contained in those few words of that young man. When I came home, I said to one of my daughters; "search through my drawers, and pockets and shelves,—everywhere, and wherever you find pipes, tobacco, matches, knives—anything I used in smoking, take it out of my sight, and out of my reach."

The command fell on no unwilling ear, and in less time than it has taken to write this, not a vestige of it remained, not a crumb if I had been starving, and scarcely an odor was perceptible in places formerly most infected.

From that day to the present, more than six months ago, I have never had a "whiff." To say that I gained the victory without a struggle, would be a simple untruth, and could serve no good purpose. For several days my old appetite would return with considerable intensity, especially after my meals. At such times I would pace the floor, sit down, try to read, get up again, and often could only find relief in prayer for sustaining grace. But I must say the victory thus gained was not such an *impossible feat* as I had always considered it. Now I not only have no desire to go back to my wallowing in the mire, but I enjoy a delightful sense of freedom from a thralldom which was worse than slavery. My appetite has improved; some of my vests will now hardly button around me. My perceptive faculties are clearer; my sleep more refreshing. I feel younger in years, and more vigorous in body. To all smokers I would say,—“If you don't believe it, try it!”

Loved One's Gone Before.

For the Guide.

FRUIT SAFELY GARNERED.

DEAR SISTER PALMER :—I send you for “the Guide” a short account of one who, through the labors of Dr. P. and yourself while with us at Central Church last

Autumn, in this city, was brought to the feet of Jesus, whose race—swift, steady, sure, and bright—has terminated in a blissful realization of the rest he sought through Christ his atoning sacrifice.—S. D. HUFF.

John Henry Walter, the subject of this brief obituary, was drowned on Monday, July 13th, not having completed his twenty-first year.

By reference to “the Guide” for December, 1867, in the Editorial, “Our Work for Jesus,” you may read this passage, “J. H. W. and F. B. B. return their thanks that prayer has been answered in their behalf. They praise Almighty God for His infinite mercy. We were sitting in the gallery a few days ago, and I and J. H. W. was laughing at a penitent, but the Spirit of God took hold upon me, and I have now given myself to the Saviour, and am endeavoring to serve Him.”

The subject of this sketch was the J. H. W. named in this note. His conversion was entire, thorough. He remarked to me that he intended to be a perfect Christian, and in a very few weeks afterwards obtained the evidence of the cleansing power of Jesus' blood. His race was steady, swift, and towards the goal from that moment.

He was very fond of the violin, but fearing he might spend too much time with it, he gave it up, and devoted his time to the acquirement of religious knowledge. He enjoyed cigars greatly, but one evening the thought came to him while smoking, “I am better without this, I could do good with the money I spend for cigars, and throwing them away, he never smoked again. If he had the least doubt of the propriety of a thing he avoided it.”

His whole course of conduct during the nine months that intervened between his conversion and the sudden termination of his earthly life was without reproach. Unconverted acquaintances would say of him, “Harry Walter is a true Christian.” His parents were irreligious, and he often said he would gladly die at any time if his death would be the means of awakening them to a sense of their sinfulness. May his sudden departure from our midst have this effect upon them.

On the afternoon of Monday, July 13th, in full health and with bright hopes for heaven

and earth, he went to Conshohocken, a few miles out of the city, to visit his parents—after tea went to the Schuylkill to bathe, and while coming out of the water was taken with cramps, fell backward into deep water, and was drowned.

Thus has one of the brightest of our young Christians been suddenly removed, leaving a name which "is as ointment poured forth."

For the Guide.

MRS. S. W. PERINE.

MRS. H. LAW.

"Blessed are the pure in heart for they shall see God."

Blessed promise fulfilled, and the glorious sight realized by our Sister S. W. Perine. In her girlhood days her heart was given to Christ at Morristown, N. J., and that Christian character formed that marked her as one of whom the Saviour said, "Blessed are the pure in heart for they shall see God." Her prayer of faith was answered for an unconverted husband, and at the family altar his heart was given to her Saviour, and together they journeyed heavenward.

In 1845 they removed to Michigan, and found, as many of our pioneer Methodists have, a wilderness to cultivate that filled heart and hand with earnest effort. Like David her heart longed, even fainted, for the courts of the Lord's house, and she greatly desired to go unto the altar of God—her exceeding joy. For years her influence was used upon others to induce them to enter upon the work of building a church. Meeting discouragement on every hand at home she returned East, seeking everywhere she went, the means to accomplish the long desired object of her heart. At home and abroad she labored with a spirit of sacrifice that showed how closely every interest of her life was identified with the great Exemplar, "Who went about doing good." The blessing of the great Head of the Church crowned her efforts, and the place where His honor dwelleth still remains, though her weary hands are folded to rest, and the angel says, "Write blessed are the dead which die in the Lord from henceforth; yea, saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their labors; and their works do follow them."

Since 1864 her home has been in Albion, Michigan, where her consistent Christian walk endeared her to the Church, and all who knew her. Long will her children remember her prayers, and also the praying band of which she was a member. She was in feeble health several months prior to her death, but her sweet submission to the will of God proved her perfect consecration, and the grace to suffer as well as do the will of her heavenly Father. While her friends were entertaining hopes of her speedy recovery, she was stricken down suddenly with apoplexy, and was not, for God had taken her to His own presence, and the reality of Heaven, the vision of beauty eternal, is her's forever.

For the Guide.

IN MEMORIAM.

Frankie Hollister Hewitt, who died in great peace, March 25th, 1868, aged twenty years.

MRS. M. E. BURNETT.

With the earliest blossoms of spring time,
In her spring time of life with its bloom;
We laid the fair form of our Frankie
To rest in the cold, silent tomb.

But ah! it is only the casket,
Which lies hid in the grave from our eyes,
The beautiful part—the immortal
Triumphantly pass'd to the skies.

A glorious rest has our darling,
From the sufferings of earth and its pain,
We weep, but we have the assurance
Our loss is her infinite gain.

Though hushed is the voice which hath
cheered us,
In tenderest accents of love,
It swells with the angelic chorus,
In hymning the anthems above.

On the beautiful side of the river,
The river of death—we know
Our darling, our angel, Frankie,
Is waiting for us to go.

Give praises to Christ, who redeemed her,
And washed her robes white in His blood,
And think but with joy of the glory
She shares in the presence of God.

Editorial.

"DO YOU HOLD TO PROFESSION?"

"Let us hold fast the profession of our faith without wavering."

This question was asked in a spirit bordering on captiousness. The reply was about thus:—I hold to the acknowledgement of every good thing that is in me by Christ Jesus. If I were a sinner, never having received regenerating grace, but convinced of my need of a Saviour, I would, with my present light, feel it my duty to *profess* to the praise of the Divine Convincer the work of the Spirit in my heart.

Conscious that I could not convict myself, I would acknowledge to the praise of God that He had convicted me. This *profession*, or *confession*, whichever you choose to term it, of myself as a convicted sinner, would be a very helpful step toward my conversion. For whoso confesseth me before men, him will I confess before my Father and the holy angels. Thus being led on by the Holy Spirit I should, doubtless, soon be a happy convert. I should then hold it to be a duty to profess the further work of the Spirit on my heart, and openly confess with my lips that God had converted me, "For with the heart man believeth unto righteousness, and with the mouth confession is made unto salvation." In fact, would not expect that the work of salvation would go on in my heart, unless as a worker together with God, I should thus obey the divine order, and take the next step so clearly laid down in the heavenly chart.

After having been thus brought out of spiritual Egypt, and my feet not only set in the way to Canaan, but being led forward by the ever blessed Holy Spirit in the way, I would feel it my duty to confess this also to the praise of God. And when brought up into the Canaan of rest, through the power of my heavenly Joshua, (for there remaineth a rest for the people of God) I should feel it a most exalted privilege and duty to proclaim to the praise of my great Redeemer, that He was able to perform the mercy promised to our fathers, and had "delivered me out of the hand of my enemies, that I might serve Him without fear in holiness and righteousness all the days of my life." And if led onward

in the King's highway, being enabled through the girdings of Omnipotence to make daily progress onward and upward in the way of holiness, I would hold it to be my duty to profess before God, men, and angels, that through the Omnipotence of grace I was enabled to hold on my way.

I would do this because God says to all His redeemed Israel, "Ye are my witnesses." That is, *You* know what *I* have done for you, therefore testify *for me*. Have I not suffered, bled, groaned, and died for you to make this great salvation possible, and now that I have redeemed you from all iniquity, and brought you into possession of the purchased and long promised grace, testify to the unbelieving multitudes around you of your faith in me as a full Saviour. Tell them that you have proved, and are daily and hourly proving my power to save to the uttermost. Yes! *profess* your faith not in *yourself* but in ME. Tell that you have received the sentence of death in *yourself* that you should not trust in *yourself* but in Him that raiseth the dead. Open thy mouth wide, proclaim with thy lips, and by thy daily life, thy faith in Him who *has* saved thee, and is *now* saving thee, and will save thee evermore by virtue of *one continuous act of reliance* on the crucified risen Jesus.

My heart believes, my tongue shall tell,
And far and near its "faith profess,"
My soul in rapturous strains shall swell
The praise of Jesus' faithfulness.

OUR WORK FOR JESUS.

Some account of our work for Jesus may be found by reference to camp meetings recently held, as set forth in our columns. Incessant demands on our time will not admit of details from our own hand at present, but the reckonings of grace as given by correspondents will be acceptable, that through the thanksgivings of many, praise may redound to God. At the time of this writing we are engaged in a most remarkable work in the City of Wheeling, West Virginia. We give a copy of a letter written by us to a friend, September 3, which to the glory of grace will call forth high hosannahs of praise.

DEAR BROTHER W.

We are in the midst of an extraordinary outpouring of the Holy Spirit. Less than a

week since we came to this place, and O that I could describe to the praise of infinite grace, the wonders of convicting, converting, and sanctifying power we are daily witnessing.

Drawn together through the agency of the Holy Ghost, hundreds of people of the various congregations of this city and the country round about, are assembling every afternoon and evening at the Zane Street Church, and many are daily added to the Lord, while with Christ's disciples, manifestations similar I doubt not to the scenes witnessed on the day of Pentecost are occurring at every service. Alleluia! the Lord God Omnipotent reigneth.

The crowd is so great every evening that it is difficult to ascertain the number of the newly blest. Night before last we made an effort to ascertain by asking that those who had been blest at the altar and its surroundings during the evening would raise the right hand, when over twenty gave the desired signal. It is only to extend the invitation for seekers, and the altar is immediately filled. Both male and female, about an equal number of each, rush forward, filling the altar, and some adjacent forms. The tears, groans, and sighs of these seeking ones is often very affecting. But O, when Jesus to the eye of faith reveals Himself, how wonderful is the transition. They often leap, and as the cleansed leper glorify Christ with a loud voice.

Every day the work extends and deepens. Last evening the crowd was so great, and so many standing near and around the altar mingling with the seekers, that it seemed impossible to get an idea of the magnitude of the work. Said a minister to me, One of the young men converted is from the United Presbyterian Church. On asking that the young man should be pointed out to me, hoping that I might say something to strengthen his faith, the minister directed my attention to a young man who was so jubilant in the raptures of his first love, that he seemed almost beside himself with joy. Yet why do we wonder, that a soul suddenly translated out of the kingdom of darkness into the kingdom of God's dear Son, should be thus extatic. The greater wonder is that such manifestations are not more common.

"I'M SAVED"—OR FACT NOT FEELING.

Toward the close of the meeting last night, I went to a lady, kneeling at one of the forms outside the altar, who, though quiet in her grief, seemed greatly distressed. I said, "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved." She expressed herself despairingly, as though it were impossible for her to believe. I told her of the inconsistency of her unbelief, in view of the *fact* that Jesus had died for her, and asked if she really believed that He had purchased her pardon by having died in her stead. She replied,

"I cannot *feel* it."

It is with the *FACT* that you have to do, the Bible does not say much about *feeling*, but a great deal about *faith*. Suppose you leave feeling out of the question just now, and think only about the *fact*.

Now if I will tell you precisely *what* you are to believe in order to be saved, will you do it?

"I'll try."

I then set forth the way of faith thus. Suppose you were largely in debt in this city, and were being so greatly pressed and distressed about the debt that all your friends and neighbors knew of it. So great is your indebtedness that there is no hope of your ever having the first farthing to pay. A friend at a distance hears of your distressing condition. He compassionates your case, and being abundantly able, and knowing that there is no possibility of your ever having any thing to pay, he pays the debt himself, and then writes you word, saying, you need no more distress yourself about that debt, for I have paid it.

You look at his letter, and then in view of the *FACT* that your debt is paid, you go round among your friends exclaiming, "The debt is paid! the debt is paid!" If your friends ask "How do you know?" You reply, here is my friend's letter, and here it stands written that the debt is paid. Under such circumstances what would you do? Would you be thinking about your feelings, and write to your friend who had paid the debt, that you could not believe that he had paid it, because you did not *feel* like it, or would you in view of his great kindness return him a let-

ter of hearty thanks, in view of the *fact* that he had paid the debt.

Now the Bible is God's letter of love. This tells you that Jesus has borne all your sins in His own body on the tree. He died in your stead. This shows that your debt is *already* paid. You do not expect Jesus to come and bleed and die again for you.

'Tis finished! all the debt is paid,
Justice divine is satisfied;
The grand and full atonement made,
Christ for a guilty world hath died.

If you look at your *feelings* and your *sins* instead of looking at the *fact* that Jesus has died in your stead, you will disobey Jesus, for He says, "Look unto ME, and be ye saved." That is don't look at your sins and your distressed *feelings*, or you will be like those distressed, bitten Israelites in the wilderness, who, if instead of looking at the brazen serpent, had looked at their wounds. In such a case they would have been getting worse every moment, whereas it was only to look and live. And now all you have to do is with the *fact* that Jesus died in your stead,

"Believe in Him that died for thee,
And sure as He hath died,
Thy debt is paid, thy soul is free,
And thou art justified."

Now if this is not a *fact* say so, but if it is, indeed, true that Jesus has paid your debt then you are free, and you must hasten to give Christ the glory. O, is it, indeed, true that your debt is paid? Till that moment her head had been deeply bowed in despairing sorrow, but she now suddenly looked up, and with indescribable amazement, exclaimed, "I'm saved! I'm saved! Glory! glory!"

Still remaining on her knees, gazing in my face, she lifted both hands, and with almost a wildness of wonder, cried out, "I'm saved! I'm saved." Passing from me, though still on her knees, she seemed to be borne by an unearthly impulse from a form in front of the aisle to the altar, now crowded with weeping seekers, exclaiming, "I'm saved! I'm saved!" Can one form a conception of what the feeling of those bitten Israelites were, whose deadly wound threatened instant death, but who, by a gaze at the brazen serpent, were suddenly made whole? then the joy of this woman suddenly made whole may be faintly imagined.

FLAME INTENSIFYING.

September 15.—Since the preceeding letter

was written, the flame of revival has been steadily rising and spreading. Its permeating, purifying influence will, we trust, be as enduring as eternity on hundreds in this city and the surrounding regions.

According to an arrangement made by the excellent pastors, our services were held during the first week at Zane Street Church. The devoted pastor, Rev. F. Ball, has since his attendance on the National Camp Meeting been rejoicing in the witness of perfect love. In company with Rev. R. A. Arthur, of Moundsville, West Virginia Conference, he came to the Manheim feast of tabernacles, and like Caleb and Joshua, these two brethren beloved, are now standing forth in inspiring attitude before the hosts of Israel in these regions, saying, "We are well able to go up and possess the good land."

The Moundsville Camp-meeting, (of which an account will be found elsewhere in this month's issue) being within the bounds of the present charge of the Rev. R. A. Arthur, has greatly helped toward intensifying the flame, the people having returned from that meeting, fired with the Spirit of holiness, and thus ready to work for God. Rev. J. L. Clark, Presiding Elder of the District, has long enjoyed the blessing of heart purity, and during the past few days, the word of the Lord on this subject seems as fire shut up within his bones. Surely a fire has been kindled in these parts whose refining flames shall spread till thousands shall be brought under its purifying influences. The hosts of Israel thus commenced to gird themselves for holy warfare, and the trophies for Jesus, gathered during our first week's labor at Zane Street Church were so inspiring that we were not without some solicitude in regard to results on removing our battle-field to the Fourth Street Church.

But Israel's God is alike the God of hills and valleys. The battle so far from suffering diminution by removal, seemed only to intensify, the people coming out more largely, and the numbers seeking justifying, and others sanctifying grace increasing. With the Pastor of Fourth Street, Rev. W. M. Mullenix, we also formed a heart relationship. We found him hungering and thirsting after righteousness, and ere we had closed our week's service with his beloved people, he was enabled to testify before a congregation of hundreds, that

he had found his way to the all cleansing fountain, and been translated into a region of light and purity, beyond any former experience. He will now be divinely empowered to lead His people forth to glorious conquest. Particulars of much interest come up before us in connection with the progress of this glorious revival, which may, perhaps, be given by another hand. The special services will still continue every evening with a partial division of forces, being held each evening in two or three churches instead of one. Compelled to leave, we held our parting services last evening. It was a most memorable, affecting meeting. About forty crowded the altar and its surroundings as seekers. Some pleading for pardon, others for purity. Many were blest, and amid praises and tears we took the parting hand with hundreds, with whom we shall probably meet no more, till gathered with the general assembly of the first born in heaven. We were courteously entertained during our two week's stay in Wheeling with our pleasant Christian friends, Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Little. May we meet them with bright crowns in the mansions of the redeemed in heaven.

Revival Miscellany.

THE PENTECOST AT MANHEIM, NO. II.

Another of the noticeable features of this holy convocation was

VI. THE MID-DAY PRAYER.

The order was, each day at one o'clock to close every tent, and the occupants engage in solemn prayer, secret prayer. This requirement was generally complied with, and presented a scene of moral attractiveness. The passers by, as they saw the canvass dropped, and, perhaps, heard the sigh or groan of earnest spirits pleading at the Throne, were awed. Those were hours of never-to-be-forgotten interest. The influences shed forth upon many devout spirits were precious beyond computation. And the connection betwixt those closet-breathings and the grand results of the occasion, who can define?

VII. THE CHILDREN'S MEETINGS.

One of the large tents was set apart at a given hour for the children. Brothers J. H.

James of the Providence Conference, and J. L. Hurlburt, of the Newark Conference, and others, who are at home in this department, were earnestly engaged. They had some precious meetings, and many little hearts were divinely touched, and, we trust, led to realize the renewing power of grace. The Church is loudly called upon to exercise a diligent watch-care over the lambs of the flock, and none feel such a profound interest in this work as the friends of Christian holiness. This was demonstrated at Manheim.

VIII. THE TENT MEETINGS.

Several large tents were kept in constant use when there was no service at the stand, and sometimes the meetings were signalized by such displays of power that it was impossible to close them, even when the trumpet was blown for more public worship. Meetings for experience and prayer were held each morning at the stand by our friends Dr. and Mrs. Palmer, and at other times. Many flocked thither, and the work of salvation went on. And now, as I calmly retrospect the occasion, after the smoke of the battlefield has passed away, I am more and more led to wonder at the unremitting labors of Zion's sons and daughters. When I remember the exhausting state of the atmosphere, and that from early morn until late at night, praise and prayer were rising heavenward, and souls were born into the kingdom it can only be accounted for on the ground of a positive divine interposition. The Lord of hosts presided over the encampment, and upheld, marvelously, by His free Spirit, those who were so nobly doing battle for Him. The preservation of the health of His people was remarkable. Some of the tents rolled up a blessed account of souls justified and sanctified.

IX. THE DETERMINED ONSETS.

There were times at the stand when it was deemed advisable to order a charge upon the foe, and then followed a hand-to-hand conflict of true moral sublimity. The ministers left the stand, and men and women from the altar, went out into the congregation, and brought scores to the feet of Jesus. Those who were determined not to yield to the conqueror gave back before the embattled hosts. But many a soul was won by those

onsets. The Fathers have, I suppose, witnessed such scenes at camp-meetings, but it was a strange sight to some of us who had not been observers of the work of olden times. Talk of the friends of holiness not being interested in the conversion of sinners! Who ever saw the Lord's forces moving in mightier phalanxes on the works of darkness, literally "pulling men out of the fire." A young man was converted near the writer on one of those memorable nights after the charge had been made, and not far away from him, his sister sweetly tasted of redeeming love. It was, indeed, good to be there. The bright blue canopy above us, with its host of stars, and the ranks of angels bending o'er the spot, while songs of triumph rose ever and anon—presented a picture beyond the artist's skill to transfer to canvass.

X. THE LAST NIGHT.

Who that was there can ever forget it? Thousands gathering about the sacred altar to hear the words of parting counsels, to mingle in the farewell song, and to leave behind a last testimony for Jesus. Brothers Gray, the P. E., and Inskip, President of the Committee, uttered deeply impressive things. Then followed the Sacramental service, in which the venerable father Boehm participated, and many ministers, with hundreds, if not thousands, of the saints of the Lord. They bowed together reverently, tearfully, exultingly—never more all to meet on earth, but with lively hope of a blessed meeting in the better land. The parting hand was taken, after marching around the ground, and thus closed the most memorable convocation of modern times.

XI. THE RESULTS.

Here we are utterly at fault. We have no measuring line. The actual number of the saved on the ground cannot be determined. And when we attempt to trace out in our contemplations the influence to be exerted in following years in unnumbered places, we must wait for the summing up in Eternity, the striking of the last great balance-sheet. Many written testimonies were placed in the hands of the Secretary, which are preserved as precious evidences of the displays of grace. One of these writes: "I arose on Friday last, 17th inst., to testify that God had cleansed

me from all sin. But O, to-day, the fullness of redeeming love! I have never rested so sweetly in Jesus." A pastor wrote in behalf of himself and wife: "Sanctified through the blood of the Lamb." Another brother, "Received the great blessing of perfect love on Monday, 20th inst., and of his wife, a member of the Baptist Church, "Received the same great blessing about the same time." These are specimens of numerous written testimonies received.

XII. A CLOSING WORD.

Thousands throughout the length and breadth of Christendom, are asking, "What does this movement mean?" And well they may. Those who have entered upon this campaign are moved of God to this work. It is the opening of a grand, all-pervading revival of the doctrine of primitive Christianity. It will permeate, ultimately, the whole Church in the old world, and the new world. It will shake the nations. It is the millennial dawn—the morning-ray of the latter day glory. The wise will understand this. The night goeth away, and the rosy light of the morning cometh. THE MANHEIM PENTECOST is the prelude to grander demonstrations, following in quick and glorious succession, and the world e'er long shall own her conquering Lord. And now for the rich, unmerited, and abundant displays of grace at Manheim, we give to the Triune God immortal praise!

MOUNDSVILLE CAMP MEETING.

REV. B. A. ARTHUR

This Camp-meeting, near Moundsville, W. Va., beginning August 20, and having continued eight days, closed Thursday morning, August 27, with appropriate services, and is now a matter of history.

This was a most wonderful meeting. From its beginning to the close the Lord was present to own His word and bless the people. More than fifty were happily converted to the Lord, and about one hundred were wholly sanctified. The whole membership was greatly quickened by the blessed Spirit. Dr. and Mrs. Palmer, Rev. J. S. Inskip and wife, Rev. John Thompson, and Rev. B. Pomeroy and wife, not to mention our own brethren in the ministry, did great service in promo-

ting the good of the meeting. The best of order prevailed throughout the meeting. All were delighted. Rev. B. Pomeroy, of the Troy Conference, who was present throughout the meeting, writes from Wheeling as follows:

"This meeting was eminently marked with primitive simplicity and power in Methodism, and awfully glorious with revealed Divinity." And further adds that "I have attended about two hundred camp meetings, and know but two or three more spiritual and successful than this camp meeting, and none where the great revealed idea of Methodism, viz., Holiness, had a greater triumph. There were from thirty to forty ministers present during the meeting, among whom were our old friends, Revs. C. D. Battelle and Wesley Smith. There was a good attendance of the people throughout the whole meeting. On Sabbath there were from six to eight thousand persons present on the ground."

The results for good of this meeting cannot be known in this life. The future only can reveal it.

OLEMENSVILLE, WIS.

Rev. J. D. Requa writes, I am rejoiced to say that there has been a gracious awakening in our midst. Several have entered the rest of purity, and several others have found pardon and peace, and others are seeking. Thus amid the hurry of the temporal harvest, we have been permitted to garner sheaves for the Saviour. All praise be given to His name.

A private letter from the Rev. A. C. Rose says, "The Round Lake Camp Meeting was eminently owned of God, nearly two hundred souls were converted, and quite as many were washed and made clean in the blood of the Lamb."

Brother B. B. Case writes us that he had attended the Point Arenas Camp Meeting, California, where the Lord very graciously poured out His Spirit upon His people. Twenty-three were added to the Church, and many backsliders were reclaimed. Truly God is love.

The Yarmouth Camp Meeting was one of great power, resulting in the conversion of 135 souls, and sanctification of 300 more.

REMARKABLE REVIVAL.

A revival of an extraordinary character is now in progress in the city of New York, in which some of the vilest of our race are being reached with the glorious Gospel of the Son of God. The nearer people are to the flames of perdition, the more truly does our all-gracious Redeemer compassionate their condition. And the more closely in sympathy with Him who came to seek and save the lost, do we as His followers live, the more surely will we rejoice in such wonderful announcements as are now reaching our ears and gladdening our eyes.

So astounding and singular is the work in some of its aspects that even some truly pious, well-meaning people stand a little aloof with amazement. We dare not doubt but He who hath said, "Call unto me, and I will answer, and show thee great and mighty things," is now permitting us to see the great and mighty things of our Almighty Lord.

Just as we finish the preceding line, the postman brings us a letter. It is addressed to us by our esteemed correspondent, Rev. Wm. H. Boole, an earnest and indefatigable laborer in the glorious work now going on. The paper gives a condensed view of the work, which we gladly present to our readers:

THE RELIGIOUS AWAKENING IN WATER ST., NEW YORK.

At a meeting of clergymen and others who have thus far taken part in the movement above designated, which was held at the Howard Mission, on Friday afternoon, Sept. 11th, immediately at the close of the prayer-meetings of that day at John Allen's, No. 304 Water Street, and Thomas Hadden's, No. 374 Water Street, the gentlemen named below were appointed a committee to prepare and publish a statement of the facts and the prospects of this wonderful meeting.

The facts are as follows:

1. At midnight, on Saturday, the 29th day of August, 1868, John Allen closed his dance house, No. 304 Water Street, where he had for nearly seventeen years kept a rum shop and house of prostitution. As soon after such closing of the dance house as the rooms could be arranged for the purpose, a prayer-meeting was held in the dancing-saloon, with the concurrence of Mr. Allen and his wife. This

meeting was begun at about half-an-hour after midnight, and continued till after one o'clock in the morning. It was conducted and participated in by Messrs. Albert C. Arnold, Rev. H. C. Beach, and Oliver Dyer, and there were present Mr. and Mrs. Allen, the girls of the establishment, and a couple of Allen's neighbors, one of whom had been a liquor seller in the Fourth Ward for twenty years.

2. On the next day, the Sabbath, Mr. Allen attended worship, in the afternoon at the Howard Mission, and then and there publicly announced that he had closed his dance house, never to open it again for any evil purpose. On the evening of the same day, a public prayer-meeting was, for the first time, held in Allen's house, hundreds of persons, of all classes, crowding the premises, among whom were some of the most abandoned characters of the neighborhood.

3. Since these meetings were begun, they have been continued daily from noon till one o'clock, P. M., in Mr. Allen's house, and on Sabbath there have been large out-door meetings in front of the premises. On the 11th of September the house of Thomas Hadden, No. 374 Water Street, kept as a low groggery and sailors' boarding house, was also opened for religious services at the hour of 12 o'clock; the rooms being filled to overflowing, multitudes being unable to enter. At the same hour a prayer-meeting was in progress at Allen's, and another upon the sidewalk opposite, to accommodate those who could not get within the doors at either Allen's or Hadden's.

4. These meetings have been attended and sustained by Christians of all denominations, and have uniformly been characterized by extraordinary fervor and power. The congregations have been, to a considerable extent, composed of sailors and residents of the Ward, (the Fourth), which is known as the worst Ward in the city. Some of the most wretched outcasts of this infamous locality have been present, and have, in several instances, requested prayer and private religious instruction; in some cases resulting, as it is hoped, in their permanent reformation and conversion to Christ.

5. From our knowledge of this movement, gained by our personal presence and partici-

pation in the meetings, we see no reason to doubt that the work is truly of the Lord. If in any case there have been manifestations of indiscretion or untempered zeal, they have evidently resulted from the spontaneous nature of the awaking, and the absence of definite control, inevitable in such a case.

6 It is also our deliberate judgment, that if Christian men and women, in sufficient numbers, will heartily ally themselves with this work, it will result in one of the greatest and grandest religious awakenings of this age. If this shall not be the result, we believe it will be from the culpable indifference and neglect of the Christian community.

The committee, therefore, bespeak for this movement the confidence of all who love our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, and beg of Christian ministers and laymen generally and particularly of those residing in New York and vicinity, to come and personally acquaint themselves with its true nature, and to give it their earnest sympathies, prayers, and co-operation.

The above is signed by the committee, as follows:

Of the Presbyterian Church, J. M. Ward, M. D.; of the Baptist Church, Rev. H. C. Fish, D. D., Rev. W. C. Van Meter, A. C. Arnold; of the Methodist Episcopal Church, Rev. W. H. Boole, Rev. F. Brown, Oliver Dyer; of the Reformed Church, Rev. Isaac M. See; of the Episcopal Church, Rev. Mr. Huntington.

The meetings continue to increase in power, and the awakening is extending through the Ward, taking hold of all classes.

Street preaching is inaugurated at several points, and a meeting for outcast women on Sabbath evening. The committee are in daily consultation, devising methods to pour into all the streets of the Fourth Ward at once, voluntary missionaries to visit every tenement in the district, and thus by the power of personal persuasion and the love of Jesus, spread this marvellous revival, until there shall not be left one unaffected by its influence.

Missionary societies of this city are acting in loving harmony with the committee for this, among them the Rev. Mr. Mingin, whose success in this peculiar work has been extraordinary. Notwithstanding the mali-

cious opposition of some of the Secular Press, and the openly avowed unbelief of many professed Christians, to whom it seems incredible that God should raise the dead, and this is no slight foe to the prosperity of the revival—we doubt not it will continue to progress and demonstrate the vitality of the Gospel, the power of Christ to save, even the vilest.

N. B.—Many incidents of conversions are known to me, which I will hereafter give, perhaps this is enough for the present! Do you remember the prayers of a year ago made in your house for New York?

W. H. B.

LETTER FROM EDITORS.

We left New York on the evening of Aug. 20th, in company with our beloved sister in Jesus, Mrs. Bishop Hamline, who had been tarrying a few days with us at our New York home. How sweet the communion of saints! We mention this dear name because we know it is as ointment poured forth to many of the lovers of the great salvation scattered abroad in the four quarters of the land.

Yes, precious, because so identified for over a score of years with the promotion of Christian holiness. Precious, because so identified as a help-meet, indeed, with the sainted Bishop H., who, though dead, is yet speaking to the hearts of hundreds in every part of the land, of the excellency and power of full salvation. Our dear Mrs. H., though feeble in body, is ever strengthening in divine power, and as in former years, exerts a hallowing, permeating influence on the precious theme of heart-purity wherever her lot is cast. Her beautiful home at Evanston, Ill., situated on the banks of the noble Michigan Lake, and surrounded by ancient forest trees, and near the school of the prophets, is a resort for ministers and people, young and old, whose interest in Jesus as a Saviour from all sin, draw them there for heavenly converse.

Parting with Mrs. H. at Pittsburg, Pa., we pursued our way to Moundsville, West Virginia, where we attended a camp-meeting held on the charge of Rev. R. A. Arthur. Here we joined our beloved friends, Rev. Mr. and Mrs. Inskip, of New York, and Rev. John Thompson, of Philadelphia, and others from abroad, who, as helpers together in the Lord, were urging forward the conquests of Zion.

The results were glorious. An account of the meeting having been promised, as given by the Secretary, will appear in another column.

Leaving Moundsville, we returned to Wheeling, and by the way of the Hempfield Rail Road, reached Washington, Pa., Saturday 22. Here we were met by our devoted, self-sacrificing brother in the Lord, O. P. Jones, Esq., with a carriage, and conveyed to his pleasant residence, fifteen miles distant, arriving between ten and eleven o'clock at night.

We were now within half a mile of the Bentleyville Camp Ground. We have occasional reminders that "we have this treasure in *earthen* vessels," but though faint still pursuing, we were enabled to stand in the name of the Captain of Israel's hosts, and open our commission at half-past ten o'clock. We think at a low computation at least about as many were present, as were fed by our Divine Master in the wilderness. But 5,000, or 50,000 are alike to our Omnipotent Lord. Surely He held the multitude in His mighty hand, and we could not but feel that He gave each a portion suited to their need. We anticipated most blessed results. Not less than 300, we should judge, rose, when we asked that all who would resolve never to rest until endued with power from on high would rise. We would have asked them all to come forward, and with one accord, and in one place wait in supplication and faith, but at that point it was announced that a collection must be taken to meet the expenses of the meeting.

Of course expenses must be met, but to ourselves it seemed almost confounding that no prayer-meeting could follow such a service. We might have been mistaken, but to us it seemed a thousand times more important for the success of the campaign that the hosts of Israel should at that favored hour have girded themselves with the might that the baptism of fire gives, than that they had collected 300 or 3,000. What were 3,000 or 3,000,000 compared with the 3,000 pricked to the heart on the day of Pentecost! And surely the disciples here needed the baptism of the Holy Ghost, in order that with tongues of fire, they might scatter themselves among the multitude, as did the 120 on the day of Pentecost!

Shortly the people began to disperse, and continued scattered till called again by the sound of the bell for preaching.

Preaching finished, again they were dismissed, with no time for a prayer-meeting by way of gathering the fruit, and again, and yet again was the multitude called to hear a sermon from the stand. Yet in all this no time for concentrated prayer. Surely, if it were by preaching alone (technically so called) that sinners were to be converted, many sinners would, under such circumstances, be saved.

Still there seemed to be many who during the succeeding days of the meeting manifested a hungering and thirsting after righteousness. And not a few of these were gloriously filled. Some of the testimonies of the power of Christ to save to the uttermost were wonderful. Never shall we forget some of the morning meetings, when scores might be seen with one accord pleading for power from on high. Many testified that they had received it, and we trust a fire was kindled which will burn and blaze till every minister on that district, and the people of their various charges shall be filled with the might of the Spirit, and unwaveringly testify that the blood of Jesus cleanseth. "This," says Mr. Wesley, "is the Methodist testimony,—the peculiar doctrine committed to our trust, where our ministers enforce this as a blessing to be received now, and to be received by faith, there Methodism prospers, but where it is not thus enforced, it does not prosper."

One delightful feature in this meeting was the services held for the children. Unexpected to ourselves, the Presiding Elder announced from the stand, that we would take charge of a children's meeting, instead of taking charge of a prayer-meeting at the stand as usual at most meetings we visit. We had scarcely commenced speaking when the Holy Spirit began to move upon the hearts of the children assembled in an extraordinary manner. They wept and trembled as we told them of their need of a Saviour, and the willingness of Jesus to receive them.

Their young hearts seemed breaking with desire to come, and we hastened to prepare a place, where, as seekers of salvation, they might kneel, and openly confess their need

of Jesus. About twenty boys and girls, between the ages of eight and fourteen years came forward, and for about one hour the scene was really amazing.

At first we thought of the valley of Bochim. Such mournful cries and pleadings for mercy we have seldom witnessed. And then the powerful change when Jesus revealed Himself as the altogether lovely, in what extatic strains did they praise Him!

Thus day after day, during the continuance of the meeting did the Master of assemblies move mightily on the hearts of the youthful portion of the congregation inclining them to come to Him, till we have reason to believe between forty and fifty were powerfully converted. Never, perhaps, did the inspiring chorus,

"We are coming, blessed Saviour,"

sound out in sweeter tones, and such fullness of meaning as from the lips of these newly saved youths and children. Yes they did, indeed, come! And Jesus received them. Eternal praises to His name!

The last meeting with the children was really indescribably glorious. We had daily impressed on each converted child the importance of being instrumental of bringing another to Jesus. It was, indeed, beautiful to witness the yearnings of their young hearts as with tearful importunities they pleaded with their friends, and brought new trophies to the feet of Jesus. And now as we assembled on Thursday noon for our last meeting, we seemed constrained by the Holy Spirit to urge upon them the attainment of *establishing* grace. We told them of one, intimately known to ourselves, who was converted when about nine years old, called "Little Mary," who, before her tenth year, sought and obtained the blessing of holiness, and having thus had the bent to her backslidings taken away, had maintained an undeviating course onward and upward, her light shining more and more unto the perfect day. "Little Mary" has ever been a burning and shining light, whether in sickness or health, prosperity or adversity, she had always been a blessing and eminently useful wherever her lot had been cast, and now that she was going down the declivity of life, she was glorifying the God of her salvation yet more and

more. We then told the dear children that the same blessing that "Little Mary" received in her childhood was for them, and they must now seek it. They did seek it. Special requests do bring special answers. If children of larger growth were more simple in their faith,—more like *little* children, how much greater blessings would they receive! It was wonderful to witness the outpouring of the Spirit on the children at that eventful hour. The multitude gazed upon them with amazement. Truly did they speak burning words as they again issued from that tent, singing,

"We are coming, blessed Jesus."

Tears fell from many eyes, and praises sounded from many lips as those youthful ones, seemingly filled with the Spirit, scattered themselves among the people, and with shouts and tears proclaimed the high praises of Jesus.

Our parting meeting before the stand with the beloved Bentleyville friends on Friday morning was memorable. By the testimonies given in we were assured that blessings even beyond our anticipation had fallen on the people. About fifty raised their hand to testify that during the services of the meeting they had entered the rest of faith. The number would have been increased had not many left the encampment. To God be all the glory!

Correspondence.

For the Guide.

VOICE OF WARNING.

REV. C. M. DAMON.

One year has passed away since I was enabled, through faith, in the all-cleansing blood, to enter the holiest. Previous years of my experience have been fraught with rich blessings, but this has, indeed, been more abundant.

With trembling I entered the way of holiness, but the water which Jesus then gave me to refresh my thirsty soul has proved a *living fountain*, "springing up into everlasting life." Language fails to express the deep gratitude which I feel is due to my heavenly Father for the grace that has enabled me to keep inviolate my solemn covenant with

Him. Frequent repetitions of that covenant have shown a depth of meaning in those expressions relating to a *death unto sin*, the crucifying of the flesh and a life of faith far beyond any former conception. But close tests and severe inward conflicts have but magnified the grace of God, and proved that He, who has promised, is faithful, and will keep that which is committed to His charge. All praise to our covenant keeping God.

"I'll praise my Maker while I've breath,
And when my voice is lost in death,
Praise shall employ my nobler powers."

In the providence of God I have been directed to cultivate His vineyard in this distant field. In entering upon the untried duties of my life-work, far removed from the scenes of childhood, surrounded by strange faces and associations, the possession and enjoyment of holiness has been an unspeakable comfort. And yet, while the gentle dews and the refreshing showers of grace have rested upon my own heart, my rejoicing has been mingled with sorrow, because of the low state of piety which so universally prevails. It is a matter of grief and pain that so few are consecrating themselves to lives of eminent usefulness. So few that are emulating the bright examples of our denominational biography.

For some months I have been revelling, as it were, amid the rich experiences of the past, and trying to reproduce them in my own. My heart has cried out, "O, for the truthfulness and earnestness of Wesley, the melting love of Fletcher, the humility of Bramwell, the holy zeal of Carvosso.

The clearer light which has shone upon the inspired word since the Holy Spirit came to "illuminate my soul," has wrought a great change in my views of the state of justification. They had been much confused. I had no idea of the great change wrought in the soul in regeneration.

As light dawned upon my mind, and I began to realize that "whosoever shall keep the whole law, and yet offend in one point, he is guilty of all," I began to look anxiously at professors of religion, and inquire, "If this be true, where are these?" Later observation has verified the sad foreboding that many, yes, *many* of them are not "born of the Spirit." Close searching and probing in

the Spirit of love has brought the confession, "I am not justified," and "I am backslidden."

Yet these are in good standing in the Church, attend the means of grace, and, perhaps, have never been suspected of being in such a state. Without such searching they might have gone down to *eternal death*. Think of it. From the bosom of the Church, and under the eye of the pastor, a professed Christian going down to the *regions of the damned*.

Would that I had a voice and an unction from the Holy One to reach and arouse the slumberers at the post of duty. From my quiet room may not these words of warning go forth, and fall on the ears of the watchmen.

Hold up the standard. By every motive from within us and around us, by the memory of the Fathers of Methodism, by the eternal destinies of immortal spirits, by the solemnities of approaching judgment, by the glorious heaven awaiting us, by the wailings of anguish which come up from the world of the lost. By all these considerations let us HOLD UP THE STANDARD.

What is this standard? Hear it, "Who-soever is born of God doth not commit sin." It does not say the wholly sanctified Christian, but every one that is "born of God." Here is the vital error. The ministry fail to make the people *feel* that every Christian is a *holy man*.

That truth was never written on my heart by any sermon I ever heard.

I doubt it would not have been till now had not the Holy Spirit applied Wesley's sermons to my conscience.

But is it not true that the outward life of every justified person is as upright as that of the sanctified Christian? Certainly, if it be true, as Wesley preached, that "he has power both over outward and inward sin, even from the moment he is justified."

Oh, brethren, the careless, pleasure seeking, self-indulging professors about us, who refuse to bear the cross, and follow Jesus, are not safe. "Look round, and see how many of them are still in apparent danger of damnation."

If every preacher would constantly speak the whole truth, the Church would soon be

too warm for them. Should we earnestly insist on *every particular* of inward and outward holiness, in meekness and love, how long would it be before these diversion loving, jewelry adorned, tobacco chewing and smoking members would be converted or reclaimed? How long before the membership would be generally characterized by humility, love, peace, self-denial, and zeal?

Does not worldly association, minister to the degeneracy of vital Godliness more than almost any other evil? "Come out from among them, (the unbelievers) and be ye separate," is the plain word of God. How is this universally violated by those Christians who join hands with the unconverted in the Secret Societies of the day.

To the writer it is a sad reflection that just at this point the lover of holiness whose convictions lead him to declare the whole counsel of God, is embarrassed in his efforts by the fact that the people are only following the example of his brethren in the ministry older and wiser than himself, and whose superior influence almost neutralizes his own.

Yet for all this he should not hold his peace, but, with the love that beareth all things, and thinketh no evil, cry aloud, spare not, and show His people their sins. With a heart throbbing with impulses for the future, with the wide world for the field of labor, willing to do or suffer, I am trying to sow the seeds of life, waiting in faith for the harvest. Even now are there signs of its coming.

The Church is quickened, and sinners are beginning to weep. Around me the fields are white already to harvest. Pray that God may send forth more laborers.

OSAGE, IOWA.

The Tuesday Meeting.

Meetings for the promotion of holiness, are held at the residence of Dr. Palmer,

23 SAINT MARE'S PLACE,

near the Bible House, at 2½ o'clock every Tuesday afternoon.

The opening exercises were the reading of 12th chapter of Hebrews, the singing of the 955th hymn, and prayer, which led to a clear conception of the believer's privilege.

A GLIMPSE OF JESUS.

Mrs. L. said, "The arms of love that compass me would all mankind embrace." How true that was, and if every one would but wake up to the thought of what *saving grace* means, how they would feel its power. A sister at the Sing Sing Camp-meeting appeared to be very much depressed. She was forward to the altar, kneeling as a seeker, but when she was asked about the state of her mind could scarcely be got to say a word. All at once, when the meeting had become quiet, she cried out, with a tremulous, but shrill voice, that electrified us all, "Jesus loves me, Jesus loves me," and then she sang it a number of times. After this, I said, "Now you can tell us how you feel." She seemed very glad of the privilege, and sprang up, but all she could say was, "Jesus loves, Jesus loves," and that seemed to express all. Afterwards she said, "She had been much depressed, but she just got a glimpse of Jesus, and that had thrilled her." O, how many can say Jesus saves now. But there is some precious soul here that ought to trust Jesus now.

STRENGTH FOR THE WEAKEST.

Sister P. said, Her experience was best expressed by the Psalmist, "The Lord is my light and my salvation, whom shall I fear? the Lord is the strength of my life, of whom shall I be afraid? My soul shall make her boast in the Lord; the humble shall hear thereof, and be glad."

If there was one weaker or more sorely tried and tempted than another in that assembly, that is the one upon whom the eye of the Saviour is most compassionately fixed now. O, that the whole congregation might be a saved company. They could walk in white robes every day, and keep them unspotted from the world.

A Sister said, She praised the Lord for all that was past, and trusted Him for all that's to come. She had regretted somewhat that she could not have gone to Camp-meeting, but the Lord had met her at home. He had blessed her in a powerful manner, and she praised His holy name.

ALL IN CHRIST.

Rev. Brother H. thought there was a great

tendency to rest in instrumentalities. Its language was, If I could only go to Camp-meeting how I should be blessed. But Jesus was everywhere. At Camp-meeting he was often asked, "Who is going to preach?" It might be well enough in itself to know that, but he felt there was too strong a tendency to rest in the one who was going to preach, and not enough to look beyond him to the Lord. He always felt that Jesus Christ was going to preach. Still the Camp-meetings at Manheim and Sing Sing were made very great blessings to him, thanks be to God. They were made greater blessings than I knew of at the time. At Manheim the Lord Jesus Christ gave Himself to him in a purer, intenser manner than ever before. And O, how he revealed himself, and drew out his heart to himself. He saw, as never before, that Jesus Christ is infinite power and infinite benevolence, and satisfied the deepest longings of his heart, and he had rejoiced to look up to Him as the more all-sufficient One than ever before, and so condescending to admit Him to an intimacy with himself, and was constantly saying to Him, "Come up nearer to me, and I will show you more of myself," and the love of Jesus Christ had constrained him more than ever to do, and do, and dare, and suffer. At times when he had been called upon to see the sick and dying, and from much of such labor might feel faint and weary, and so for an instant shrink from it, he would think, "I'll do it for Jesus, and bear it for Jesus," and then how readily he had gathered himself up for the duty and gone out, not from fear or dread, but for the love of Jesus, and if for any reason he had been tried for a moment, how sweet it was to go and tell Jesus. He never saw, as at Sing Sing, his privilege to claim all things in Christ; that some part of everything that is powerful and good in the Universe belonged to him, and though he did not enter into the fullness of the realization here, he had but to be patient and wait a little longer, and the time would come when he would enter into the possession and enjoyment of that portion which belongs to us, because all things are Christ's, and Christ is ours. To be dead, and forget your self-life, and have no life but the Christ life, he found this to be a blessed and peaceful way of living.

GOD NO RESPECTER OF PERSONS.

Dr. P. Loved to say to all the lovers of Jesus that in our Father's family there were no particular favorites. The will runs equally good to all. Bless the Lord! God hath said that it is His will even your sanctification. He sometimes made the remark, God turned our first parents out of Paradise because they disbelieved His word, and He will take none back into Paradise until they take His word as truth. It is the blessed Holy Spirit that begets a hungering and thirsting after righteousness, but it never makes a mistake. It arrests the sinner, and that sinner would be saved the moment he is willing to receive Jesus and make no conditions with God, but throws away all the "ifs." Jesus did not say to all lepers, "Come, and I will make you whole," but He has said to us that He came, "That we being delivered out of the hand of our enemies might serve Him without fear, in holiness and righteousness before Him all the days of our life." God has said this, and it is for you and me to believe that the blood of Jesus cleanses. [A voice,] "From what?" Why, from all sin, brother. Jesus loves us! Jesus loves us! He loved us when we were enemies, and were away down there in the hole of the pit, and now, that He has picked us up, will He refuse to give just what He died in order to bestow? O, that every one would take Jesus now.

TESTIMONY FOR JESUS NOT VAIN BOASTING.

A Sister, But some say it is too loud a profession. If I knew the work done, I would not like to say so. Some think it is absolute perfection, and, therefore, as too high for mortals to think of reaching or to speak of as enjoying. But if we look at the word of God it spoke of our being "without spot or wrinkle or any such thing,"—of being "holy," "without blemish,"—of being "filled with all the fullness of God," and the like. And that was God's word, not ours. She did not know how persons could think God could say anything that was not true. As God put such words in the Bible, why should we shrink so far from receiving and acknowledging the blessings of which they spoke. She would not like to say that she was without spot or blemish, yet she could not object if God said He would sanctify

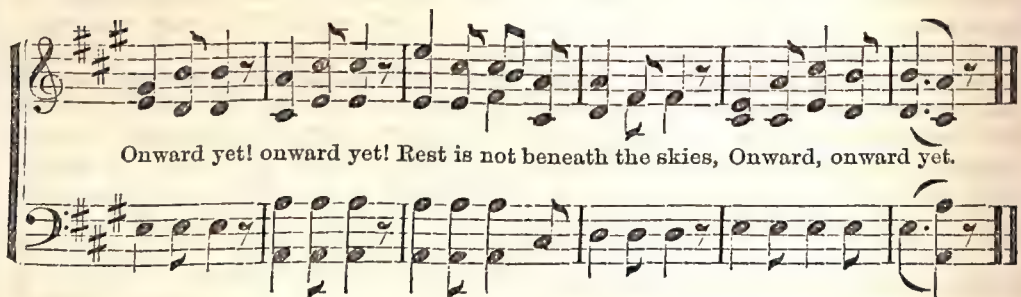
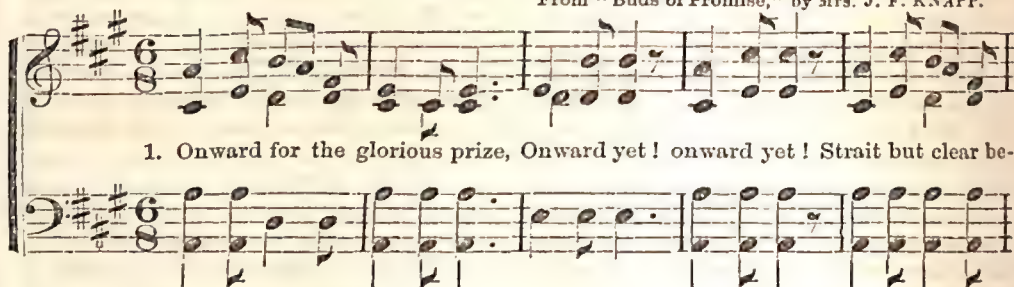
and save. We expect our children to believe what we say, because we say it, and they count on receiving what we promise, and if there is any delay they are still sure of getting it, and that because we said so. If these little creatures can believe the finite and fallible, can't we trust the Infinite and Infallible One? She was always pained when any one said, "I wish I was as good as you are." Jesus was good alone. Once she looked upon the testimony for holiness as human boasting, but did any think of boasting when they spoke of having a house thoroughly clean and furnished. Or you say, "I can't go into my house yet because it is not clean." Do you make a great time about having a clean table spread? Yes it is a wonderful thing to be filled with God. "A man of God thoroughly furnished," and occupied of God. In prayer that morning her expressions were, "If to love Thee with a perfect love is shown by my constant victory over the flesh, the world, and the devil, then Thou knowest, searcher of hearts, I love Thee with a perfect love! If it is to be saved from vain, worldly, and foolish desires, then Thou knowest, O God, I am saved! Yet it has not freed me from perplexity, for the last year was the strangest one of her life. As to the Book of Providence she could only say, "I don't understand or know it." Some at Camp-meeting asked her, "Do you now know why you were led as you were last year?" "No," she said, "but it is enough to know that God leads me every day. Enough to know that the exceeding great and precious promises are all for my support." As she passed along at Camp-meeting she heard one saying, "Christ is all mine." "Well," she thought, "all right, but He is all mine too." She felt if she were called away now she could say, "All hail, blessed angels, that are come to usher me into the heavenly Kingdom."

ERRATA.

On page 96 in our last issue, two typographical errors occur. In our excellent poetical effusion by Rev. J. W. Robinson, Presiding Elder of Cold Water District, the article is ascribed to Rev. C. M. Robinson. First line of second stanzas should read "I feel the *Saviour's* blood applied," instead of "I feel the *glorious* blood applied."

ONWARD YET.

From "Buds of Promise," by Mrs. J. F. KNAPP.



2. Linger not through coward fear,
Onward yet! onward yet!
Though thy way be dark and drear,
Is not Jesus ever near—
Still to bless, to guide and cheer?
Onward yet! onward yet!
Still to bless, to guide and cheer,
Onward, onward yet.

3. In the way thy Saviour trod,
Onward yet! onward yet!
Gladly bearing every load,
Meekly bending to the rod,

Walking humbly with thy God,
Onward yet! onward yet!
Walking humbly with thy God,
Onward, onward yet.

4. Rest not here, but onward haste,
Onward yet! onward yet!
Till each danger shall be past.
Every foe beneath thee cast,
Till thou gain thy home at last,
Onward yet! onward yet!
Till thou gain thy home at last,
Onward, onward yet.

Guide to Holiness.

NOVEMBER, 1868.

For the Guide.

ONLY JESUS:

OR,

THE MILLENNIUM OF PEACE.

Experience of a Presbyterian Minister.

REV. G. B. P.

I WAS brought up religiously, and from my earliest years had been accustomed to repeat prayers morning and evening. But I never knew what it was to pray until I was twelve years of age. It was then that I became acquainted with Jesus; and this was the occasion: I had just been reading in the daily newspaper of the ravages of the cholera in a foreign land, and the editor had expressed the fear that the dread destroyer would, in time, reach our own shores. The thought at once occurred to me, "It may take my life." Then came the question, "And what if it does?" "Well," my conscience replied, "I am not ready to die; I am afraid to die." "Afraid!" returned the secret questioner; "not ready! Why?" "I am not at peace with God," conscience answered; "something is wrong; I wish I were a Christian; my father is a Christian; my mother is a Christian. How can I become one? How can I give my heart to God? They say I must. What is it to give the heart to God? I'll go and ask father."

True to my resolution, I sought my affectionate parent, and made the inquiry with an affected earnestness. But much to my disappointment and grief, I received no new knowledge. My father, though a man of unusual piety and heavenly wisdom, did nothing on this occasion to enlighten me. My eyes felt

sealed to the light of truth; my ears seemed deaf to any spiritual meaning. I cannot now recall the words of my dear father, but I remember well my impressions while listening. It seemed to me that there must be some hidden, secret meaning to his words, which made his own soul confident and peaceful, but which was entirely beyond my comprehension. And yet I felt that this hidden meaning was of vital importance to my welfare, but would only be of avail to me as I comprehended it.

I continued to think much of the matter, and a day or two after, as I stood in a room alone, pondering my difficulty, being troubled in spirit, the thought suddenly occurred, "I'll go and ask God what it is to give my heart to Him; He must know, and He will tell me. I can understand Him."

With the thought, I started for my own room to pray. But a terrible spiritual enemy, that I seemed never to have met before, seized me, and almost jerked me back. It seemed as if I tore myself out of his grasp. My determination to inquire of God grew stronger and stronger with every step I took, with every stair I ascended. And my confidence in God's ability and willingness to teach me gradually, but rapidly increased, until, when I had reached my room, closed the door, and was in the act of turning the key, the thought was suggested to me, as it seemed, and immediately and heartily adopted as my own resolution, "I'll never leave this room until I am a Christian."

How long I knelt before the Lord I do not know. It did not seem long.

But what a revolution took place in my soul during these few moments! I passed from night to day, from tumult to peace, from death to life! My sins of the past seemed unbidden to pass like a panorama before me. I was horrified with a ruin of my innate selfishness; with the fact, never until that moment realized, that I had lived wholly for self, and had never done a deed, nor imagined a thought for God's sake. I saw myself a sinner, undone and lost, and could only sue for *mercy*. Then came a thought of Christ, and I felt, *knew*, and can never doubt, that I was *saved by grace*—pure grace. But what lovely, overwhelming grace and love it seemed!

I rose from my knees with peace and joy of heart. Everything about me looked so bright and sunny, I seemed to see God's loving face everywhere. All seemed an atmosphere of light and love. I ran down stairs. Meeting my dear father at the foot of the stairs, I threw my arms about his neck, and told Him my great joy. His tender words were, while his eyes grew moist, "Go out, and tell your companions what a Saviour you have found." I did go forth at once to play among my companions, but do not remember that I said anything to them. It seemed that it would be needless, for everybody must and would love Jesus; no one *could* resist His charms; nor would wish to!

For many weeks I lived in the joyous thought of the Saviour as mine, always with me, about me, in me, as One who was blended with my own life. No thought seemed apart from Jesus. It seemed natural and instinctive to love Jesus, and to love everybody and everything else for Jesus' sake, because He seemed to fill me with His own feelings.

I do not remember that I was careful to have set seasons of prayer—all seasons were prayer. To pray without ceasing seemed as *unconsciously natural* as to breathe. Nothing seemed irksome—all was pleasure; duty was pleasure. I thought not of law or commands, but only of Jesus. Nor did I remember self, nor trouble my conscience as to nice distinctions of motives and balancings, of

good and evil thoughts. I was absorbed with the one blessed, loving, heart-filling thought of my ever present, ever possessed Jesus! I felt that I was pleased with Him, and that He was pleased with me, because He was pleased with Himself in and with me, and that He thought not of me as I deserved to be thought of, not of me as I had been, but only of me as He had made me, and as He kept me by His sweet and constant presence.

The Bible was my constant and delightful companion. I loved it. It expressed my own thoughts. It accorded with what I felt. And continually I gave forth the fullness of my joy in spiritual songs; singing seemed the only natural language of my soul.

Thus I felt and lived for many weeks, and my belief is, that I might have continued to feel and live so, growing in grace, and being taught by the Spirit. But, to adopt the language of Bunyan, the devil got in at "ear-gate," and stole away my shield of faith, and my sweet view of Jesus was gone, that is, as to its freshness and spontaneity, in an instant.

"Ear-gate" was opened thus: I was attending a church prayer-meeting, and a venerable father arose to address the worshippers. His strain of remark consisted in bewailing his "coldness," and that of his brethren, and in regretting the loss of the great "peace he once enjoyed."

Poor me! I felt shocked and grieved, and alarmed! "Is this, my happiness, not to last?" I asked myself. "Must I lose the sweet *company* of Jesus?"

And so with the thought—the subtle shaft of the tempter entered my soul, pierced my eyes of faith, and left me wounded and blind.

It was not till many years afterwards, and after enduring much chastenings from the Lord's hand, that I was brought to understand how the constant presence of Jesus may be enjoyed through the exercise of the same simple, child-like confidence with which I first sought Him.

Years rolled away. There was no longer satisfaction in religion. Not be

cause spiritual life was not in a measure enjoyed, but because there were yearnings for greater light than present experience afforded, and than memory recalled. My present experience seemed like twilight after a golden sunset has vanished, and I longed that it might be rather a twilight that preceded a golden morning.

I never in my darkest moments could doubt that I had been converted, and I saw clearly that salvation from hell was through unmerited grace by Jesus Christ. I know that I had once been regenerated, and seemed to have grown in self-knowledge since conversion, and the transformation that then took place did not appear to me now to have been radical enough. As before my conversion, I had felt *driven* to seek God from dread of His justice, and by a felt need of pardon, so now I felt *drawn* toward God by a sense of His love, and by a felt need of purity. Before, I had felt conviction for unrepented *sins*, now I came under conviction for unpurged *sinfulness*—for “*sin*” “in the flesh,” the very root of all *sinning*. The prayer before had been, “Save, Lord, or I perish.” The prayer now became, “Search me, O God, and know my heart; try me, and know my thoughts, and see if there be any wicked way in me, and lead me in the way everlasting.”

Yet with all this, there was felt a slavish bondage of inability to rise above and out of self, and dwell in God, as I longed to do—an impossibility of realizing the Bible standard of experience. There was felt to be an innate secrecy and subtlety of sinfulness,—pride and selfishness appeared lurking in every thought, perverting every motive. Pride found its nest even in humility, crept into acts of worship, tainted every good endeavor, poisoned every prayer. I discovered there were portions of my nature which I had hitherto unconsciously refrained from committing to God—deep recesses of my being, as it were, which conscience had never ventured to explore, where mental reservations had been hidden away from all eyes but God’s. I was astounded to find how

many exemptions in favor of self I had made, whenever I had offered to the Lord my gifts—and had thus as often imitated Ananias in keeping back part of the price, and lying to the Holy Ghost.

Blacker the picture of self grew the longer I gazed, and brighter and more remote grew the contrast that I longed inexpressibly to reach—a transparent purity of spirit that might show, as a spiritual mirror, the loveliness and grace of Jesus reflected in its depths. In a word, I yearned to be conformed to the image of God’s Son in *soul* now, as I knew I should be also in *body* at its resurrection, but I seemed to hope against hope.

At length came the query, May not all my spiritual dissatisfaction be my own fault, growing out of erroneous views and methods of attaining holiness? Is it not said, “Blessed are they that do hunger and thirst after righteousness, for they shall be filled?” Why then need I remain all my life a beggar at the door of the King’s banqueting house, content to eat of the crumbs swept out to me, when peradventure I may enter, and be welcomed to the table? Are we not bidden to come and partake freely without money and without price? Why should I suffer the Apostles and prophets to reserve for themselves the most precious of the promises, while I content myself, through unbelief, with those conferring the least spiritual comfort? The darkness may be altogether my own, and the entrance of God’s word may bring light. But I have read and perceived not, because I believed not, expected not.

Then came the resolution, that yielding myself to the guidance of the Holy Ghost, who is set forth in the Scriptures as the guide into the truth, I would take up the Bible and study it, as though I had never done so before, and as if I was the only individual in the world, and the Bible had been written purposely for me, and that, like Moses, standing on the mount of prayer and resolution, I would receive the sacred record as handed down by God Himself, determined to

endeavor to understand God's word under God's own instruction, believing He, who said the Scriptures were they that testified of Him, would deign to enlighten me.

I resolved that whatever of experience I thus understood to be taught as promised in the Bible, I would believe was promised to me, and whatever I thus believed, I would appropriate, basing all my conclusions on the specific encouragements, "If any of you lack wisdom, let him ask of God, that giveth to all men liberally, and upbraideth not, and it shall be given him; but let him ask in faith, nothing wavering." "But without faith it is impossible to please Him, for he that cometh to God, must believe that He is, and that He is a rewarder of them that diligently seek Him."

As a result, there grew up in time a conviction of the possibility of enjoying continual peace of soul, according to the Scripture, "Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace, whose mind is staid on Thee, because he trusteth in Thee." Of the possibility of consciously possessing a "faith which worketh by love," that purifieth the heart, and that "overcometh the world."

Then came the prayer that the truth thus intellectually recognized might become experimental, might be burned down into the soul, and made practical, that there might be given a baptism "of the Holy Ghost and fire," purifying and enlightening, and introducing the soul into the consciousness of a life "hid with Christ in God." And the Spirit aided the wrestling prayers of the suppliant, with groanings which could not be uttered, while a sweet, gently constraining voice seemed whispering, "Friend, come up higher."

Then, at length, the promises shone with a new lustre, and the Bible seemed a new book. Passage after passage of its own accord seemed to unlock a fuller sweeter meaning. The harmony of Scripture never seemed so complete before. I turned the leaves as one walks through a garden on a summer's morning; new flowers were opening their dewy cups, and releasing the fra-

grance which had nestled for refuge in their bosoms during the night. Freshness, and music, and beauty, and a soft halo of light were on every side.

And now how simple seemed the mystery of faith! How I had overlooked its simplicity! How easily others were overlooking it! and how astonished and humbled my soul felt to discover that, after all its struggles and pre-conceived notions, and circuitous resolves, after all, Jesus, only Jesus, was "the way;" that there was no going beyond Christ, and that there was nothing besides Christ in experience! that He was as He had declared, "The way, the truth, and the life;" that now and forever there was to be no *self*-exaltation, as I had unconsciously fancied and sought, but that Christ was to be exalted in my experience, and be my "all in all." To my surprise and delight I now found that in learning anew of Christ, I had only *re-learned* the old truths in a new sense and power.

I saw that I had only to go and sit down at the feet of Jesus, and stay there, remaining content to gaze up all ways into His face, and as I gazed, and only as I gazed, to draw down not so much the Spirit of that countenance, as the very countenance itself into my soul by faith—to become my soul's keep-sake and delight and expression.

I learned that to apprehend and trust more and more the *fullness of Christ*, was to continually grow in the understanding of all that could be desired; that holiness was not some quality to be abstracted from Christ, and then to be placed in the soul to adorn it, and there to be admired and worshipped as an idol; but that Christ Himself must forever constitute all of the believers "wisdom, righteousness, sanctification, and redemption," and that the believer only possesses these as he recognizes them in Christ, and possesses Him.

Thus did the soul settle into a millennium of peace, becoming fixed, trusting in God, temptations and frailties lay in wait along life's pathway even thicker apparently than before, but did not so easily baffle the soul, for it now recog-

nized more completely the power and love of an ever present Christ, and had learned more thoroughly the efficacy of the shield of faith wherewith to quench all the fiery darts.

Never have I failed to come off conqueror, and more than conqueror in spiritual conflict, as long as I have consented to commit all my helplessness and vacuity to Jesus, allowing Him to substitute His strength and fullness within me, in answer to my faith, in His love and power.

But whenever having grown confident in any attainment or state of soul, instead of being humbly confident in Christ alone, I have substituted Christ's work in me for Christ Himself in me, I have found myself as fallible and pitifully weak as ever. The "King's highway of holiness" and peace is, indeed, a way of liberty from self and darkness, but yet it is moment by moment the narrow way of constant faith in the King Himself. "Strait is the gate, and narrow is the way," because the same Christ is both, and the same "self" always tries to take Christ's place either as the "gate" or the "way" to the hindering of those who desire to enter or to walk. And faith only can, and faith surely can, keep Christ where "self" once lived, and but for a recognized living Christ would live again—"Thou standest by faith." "Stand fast, therefore, in the liberty wherewith Christ hath made us free, and be not entangled again with the yoke of bondage."

Only while standing by faith can we say, "I live; yet not I, but Christ liveth in me." As physical life depends on continual breathing, so spiritual life requires constant trusting. But as it must be air that is breathed, so it must be Christ that is trusted. "Kept by the power of God (Christ) through faith."

For the Guide

THE FAITH THAT SAVES

REV. G. W. WOODRUFF.

"The faith that saves receives no help from sight."

That devoted Christian minister, Geo. Muller, of Bristol, England, had the sort

of faith that saves the soul in a certain experience he had at one time in relation to his Orphan Houses. Mr. Muller became fully convinced that God wanted him to erect additional buildings for the orphans. He had three hundred under his charge, but after much prayer he was led to think that it was the will of the Lord that he should provide for 700 more—1000 in all—but he knew that it would require £35,000 to buy the grounds, and erect the buildings, (\$175,000,) and he had not one single penny with which to begin the work. He asked God to give him this large sum to build the new orphan house, and after several days of prayer, he received one six-pence, whereupon Mr. Muller said, "I received this single six-pence as a sweet token that the Lord would ultimately give me the whole amount, and was just as happy and peaceful as if it had been a very large sum."

After many more days of prayer, Mr. Muller received a draft for £8,000, (\$40,000), and then he testified, "I was very thankful to my heavenly Father, but by no means excited by this large gift, not more so, indeed, than by the gift of the six-pence, for I had expected my heavenly Father to give me all the money the work needed."

It was in this Spirit that Mr. Muller held on to God until the whole amount finally came into his hands, and that, too, without his asking a single person for anything.

My quotations are from memory, but they are reliable.

The faith that saves receives no help from sight.

For the Guide.

FRUIT OF THE SPIRIT.

REV. W. H. POOLE.

JOY.

"Since earthly joy abideth never,
Work for the joy that lasts forever,
For other joy is all but vain,
All earthly joy returns in pain."

Joy is an agreeable and sweet affection of the soul, arising from some present or hoped for good. Religious joy is

the delight and satisfaction of the soul in its union with God in Christ, as the greatest and highest good, with an actual rejoicing in what is for His honor and glory.

The word "*joy*" is often used to signify that glorious reward which God bestows upon those who love Him, "Enter thou into the joy of thy Lord." The happy condition of the mind is designated by the terms, "*joy*," "*joyful*," and "*gladness*," "*pleasure*," "*delight*," "*charm*," "*exultation*," words which, though often used as synonymous, have different shades of meaning, according to the different degrees in which the passion or emotion may be exercised.

The joy which is the fruit of the Spirit is a deep, inward, heart-felt emotion, or feeling of the mind, and is in its nature and origin, closely connected with love and peace, and is, in part, dependent on them. Indeed, the first three of the fruits of the Spirit are a kind of glorious "*trinity in unity*," a grand trio in the human heart, that are never separated. Joy is love filling the cup, full, and running over—is love an action—is love recreating itself—is love out on the green pastures walking, and leaping, and praising God—is love beside the still waters enjoying a fullness—is love on the mountain of spices—is love climbing to higher and still higher regions of holy delight—is love working—love returning love for love—this is joy. It is love in constant exercise of devotedness to God. Love laying itself out for the good of others.

ITS HISTORY.

It is an exotic, an import, transplanted from the evergreen shore, heaven sent, heaven protected. It comes from God, "in whose presence there is fullness of joy and pleasures for evermore." Joy was in all heaven on the birth-day of our world, where the morning stars sang together, and all the sons of God shouted aloud for joy. It was the constant companion of the happy tenants of Eden until they sinned, then joy forsook them, and fled from its first earthly home to its home with God.

There was joy in the first promise of a coming YAVEH Jesus. It was an anthem from the harps of heaven. The music of the river of life washing its shores on high, and pouring its fullness of joy upon the earth. It was joy gushing from the fountains of eternal harmony and love. Joy, first heard on earth in a minor key of solemn gladness, uttered by the Lord Himself. Joy in the heart and lip, in the song and sacrifice of Patriarchs and their families, as they sheltered themselves beneath the streaming blood. Joy faintly shadowed in the deliverance from Egypt, in the triumphant song of Moses and Miriam, in the tabernacle and the temple as the children of Zion "were joyful in their King." Joy burst forth on our world on the birth-day of the Saviour, when the angel-sons of God brought us good tidings of great joy. Jesus, for "the joy that was set before Him," of saving myriads of millions of the children of men from sin and death, "endured the cross, despising the shame, and is set down at the right hand of the throne of God."

It was joy without measure when the promise of the Father was fulfilled upon the company of believers in the upper room at Jerusalem, as the promised Comforter came and filled them with joy, and they felt the hearts of flame, and saw the tongues of fire, and uttered words of power. There is a joy in penitence, a joy in pardon, a joy in purity of heart, a joy rising higher and higher as the believer progresses in holiness and experiences new and more abundant manifestations of the divine goodness, and gathers daily in the path of duty larger measures of "the fruit of the Spirit."

Fresh notes of joy have often enriched the harmony of the Church of God ever since, as from bondage and exile, from dens and caves, from bloody fields and fiery stakes, from scaffold and from dungeon, the Spirit-baptized ones have been filled "with a joy unspeakable and full of glory," and have been heard to sing,

"Joyfully, joyfully onward we move,
Bound to the land of bright spirits above."

IS SOCIAL.

Joy is social in its tendencies. It shuns monopolists; it seeks companionship; it makes itself known; shines out in the countenance; makes every feature and expression of the face radiant with its beams. It tunes the voice to unwonted harmonies, and makes all around it share its bliss, and fills the live long day with gladness. When the shepherd found the wandering, bleating lamb, and succeeded in carrying it home, he called his "friends and neighbors to rejoice with him." When the woman found her lost piece of silver, she, too, summoned parties to aid her in her rejoicings. When God gives the oil of joy, He also gives the garments of praise. If God gives the heart full of joy, the lips will praise Him, for joy has a voice and a tongue. The Psalmist says, "I went with them to the house of God with the voice of joy and praise." "My servants shall sing for joy of heart."

JOY A DUTY.

To be joyful in the Lord is placed before us in His word as the common privilege of all Christians, and the measure of our privilege is the measure of our duty. We are required to be happy and joyous as much as to be patient and submissive. "Joy in the Holy Ghost" is one of the essential elements of the kingdom that is within the renewed heart. "Love" and "joy" are no less the fruits of the Spirit than "meekness" and "goodness," and faith. "The ways of wisdom are ways of pleasantness." The path of the just is as the shining light that shineth more and more unto the perfect day. "The redeemed of the Lord are to come to Zion with songs and everlasting joy upon their heads." "Ye shall go out with joy, and be led forth with peace, the mountains and the hills shall break forth before you into singing, and all the trees of the field shall clap their hands." Believers in Christ should nourish and cultivate this holy affection until they are enabled habitually to rejoice with joy unspeakable and full of glory.

AN ERROR.

I have no confidence in that kind of teaching which dwells upon the advantages of the "wilderness state," and insists that it is profitable for Christians to pass considerable of their time in heaviness through manifold temptations, in darkness and despondency, in painful uncertainties as to their spiritual state, tossed upon the storm, wandering here and there, weary and faint, seeking rest, and finding none. Such is not the will of God concerning His children, they are saved by hope, and the "joy of the Lord is their strength." Joy from Him, joy in Him, joy in His promises and in His service. Paul says, "Sorrowful, yet always rejoicing," and "rejoice evermore." The full assurance of faith, and constant fellowship with the Father and with His Son, Jesus Christ, furnishes an atmosphere of light and peace, of love and joy, in which every one of the Christian graces thrive, and come to rich and beautiful maturity.

Plants and flowers may be kept alive in the darkened room or cellar, but fresh air and sunshine are indispensable to their beauty and perfection. In the dark they will never blossom, nor will they ever bear fruit. The prophet under the influence of a resolute and heroic faith could stand upon a heap of melancholy ruins, his hopes all blasted and dead, and all his creature comforts withdrawn, and rise into a transport of holy joy, and say, "Although the fig tree shall not blossom, neither *shall* fruit *be* in the vines; the labor of the olive shall fail, and the fields shall yield no meat; the flock shall be cut off from the fold, and *there shall be* no herd in the stalls: yet *I will rejoice* in the Lord, *I will joy* in the God of my salvation." As long as the firm foundations of our joy are untouched we can sing and shout for joy, Even in trials, temptations, reverses, and bereavements. It may do for Pharisees and hypocrites, for monks and nuns to be of a sad countenance and of a gloomy mein, but the believer is to wash his face, anoint his head, and eat his bread with joy. The comforts of the Lord, delighting his soul, should render his whole

life beautiful and attractive. The recommendations of religion made by grim and gloomy professors, only damage the truth, gloomy and desponding Christians of morbid and melancholy spirit misrepresent the glorious Gospel of Christ. Believers are to shine as lights in the world, and worship the Lord in the "beauty of holiness," they should come out into the clear sunshine of perfect love, and should cultivate a happy, cheerful spirit in the work of God.

IS TRIUMPH.

This joy in the Lord is indispensable to the child of God as a preparation for victory. It is his duty to work for souls. Those individual efforts are just now what the Church and the world most need. We need holy, devoted, joyous, courageous men and women, not a few, in this work. The love of God constraining them is the great qualification. That love shed abroad in their hearts is their confidence and joy enabling them to say "that which we have felt and seen with confidence we tell."

When from warm and glad hearts men declare what God has done for them, and their joy is manifest to all around; their words become words of power. A joyous, happy church is sure to be a successful one. There was a great deal of philosophy as well as faith in the Royal Battery that Joshua opened upon Jericho, when he commanded the whole army to face the massive walls and impregnable fortresses of the foe, and every man to stand in his place, and shout them to the dust.

It was a piece of divine philosophy to place Judah, whose name signified *praise*, as the foremost tribe on the march through from place to place, as if "PRAISE" should always lead the hosts of God. So thought Jehoshaphat when surrounded by glittering steel of the vast squadrons of Ammon and Moab. After fasting and prayer as a preparation for the terrible conflict, he "appointed singers unto the Lord," and that they should praise the beauty of holiness, as they went out before the army, and to say, "Praise the Lord, for His mercy endur-

eth forever." They were not cowards in that choir; they were not ascetics, recluses, or gloomy, faint-hearted hermits, away out in the front between the vast armies, singing their song of praise, and throwing out their loud hosannahs on the morning breeze, that chorus as it rang over the vale of Engide was more damaging to the veterans of Moab than all the spears of Israel. Moab and Ammon could not stand the cheerful, joyous song on the beauty of holiness, and the glory of God.

In the fifth century the Picts and Saxons attacked the Britons. The general who commanded the army of the Britons, brought his forces to the field in self-defence, as they looked across the field and saw the ranks of the enemy strongly entrenched and very numerous, the commander ordered every man to send up to heaven a loud Alleluia three times, in right hearty cheer. As the echo of the mighty shout rang and resounded through the air, the enemy caught the Alleluia! and fled, leaving the Britons in possession of the well-fought field. Praise the Lord!

IS ENDURING.

The joy of earth is short-lived, a flash, a shadow, a meteor's glare. This joy is solid, substantial, enduring, satisfying. "God is my exceeding joy," and He gives not as the world giveth. The world has no joy to communicate to its votaries. Its best is mirth or frivolity; not joy. Where mirth and frivolity fails, and fashion fails, and fortune fails, and friends fail, and earth poor philosophies fail, then this fruit of the Spirit will delight and cheer the soul, and light up the dark valley, and sing victory through the blood of the Lamb. The poet sings of joy,

"'Tis an exotic of celestial birth,
And never blooms but in celestial air.
Sweet plant of Paradise! its seeds are sown
In here and there a breast of heavenly mould;
It rises slow, and buds, but ne'er was known
To blossom here—the climate is too cold."

But we have seen celestial joys on earthly ground, growing from faith and hope, and blooming, too, in a heavenly

atmosphere, where the death damps of the tomb could not quench its ardor, nor silence its song, where this blessed fruit feasted the soul as it entered into the joy of our Lord. Dear reader, if thy orbit was nearer to the sun of righteousness, you would have a warmer climate, and your joy would bloom, and your fruits would abound more and more.

(To be Continued.)

For the Guide.

AN OLD DISCIPLE.

REV. JOHN SCARLET.

With thought, and sense, of growing old,
And failing, of his house of clay,
When numbered years of life have rolled,
And days of pilgrimage are told,
He must away.

Eternity, is in his view—

An ocean vast, it seems to him !
Time's bubble, like a drop of dew,
Is spread upon its surface blue,
Awhile to swim.

Is he prepared to die ?—To live !

In fellowship, with saints in light,—
Prepared, on earth, his life to give ?
Would they in heaven, his soul receive,
To walk in white ?

He sees, by faith, that "better land,"

Which lies beyond death's waters cold,
Advised, in Christ, how matters stand,
He'll walk—when fail life's running sand—
The streets of gold.

The gold of Truth, he'll never sell,

While Jesus keeps his heart and mind,
In peace, more sweet than tongue can tell,
To live or die it must be well—
God so designed.

His *hemlet, breast-plate, sword, and shield,*

Shoes, girdle—panoply complete—
Equip him for the gospel field,
Where final triumph will be sealed,
At Jesus feet.

His *faith, hope, love, and life,* agree

With witnesses for Jesus. They
Are by the spirit's truth made free—
Stains of their sins impurity,
Are washed away.

Christ, in a dream, appear'd to him,

In chariot, and with steeds of fire :
The light received, will ne'er grow dim,
Till song of saint and seraphim,
Invite up higher.

Lo! death, is now a conquered foe,

Through Christ—the Christian's life and
light !

Where Jesus leads, we love to go,
Through fiery trial's path, below,
To mansions bright.

FRANKLIN, N. J.

For the Guide.

REFLECTORS.

MARY D. JAMES.

Entering a store in a city one cloudy day, I found it so dark that it was necessary for the gas to be lighted. I observed there were two windows, one in front and one in the back part of the store; but there being high buildings back, there was a very small opening between that and the adjacent houses, to admit the light. A large piece of bright tin had been placed before the window in such a position as to reflect the rays of the sun, but now, the sun being obscured, there was no light reflected, and the back part of the store was so dark that the goods could not be seen without gaslight.

The following day I entered the same store, and found it very light and cheerful. *The sun was shining*, and its rays fell directly upon the reflector which shone with such brilliancy as made it appear almost like the sun itself—throwing its rays into the store, illuminating it beautifully. I thought *what a valuable end this reflector answers!* And then another thought came. *Every Christian is designed to be a reflector of the Son of Righteousness*, and when there are no clouds or mists intervening between the soul and God to obscure the light which emanates from Him—the great and glorious source of light—*how beautifully are the Divine rays reflected!* The heart, purified by the all cleansing blood, and no earthly mists or clouds intercepting the light from above—*how clearly and luminously does it reflect that light!*

Thus are we commanded to '*let our light shine.*' But if worldly cares and pursuits come in between Christ and the soul, it fails to reflect the light, and is of no more use than that tin reflector was when intervening clouds shut out the sun's rays.

Let us *examine ourselves as reflectors* and see if we are *pure and bright*, and then *take care that we let no clouds intervene*—so shall we be '*lights in the world*' reflecting the glorious image of the Heavenly.

For the Guide.

MY EXPERIENCE.

S. F. MORF.

Give unto the Lord the glory due unto his name.—
Psalm 29, ii.

Undoubtedly there are many sincere souls, who, having tasted the love of Christ in forgiveness of sins, have a secret longing for a greater measure of divine grace, but who are hindered from trusting implicitly in the word of God, by dissenting opinions of others, concerning the great blessing of sanctification; especially for the benefit of such I would relate my experience, hoping that it may be a word in season for some at least.

Soon after my conversion in the spring of 1863, I was pointed to the King's highway, but on account of various causes, after having sought for a short time, my zeal vanished. However, the Lord again knocked at the door of my heart, about a year after, and I again began earnestly to seek, and it seemed to me, that I stood upon the threshold of perfect love, when the enemy of my soul succeeded to divide my attention, so that I lost sight of the object of my pursuit. This discouraged me somewhat, yet I could not blame any one but myself, for not having attained to perfect love. Still the hope remained in my heart, some time to receive the blessing, but my faith as to the reality of such experience, as I hoped for, was fearfully shaken, clouds of doubt surrounded me on all sides. Yet of one thing I was certain, that the great commandment is, "Thou shalt love the Lord with all thy heart," and this I very well knew, I had neither

power nor grace to do, but I firmly trusted that what is impossible with men, is possible with God. At the same time a kind Christian friend, who was aware of my condition, and to whom I shall ever be thankful for her faithful endeavors, brought to my remembrance the words of our blessed Saviour, "If any man will do his will he shall know of the doctrine."

I then reasoned thus: From scripture and from the experience of true Christians it is evident that there is a higher state of grace to be enjoyed, than that which I possess, and this includes perfect love; since the holy bible speaks of it, it must also show the way and manner to obtain it, as well as point the way to regeneration; and since God is no respecter of persons, this blessing is also intended for me; hence, the Lord is able and willing not only to show me the way, but also to bring me to a realization of perfect love.

Accordingly I took the precious bible as my guide, with the firm resolution, by the assistance of divine grace to do whatsoever the Lord would be pleased to reveal unto me as his will. Immediately I saw how unfaithful and selfish I had been in the past, and as I inquired and searched for the reason of this new discovery, I saw my evil and deceitful heart. My cry was now day and night, Create in me a clean heart, and fill it with thy perfect love. All this time Satan tried to impede my progress by suggestions like these: You will now perhaps be obliged to seek for years, and then you may not obtain the desired blessing. Yet I had no time to parley with him, as this could not satisfy my aching heart. And wonderful, after seeking just one week very earnestly, I was enabled to believe that the Lord had accepted my sacrifice, and glory be to his holy name, He poured his perfect love into my waiting heart. He enabled me to believe myself "dead indeed unto sin, but alive unto God through our Lord Jesus Christ," and brought me to a realization that this is *entire sanctification*. How could I ever doubt? was one of the first questions that arose in my mind, when placing my foot on holy ground; but glory be to Him, He can disperse all clouds of darkness

and doubt, and whom the Son maketh free, is free indeed.

Though the enemy is busily engaged to bar my way, yet I trust in the power of the Lord and in his cross I glory; though reproach may be heaped upon me in professing the sanctifying grace of God, yet I am determined to do just as my trusty Guide may direct me; I must say, "Whither should I go? thou only hast the words of eternal life." No greater desire have I now, but to see all my powers employed in his special service, for never in all eternity can I repay the debt of love which I owe to my blessed Redeemer. Praise the Lord, oh my soul, and forget not all his benefits.

BEREA, Ohio, 1868.

For the Guide.

HOLINESS.

REV. S. N. MARSH.

The fundamental doctrine of the M. E. church, the peculiar and distinguishing feature adopted by the great founder of Methodism, is the attainability of entire sanctification in the present life. And yet, high and holy as it is, and of so vital importance to the happiness and success of the Christian, alas how few of our people have the knowledge and experience of this grace. To ameliorate this, the ministry should first be perfected in love; then, and then only, are they fully qualified to enlighten the laity.

While it is important to induce sinners to seek Christ, it is no less so, to prompt those who have sought Him, to a closer walk with God. It is important that the nursery be planted, but it is no less so that it be cultivated thereafter.

Why is it that church members possess so little vital godliness? Why is it that they are so absorbed in secular speculations in the service of the God of Mammon? Why is it that no more interest is manifested in the prayer meeting and the class room? Is it not, *in part*, that we as ministers confine ourselves too much to the single work of regeneration? Do we sufficiently elucidate the privileges and duties of Christians as to the degrees of grace? Do we not somewhat impress

the minds of the auditory, that only sinners are in danger of God's wrath? and that those who are genuinely converted have only so to abide?

Under this impress, supposing that the highest achievements have been attained, and God's requirements met, they gradually relax their energies, perhaps imperceptibly for the time, until they lose their interest in spiritual things.

Would it not be conducive to the development of God's kingdom, to preach boldly, that every soul unconscious of progress is in jeopardy every hour?

God commanded John to write to the church of the Laodiceans, saying, "I know thy works, that thou art neither cold nor hot. So then, because thou art lukewarm, I will spue thee out of my mouth." O! what a terrible denunciation to the careless professor! "Not every one that saith unto me Lord, Lord, shall enter into the kingdom of heaven."

Should it not then be forcibly expounded as an absolute necessity, to "grow in grace," to "walk in the light," to "run with patience the race that is set before us," to "go on to perfection!" How can we *grow*, or *walk*, or *run*, or *go on*, without being conscious of advancement? And if we have no sensible evidence that we are advancing, are not our souls in imminent peril? Life is too brief and too serious to be frittered away. It is high time that every indifferent soul be aroused by the the tocsin of alarm—"Awake thou that sleepest, and arise from the dead, and Christ shall give thee light."

But is holiness attainable! Most certainly. It is derogatory to the character of God, to assert that he would command his children to do that which they are unable to perform. God never would have said, "Come unto me *all* ye that labor and are heavy laden," if even *one* of those so addressed were precluded by the interposition of an irrevocable decree. No more would he have said, "Be ye holy," "Be ye therefore perfect," if the privilege of holiness or perfection were not extended to them. "This is the will of God, even your sanctification;" and so urgently is it enjoined upon us, and so

essential, that the Apostle declares, "without holiness no man shall see the Lord."

Some of the Corinthians enjoyed the sanctifying grace of God, for Paul's letter was addressed "to them that are sanctified in Christ Jesus." Not only so, but we have the testimony of thousands who have experienced it. And how desirable it is indeed! The Christian recognizes that God has a design in his creation and redemption; he recognizes also, that of himself he is too ignorant to discover and too weak to execute that design. Therefore, having placed himself and all his interests on the altar, and having invoked the holy fire of God's love to purify the sacrifice, he awaits the direction of divine wisdom and the qualification of divine power, to be conformed unto the will and image of God. Constantly sounding in his ears is the Apostolic declaration, "Ye are not your own, for ye are bought with a price, therefore, glorify God in your body and in your spirit which are God's." His attention is arrested by the universal challenge of Solomon, "Let us hear the conclusion of the whole matter; Fear God and keep his commandments, for this is the whole duty of man."

The "whole duty of man," then, is the design of God. How can we perform that duty, how can we execute that design, how can we "glorify God," how can we "fear God and keep his commandments," except we be directed and qualified from on high? The constant prayer of the faithful follower of Jesus is, "Not as I will but as thou wilt." The desires of his heart, conformable to the approving smiles of his Heavenly Father, ascend as a holy incense before the throne. By prayer he holds commercial intercourse with God. The ships of desire enter the port of heaven, and return freighted with the spices and aloes of ethereal blessings. His life and labors, his time and talents, his influence and possessions are all consecrated to the service of his Master. He is "careful for nothing," and imitates his Saviour by going about doing good. He is at peace with God, with man and with himself;

and that peace is deep and abiding, flowing like a river.

Why is it that brethren do not unanimously seek and obtain this pure and constant source of comfort and power. Do they hesitate because they desire to withhold from God? or because they love and foster the germs of sin imbedded in the soul? O! we cannot think so. God forbid! Is it that they disbelieve the doctrine? Let them remember the inspired exhortation of the Apostle, "I beseech you, therefore, brethren, by the mercies of God that ye present your bodies a *living* sacrifice, *holy*, acceptable unto God, which is your *reasonable* service."

Is it that they lack faith? "What things soever ye desire when ye pray, believe that ye receive them and ye shall have them." O! can we not place confidence in God's word? Every promise is ratified by an oath. Had he sworn by the heavens and the earth, then only so long as they continued would the oath be valid. But he swore by himself, and his oath is as enduring as his existence, "As I *live* saith the Lord." As his existence is immutable, his oath is immutable; as his oath is immutable, his promise is immutable; so we have the strong consolation of two immutable things, the oath and the promise, in which it is impossible for God to lie. "Heaven and earth shall pass away, but my word shall not pass away." O! let us, then, believe his promises, heed his precepts, and obey his mandates; and may "the very God of peace sanctify us wholly."

WESTVILLE, O.

For the Guide.

EXPERIENCE OF A PASTOR'S WIFE.

MRS. ANNIE A. CLARK.

It is out of a clear conviction of duty, that I give a brief statement of the Lord's dealings with my soul. I experienced religion at the age of fifteen, and well remember the exact time and place where God spoke peace to my soul. A few weeks after He laid His afflicting hand upon me. For one year I was prostrated upon a low couch of pain

with spinal affection. Several of the first physicians in the State gave me up to die, but to the astonishment of all, God raised me up again, and in three years time I regained my health.

On that bed of pain I spent many happy hours. Jesus made my bed in sickness. I proved His grace sufficient to sustain in affliction, and was very happy in His love. After being able to emerge from the sick-chamber into the busy world, I did not go alone, Jesus went with me. I performed my outward duties, and enjoyed secret prayer, and never lost the witness of justification, or had any inclination to go into the world to seek for happiness. The pleasures of the world had lost their charm. Yet I trusted almost entirely to feeling. I was much in the dark, and felt there were roots of bitterness still lurking there. I struggled hard to get the victory to do the work myself, but all my best efforts failed.

"The Guide to Holiness" fell in my hands, which was a great blessing to me, and gave me to feel the need of holiness. My heart was panting after something I did not possess. I thought it might be for others, yet feared that the precious pearl was beyond the reach of one so unworthy as myself. Then if I did receive it, how could I profess to be cleansed from all sin. I might make a miss step, and bring reproach on the cause.

One year, last January, my husband held a series of meetings, he enjoyed the blessing, and had brethren laboring with him, who professed to enjoy the blessing also. My convictions deepened; I wept, groaned, and prayed for deliverance, and felt that all was upon the altar, yet owing to some deficiency in my faith, the Lord delayed His coming. For one hour I was upon my knees, in the presence of my family, groaning after full redemption. My faith took hold, and victory came. I scaled the golden summit, and seized the offered prize.

It would be in vain to attempt to describe the glory that settled down upon me, the holy joy that filled my soul. My cup of happiness was full, running

over. I have been called to walk by faith much of the time since, and do not now trust to emotion; but, glory be to God, the emotion comes, the power settles, and all the way along it is Jesus.

I have my infirmities, and always expect to have in this life, yet I praise God, I have that which takes away the sting of death and fear of man. Jesus did not die in vain, leaving the soul uncheered and unblest, for days and weeks wandering o'er burning sands, desert wastes and wilds, with no water, o'er all the plain, to quench our burning thirst. No praise His name.

"To procure us perfect freedom
Jesus suffered, groaned, and died,
On the cross, the healing fountain,
Issued from His wounded side."

PORT MATILDA, 1868.

For the Guide.

DIVINE COMMUNINGS

DURING A WALK IN THE COUNTRY.

MARY D. JAMES.

From Nature's great, grand temple how my soul

Sends forth its praise! Welling up from springs,

Hidden and deep, to the great Architect
Of this, our beauteous earth and worlds unknown.

In this lone spot, so still, so sweet—no sound
Save warbling of the birds—now sending up
Their morning songs, in unison with mine,
From a glad heart attuned to loftier praise.
Secluded from the busy crowd, and from
The "din and tumult of the city full."

How calm my spirits! waiting His voice
To hear, who only speaks to silent hearts,
In listening attitude.

A hallowed awe

Pervades my mind as the Great Spirit speaks.
Speaks to my inmost soul. Does He not speak

In all creation? Grass, flowers, trees, hills, vales,

Woods, brooks, rivers, and seas? "He filleth all."

In all His works—so wondrous—seen, admired,

Adored. An all-pervading Spirit—God

Omnipotent, Omniscient : holding in
His hand the universe and ruling all—
Guiding, controlling all things by His word.
I see Him in His works—I hear Him speak
In these ;—but not in these alone I see
And hear the Infinite. Deep down within
My soul—the inner eye and ear perceive
The Great Triune—and with the incarnate
God hold converse as with earthly friend—
So near.—His presence real—vivid—as
The form of any living one before
My eyes! Yes, even to me He speaks—on me
He smiles—and to my heart reveals His love.
And hidden treasures which eye hath not seen
Unfolds! Now lost in wonder, I exclaim,
Amazing grace! Stupendous love!

How pale
The lights of earth—its *brightest lights*
Before the rays of His all-glorious face!
How meagre all its richest good compared
With joys divine!—Its love—its highest bliss,
How vain, how poor, to His—that fails not in
The trying hour, when clouds and darkness
come,
And heart and flesh are failing—and our
props
And comforts one by one fall from our grasp.
O, then to feel the everlasting arms
Support, sustain! To know that God is
pledged
To succor and to save the soul that trusts
In Him, and *feel the promise mine. "I am*
Thy shield."—"*Thy sure defence.*" What
words can speak
The bliss of such a soul?

Will God, indeed,
Dwell with frail man upon the earth, and
make
His heart the temple of the Holy One.
Yes, with the humble contrite one he loves
To dwell. The heart that bows in meekness
down
At the Redeemer's feet, He makes His
home.
O wondrous condescension! I, a mote
Floating in the sun's rays—an atom in
Creation—the Omniscient Eye beholds
And notes as an undying soul—ransomed
And saved through the atoning blood—
Bought with a "price—*all price beyond*"
And precious in His sight.

And am I owned
And loved, and saved by Him—the eternal
God?
And do I rest beneath His sheltering wings?
And will they be my covert till life's storm
Is past, and landed on the heavenly shore
I sing the victor's song? Is this a dream?
O, *can it be reality?* Can all
This bliss be mine?

'Tis not a dream! I am
Awake! I see, I feel, I know 'tis true!
THIS BLISS IS MINE! My soul, o'erwhelmed
Sinks down in speechless awe and rapturous
love
At His dear feet who gave Himself for me,
And washed me in His own most precious
blood,
To Him my being consecrate, and live
His love to show and glorify His name.

For the Guide.

AMID THE OAKS.

MISS A. MILLS.

It was my privilege to spend three
happy weeks in groves during my summer
vacation.

June 23d our tent was pitched near
Omro, a town within the bounds of the
Appleton District, Wis. Conf. The
number of tents was not large, but God
was with us.

Holiness was the theme in the stand,
in the altar, and in the tents. There
were ready witnesses to testify that
Jesus' blood cleanseth, and the number
of these was multiplied daily. Others
felt the joy of pardon. There was earnest
work done for eternity notwithstanding
the heat.

No rain fell during the week. The
sunny days passed quickly, and soon a
company gathered at the bank of the
river, and while we waited for the boat,
we sang,

"Shall we gather at the river."

And parted from many whose faces we
may not see again, until we meet on the
banks of the beautiful river of life.

A few days intervening, I left the cars
near another pleasant grove, where the
Milwaukee Camp Meeting was being

held. This was a lovely spot. All nature seemed to invite us to praise God, and there were gathered those whose hearts responded to the call.

Some were fully saved, and immediately sought their friends, that they might tell them what God had done for their souls, and with love's resistless power urge them to come to the cleansing fountain.

How swiftly the hours sped in that beautiful temple! Working for Jesus, we felt like singing, "Labor is rest."

How dear these friends of Jesus seemed, but the hour of parting tarried not. O, may we all meet amid the groves of Paradise, to recount wonderful victories gained in the name of our Immanuel.

Weeks passed, crowned with mercies calling for ceaseless songs of praise, and in my journeyings I stopped at Freeport, Ill., and sought the oaks a few miles from the city. This was the most beautiful encampment of the three.

Here also God's people cried unto Him for clean hearts, and some heard the glorious Saviour reply, "I will be thou clean."

The young people had a meeting daily in one of the large tents. There the voice of the Holy Spirit was heard, and lovely youth laying all at Jesus' feet, were taught by that Spirit to cry, "Abba Father."

Children's meetings were held with good results.

Before the meeting closed, other duties made it necessary for me to leave these friends that I loved much, because they loved my Saviour. But often amid life's busy scenes, will thought return to the groves where summer hours were spent, working for the Master, and the memory of scenes witnessed there, will nerve me for conflicts and victories wherever my Captain leads.

I never saw more clearly the beauty of holiness than now. Never have I more fully realized that it was the privilege and duty of believers to be saved from inbred sin now.

For the Guide.

PRAYER.

MRS. S. J. STODDARD,

O, wondrous power to feeble mortals given,
To move by faith His arm whose throne is
heaven
To reach—through Him—the distant and
the near,
While lowly bowed in true believing prayer!

Shut in their closet what communion sweet
Is deemed to those who thus their Saviour
meet—
"We kneel: now weak—we rise: how full
of power,"
Trusting in Christ alone—our strength and
tower.

At His dear feet we lay each burden down,
And look aloft, and see the glitt'ring crown,
Firmly we gird the heavenly armor on,
Resolv'd to fight until the warfare's done.

How do the mountains waste, the hills re-
tire,
The foes we feared retreat, nor vent their
ire—
The clouds disperse, the darkest shadows
flee,
While for his own, His arm outstretched we
see!

O, wherefore, wherefore are we ever weak?
O, *wherefore*, when 'tis ours such strength to
seek?
Rise, rise my soul, thy glorious boon im-
prove,
Thy strength renew, and mount on wings of
love!

For the Guide.

APPAREL.

Q. Q.

A minister, an old friend, was spending a few days with Mr. and Mrs. Green, and their conversation was mostly upon the interests of the Church, as they are all earnest, self-denying Christians, and it was a favored season to exchange opinions and views upon critical subjects.

"And what do you think," said Mrs.

Green, "of the present mode of Christian women's dress?" After some moments of silence, he answered, "Well, I have thought a great deal about it, but have almost concluded that it is a fruitless subject of care and concern, and I cannot stem the torrent of the world in this respect—it is a continuous evil. It is a great matter of astonishment to me, that good women, or such as I have reason to think strive to do right in some things, *waste and throw away their power and influence* in this way. They not only waste their Lord's money, but his precious gifts and talents, in the small business of adorning the body, to be a gazing-stock for others. And sometimes, when they see all this in God's light, and lay aside their ornaments, &c., I have known them turn again to their folly and clothe themselves with the old trash. Oh, how my heart has, as it were withered within me, when I have observed these things; and my dear wife, I believe, has wept over her weak sisters. We expect to see worldly women living according to the fashion of the world, but it is exceedingly afflicting to see those who have taken upon themselves the solemn vow to 'renounce the pomps and vanities of the world,' excelling the world as walking blocks of fashion.

"I think with Dr. Johnson that a well-dressed lady wears nothing that makes her peculiar to attract the gaze of her exterior—but like Mrs. Edmunds, who is never noticed by her dress, but by what she *says and does*—opening her mouth with wisdom. My wife, who knows more about these things than I do, fears many women will damn their souls, through their gentility and taste, as easily as the rich man who clothed himself in purple and fine linen. I often tremble when I take women into the Church and see the great temptation to vanity which surrounds them *in the Church*.

"It cannot be denied that vanity is woman's weakness, and she is a wise woman who knows her besetment, and takes up her cross of self-denial. In our day, woman's power for good is unlim-

ited, and she may strike out any new track of usefulness she pleases, and carry the Church with her, *if she is only consistent in heart and life*. What some are doing are samples of what all might do."

"And what is your remedy?"

"There is but one, that is, the sanctification of the heart, the cleansing out of those idols, by the precious, powerful blood of Jesus."

"But have you not seen some fall from that state of grace into the old snare?"

"I have; and this shows the power of the evil; but there must first be a mistake—a letting loose somewhere from the vital union with Christ. We are not infallible, or beyond temptation in the body; great watchfulness is necessary against an old favorite enemy—like that of the drunkard against his cups. I cannot see what good women can do about this matter only through the power of example—advice where it will be received, and prayer will reach cases inaccessible to all other influences.

"There is no doubt but many are laying up for themselves bitter tears and sorrows, if they are ever purified from these evils, before they are made ready for the heavenly inheritance."

For the Guide.

FAITH AND ITS EFFECTS.

SILAS B. ROWE.

For many years I scarcely durst consider myself saved, because I was continually looking for happy feeling as the evidence. When that was not in possession, which, I think, is less frequent and copious with me than with many, and that an account of peculiarity of temperament; my hopes of everlasting life were measurably dimmed by fear and doubt. I never was fully settled on the point of evidence, until I read "Faith and its Effects," which taught, that it is God's word of promise, and not man's feeling, which assures us of our reception, when we *know* we have submitted to the terms.

Now, when all kinds of storm meet

together, and at once, from all points of Satan's compass, as if to carry down, I am only carried up feeling or no feeling. Why? Because "by faith ye stand." If this book did so much for me, after years of despondency, might it not establish some *other* vacillating soul if it were read, and how can it be read, unless it be had, and how can it be had unless it be recommended and advertised, and how can it be better advertised than through "the Guide." No deceptive flattery is ever just, nor would it be such kind of recommendation to say that "Faith and its Effects" should go down to the generations to come, to show that it is a very great, and yet a very little thing to believe.

Loved One's Gone Before.

For the Guide.

MRS. JULIA GILLETT.

REV. W. G. MILLER, D. D.

Sister Julia Gillett, wife of B. S. Gillett, Esq., of the City of Fond du Lac, Wisconsin, departed this life on the 13th day of April, A. D., 1868. She was born at Rushford, Alleghany County, New York, on the 9th day of November, A. D., 1821. Her maiden name was Catlin. The death of her father, which occurred two years later, left her to the care of her mother exclusively, and though left in very moderate circumstances, she did not fail to furnish, in addition to the comforts of life, a thorough religious training. This mother, who lived in the fellowship of the M. E. Church fifty years, was permitted to rejoice in the fruit of her care and toil. Sister Gillett was converted when seventeen years of age, at Farmersville, Cataraugus County, New York, and was soon after united in marriage with the now bereaved husband.

Both herself and husband were immediately fully identified with the M. E. Church at Farmersville, and became earnest laborers in the Master's vineyard. She professed the blessing of holiness in the summer of 1850. From this moment her life took on a deeper

type of religious feeling and a more zealous devotion. She thrust herself into every open door of usefulness. Both at Farmersville and after her removal to this city, which occurred in the summer of 1854, she was abundant in labors.

The Sabbath School work was her delight. She was not only constant in her attendance as a teacher, but especially useful in looking up the poor children, and leading them to the school, and often clothing the more needy ones. Nor was she satisfied until the members of her class were all safely gathered into the fold of Christ.

Being gifted in prayer, Christian testimony, and exhortation, her presence was always felt in the social means of grace. In protracted meetings, she was successful in leading awakened souls to the altar, and at the altar no less successful in leading the mourner to the Cross. In the class room especially she was able to render important aid to her husband in the responsible duty of leader. Her clear and consistent testimony to the doctrine of entire sanctification, did not fail to lead the Church to a higher experience. Her soul-stirring songs thrown in at the opportune moment, were always refreshing.

She was a fearless tract distributor, visiting every house in her course, and rarely failing to accomplish the errand in hand. Her frequent visits to the sick and dying afforded another opportunity to bring out her strong Christian character. A more consistent and symmetrical Christian life is seldom found, and her place will not soon be filled. Her last sickness was severe and protracted. The disease, asthmatic consumption and dropsy, gave her great suffering, and prevented her lying down for weary weeks, yet she did not complain. She seemed patient, and even joyful, though in severe pain. At times an overwhelming sense of the divine favor lifted her into great ecstasy of feeling. "Glory to Jesus" was often on her lips. During the last few days she was blessed with angelic companionships. They seemed to her quickened vision to be in her room. She has now gone to join them on high. May the bereaved husband be divinely sustained.

For the Guide.

MRS. DR. BEAN.

REV. S. BEAN, M. D.

"My beloved has departed,
While I tarry broken-hearted,
In the dreary, empty house.
She has ended life's brief story,
She has reached her home in glory,
Over death victorious.

The subject of this notice passed triumphantly from earth to heaven on the 27th of April, in the 27th year of her age. She was brought up by pious parents, and when but thirteen years old made her peace with God. When about twenty-one she felt the need of a deeper work of grace, and sought and found the blessing of purity. From that time to the day of her death she professed and *lived* holiness. She was faithful in her attendance on the means of grace, both public and private. Sometimes, when the weather was very wet on the Sabbath, she would prepare for church as if there was no rain, and an hour or so before the appointed time she would retire to her closet and pray, that the rain might cease, so that she, with others, might meet in the sanctuary to worship, and she has said, "I do not recollect ever praying for it to cease raining but it did, and I got to church." She believed "that prayer does move the arm that moves the world." Once when her father fell into condemnation, she and her second brother staid up all night, engaged in earnest believing prayer, and were rewarded by seeing their father happily restored to his former peace.

About ten months previous to her decease she was united in holy matrimony to Dr. S. Bean. In this she desired to be guided wholly by the Spirit, to have no will of her own, as her letters clearly showed. She was a great lover of the Bible, which she read daily for a number of years. Next to her Bible she loved "the Guide to Holiness." She intended writing her experience for the same, but death forbade. After her marriage she continued to be the same bright, shining "light of the world." She always took her turn in family prayer, and in this way, and many others, proved herself to be a "helpmeet" to her husband.

The union promised to be long and sweet. But though man proposes, God disposes, and

she was laid low. It was during her short illness that the veil that separates us from the heavenly land, which is so near us, and all around us, was partly drawn aside.

Not a doubt, nor a fear possessed her. She had but one trouble, and that was the unsaved state of one of her brothers—the only one out of nine that is unsaved. Two days before she died she had a letter written to him, in which she manifested the "spirit she was of." He had been the burden of her prayers for years. In this letter she says:—"I agonized with God to save you by any means, even to sending death into the family. I felt willing to lay down my life at any time, if by so doing your soul might be saved from eternal death. I did not arrive at this willingness to be offered up without a struggle; but when I considered the *misery* of a *lost soul*, the *endless duration* of this misery, I could not, yea, I would not hesitate one single moment, &c. Perhaps you will think I've done much; but think how much more, indescribably more, did Christ do for you! He left a world of glory—came into this sin-cursed world, suffered the reproaches of wicked men; He bled and died for you, *all for you*, as much so as *if you had been the only person in the world.*"

The day before she died she spoke much on the subject of "heart purity." Exhorting all around her, and exacting promises from them to seek clean hearts. "An unsanctified person," she said, "is like a rough stick, full of knots, and limbs which catch at almost everything, and many a time have they to weep over backslidings, while a person wholly sanctified is (with great earnestness, she repeated) as smooth as glass, as smooth as glass, and passes through the world but little affected by the world, and the things of it. O, be fully given up to God. None but the holy shall enter the pearly gates."

While in the agonies of death Rev. Mr. Milliken came in, and she said, "O, Mr. M., this is a solemn time, but all is well, all is well."

A few hours before she breathed her last she sang the angel's song of over 1800 years ago, "Glory to God in the highest." Again and again repeated, "I'll praise my Maker while I've breath, I hope to praise Him after death," and "I'm going to glory," etc. She

continued to sing for half or three-quarters of an hour, while her face was beaming with heavenly light. Such happiness, such joy, pen cannot describe. Death had lost its sting. Eternity only will reveal it. Let me die the death of the righteous, and let my last end be like her's.

MARKHAM, Ontario, 1868.

For the Guide.

THE BRIDE'S DEPARTURE.

MRS. M. H. TWOGOOD.

A brief sketch of the conversion and death of Francis Hewitt, youngest daughter of R. O. Hollister, Esq., of Columbia, Jackson Co., Mich.

"Leaves have their time to fall,
And flowers to wither at the north winds breath,
And stars to set,—but all
Thou hast all seasons for thine own, oh, death!"

Angels beheld it, and tuned their harps to strains of richer melody, that beautiful young bride, bowed in penitence, at the foot of the cross, crying, "God be merciful to me, a sinner," "O, save, or I perish!" and when below the shout rang forth, "I've been redeemed!" In heaven 't was said, the dead's alive, and the lost is found.

The young brother having found the priceless pearl, had borne that sister on his heart before the throne, with the holy violence, that "takes the heavens by force," until she yielded, and washed in the open fount, and added her thrilling testimony to the power of Christ to save. "That thou doest, do quickly," was suggested to her mind, and the much accomplished for the divine glory, during the few months she lingered the victim of consumption, eternity alone can tell! It was evident to all, in the midst of her extreme suffering, that while the outward man was perishing, the inner man was being renewed day by day.

None left her bed-side without the conviction that religion was, indeed, a positive reality; there was such a manifest perfection of the Spirit's graces in her heart; such union with Christ, and such an uninterrupted communion with Him.

"Not a cloud did arise to darken her skies,
Or hide for one moment the Lord from her eyes."

And when it was said, "The Master calleth thee," there was no preparation necessary;

having worn the spotless robe amid the impurities of earth, she was fully prepared to receive the welcome to "that city which hath foundations whose builder and maker is God." When she heard the rumbling of the chariot wheels, with joy inexpressible, she said, "I'm dying now! good bye one! good bye all!" Then added, while heaven's own light was shining through her countenance, "At midnight the angels call; they have come! don't you see them?" Then looking up, as though she distinctly saw and heard them, said, "I hear you! I'm coming! I'm going to drink at the celestial fountain; glory to Jesus." With the poet, she could say,

"I gaze, and as I gaze, my mounting soul
Catches strange fire, eternity at thee,
And drops the world."

"O, how I do love Jesus," oft fell from her lips, while glory, like a weight, rested upon her. "I'm going through the valley and shadow of death, but fear no evil," she said, "for Thou art with me, Thy rod and Thy staff, they comfort me." She was proving in the midst of the swellings of Jordan that her's was

"A hope that plucks
The sting from death—the victory from the grave."

When she saw her mother overwhelmed with grief, refuse to be comforted, she said, "Ma, go and pray, and give me up, do ask God to take me to Himself; don't weep, I'm not dying; just going home, was never so happy in my life before." She felt the full import of the words of Jesus, "He that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live; and whosoever liveth and believeth in me, shall never die."

Addressing the brother who brought her to Jesus, she said, "O, John, don't feel so; they are all ready for us up there." To her sister, wishing the physician sent for in haste, she said, "Never mind, Sarah, if you cannot get a physician, I have One." Thinking her friends wished to detain her, she almost reproachfully exclaimed, "O, why did you call me back? it looks more beautiful on the other side." In sweet assurance, she whispered, "His grace is sufficient for me." With the last fond kiss upon her mother's lips, she exclaimed only a few days "Ma," then without a sigh or groan, with folded arms, she

closed her eyes, and with the words, "I'm resting now," was numbered with the pure in heart on the other side.

LIBERTY, Jackson Co., Mich.

Editorial.

TREASURES.

There are but two worlds. Between these two worlds there is a great gulph fixed, so that they who would pass from one to the other cannot, as in the case of Dives and Lazarus. Life's short probation may at any moment close. The boundaries of time must sooner or later be passed by every human creature. "for it is appointed unto men once to die, and after death the judgment." The fact that life is a probation is not duly considered. If men are to be judged according to the deeds done in the body, how important that the deeds of every day be such as will bear the scrutinizing eye of God, men and angels. The motive must be pure. The fire shall reveal every man's work of what sort it is. Many good sort of people get all the reward of their seemingly benevolent deeds in this world. Not having their eye singly fixed on the glory of God, but rather on the good opinion of men they receive their reward here, that is the praise of men, but no reward awaits them hereafter.

Alas, that so few, in comparison to the mass of professing Christians, should live for the sole purpose of laying up treasure in heaven! Truly wisdom shows a narrow path, with here and there a traveler. Many show much wisdom in the accumulation of treasures on earth. They rise early, and sit late, and eat the bread of carefulness for the single motive of laying up treasure in this world. How few prosecute their worldly business for the single purpose of making its associations subservient to the salvation of those around them, and its gains as pure tributary streams toward the one great fountain of God's goodness and righteousness, which ere long is to overflow the world.

The commands, "Thou shalt not steal," "Thou shalt do no murder," &c., are considered binding, but who considers the *command* of God's incarnate Son equally binding, "Lay

not up for yourselves treasures upon earth, where moth and rust doth corrupt, and where thieves break through and steal: but lay up for yourselves treasures in heaven, where neither moth, nor rust do corrupt, and where thieves do not break through and steal, for where your treasure is, there will your heart be also." And why is it that so many, who, in name, are Christ's servants, find their thoughts and affections so groveling? Is it not because they do not make it life's one great aim to lay up treasures in heaven!—the result is only as might be expected; that is, *their hearts are not there.*

SINGLE-HANDED FIGHT.

LETTER TO A MINISTER, SETTING FORTH THE WAY TO HAVE AN IMMEDIATE REVIVAL.

DEAR BROTHER:

**** We would be really thankful could we, in answer to your invitation, come and assist you in a few days labor for Jesus at W., but in view of many pressing calls elsewhere, we cannot do so. We might, perhaps, if thought very desirable, come for a *short visit*, staying from Saturday till Tuesday morning.

Doing thus, we might help you toward setting the battle in array. The hosts of Israel at W., aye, the world over, have a right to meditate attacks on Satan's kingdom, and not wait for Satan to make attacks on them. Surely the hosts of Zion ought not to stand merely on the defensive.

This is a *redeemed* world. It *belongs* to our God and His Christ. Satan, though called the prince of this world, is not in fact so. He is a *usurper*. Christians are soldiers fighting for their King. It is, therefore, they are called to take unto themselves the whole armor. What an inspiring thought, that the armory of heaven is ever open. Under such circumstances, how long need it take ONE and ALL of the divisions of God's sacramental hosts under your command to arm themselves, for an immediate onset against Satan's kingdom.

A singular idea has prevailed among too many of Israel's forces, that the captains are to do the fighting, whereas, the captains are, of course, to do all they can, but their work is mainly to order out the forces under their

command, and lead them forth to glorious conquest. This is surely what the commander-in-chief of Zion's hosts demands of you now. Resolve on an immediate attack on Satan's kingdom. By virtue of the power with which the Head of the Church has invested you, call upon every man, woman, or child, whose name is on the Church record, as having enlisted in the service of the King of glory, to come forth and do their part toward bringing this revolted world back to the world's Redeemer. *In the name of the Lord begin, at once.*

If you cannot get all your members to arm themselves, and come up to the help of the Lord against the mighty, get all you can. Tell those who do not obey the call, and at once arm themselves for the battle, to read Judges v., 23. (Perhaps you had better read it for them.)

But do not be in any way disheartened, though your company may be small. Gideon's army was small, but how gloriously victorious. Thus it will be with your little army. Don't be afraid to bring up your forces, however small, at once. Set the battle in array, remembering, "One shall chase a thousand, and two shall put ten thousand to flight."

If you think we can do you any important service by coming on Saturday next, 26th inst., and remaining over Sabbath, I think we might be able to do so, in case your people resolve to come up at once to the help of the Lord against the mighty.

There was once a battle fought very successfully, when the order seemed to be a sort of single-handed fight. *Every man marked his man.* The order of the battles in which we engage is, that every man should mark his man for God, and every woman her friend.

Revival Miscellany.

For the Guide.

MODERN PENTECOST.

J. W. H.

The meeting at Manheim for the promotion of Christian holiness, which was begun on the Tuesday afternoon, had, though very quiet, increased in Divine influence and effect through the week. The Sabbath was a

great and blessed day of the Lord. At the prayer meeting in the evening, after a clear and forcible address by Brother Cookman, at which probably 10,000 persons were present,—most of them on their knees,—the power of God was strongly felt. I was told that Bishop S., looking out upon the scene, said he had never beheld anything like it before, and that he was moved to say, "Surely God is in this place!"

On Monday the influence of the Holy Spirit through the various meetings continued to augment. Brother Thompson, from Philadelphia, preached in the evening, answering objections to the doctrine of Christian holiness, and seeking to remove difficulties out of the way of earnest inquirers. The leader of the meeting followed him in an exhortation of unusual power, in which he seemed really to be carried beyond himself. He then invited pastors and people, all, about 3000 in number, to unite upon their knees for a short time in silent prayer, looking for the baptism of the Holy Ghost. They did so. The scene which almost immediately followed, led me to say, that I should never again read the opening of the second chapter of the acts of the Apostles, without feeling at liberty to remark, I myself have witnessed something very similar to this; for while we were kneeling, "there came from heaven the sound as of a rushing wind." I have omitted the word "mighty," which is in the text, as it might, perhaps, too strongly express the phenomenon I saw and felt. But "there came a sound from heaven as of a rushing wind," and it filled all the place where the people were kneeling. And yet the trees were not swayed, nor did the leaves tremble more quickly than before; but the place seemed instinct with the presence of God. There was at first

"The sacred awe that dares not move,
And all the silent heaven of love,"

And then a murmur of prayer arose, and some clapping of hands, with expressions of joyful surprise. The leader said, sing,

"Take my poor heart, and let it be
Forever closed to all but Thee."

As we sang slowly, lowly, reverently, meaningly, the power increased, and he repeated, "Sing it again." We sang it again,

and the feeling still increased. Many fell in the congregation, as in the assemblies of the early Church, and lay prostrate. A brother told me that four persons around him fell down as though struck with lightning. The ministers in the large stand or pulpit, bowed their heads, buried their faces in their hands, grasped one another's hands, or held fast to the chairs on which they had been sitting. I have never desired to "lose my strength" as it is called, or to be overpowered by my religious emotions, and had never experienced any near approach to such condition until on this occasion. I felt myself giving way under the divine influence pressing upon us all, and laid hold upon the chairs on either side of me to keep myself from falling. It seemed as though my soul might be taken out of the body, and the physical effect was such that cold sweat came out over my person. I had also a sensation as though a soft, pleasant air were playing about my forehead. I thought at one time of saying, "Lord, stay Thy hand," but in an instant I shrank from any such thought. There was no fear upon me, but a deep, solemn sense of the presence of God, and it appeared to me that if the divine power continued and increased much more, the Christian portion of the worshippers might be lifted into glory!

The singing ceased, and the leader of the meeting called on a minister, who was kneeling near him, to pray, but he could not, and he attempted to say a few words, but it was in vain, for every one instinctively felt that it was improper for mortal man to speak aloud in such a manifestation of the presence of God. A minister, however, cried out, "Ride on, O Lord Jesus, ride on!" and it was most evident that the conquering Master had taken the field. The power of God was everywhere felt. The ungodly evidently owned it. No one dared move his tongue against the incontrovertible fact.

As the singing ceased, the influence gradually returned to its more ordinary degree, though still very present. I looked out over the kneeling congregation, and it appeared to me as though it were illuminated. I said to one near me, "Does it not appear to you as though the congregation was illuminated?" He said, "Why, your own countenance is illuminated?"

The ministers were then told that many in the congregation were calling for mercy, and we were invited to go and counsel them. I went out with my brethren, and found some calling on God for mercy and forgiveness; others were singing, "My God is reconciled," &c., while others were shouting, "Glory, hallelujah." It was a scene never to be forgotten. Many, I doubt not, were converted; many were wholly sanctified to God that night; all God's servants and hand maidens were filled with the Holy Ghost, and did speak then, and through all the remainder of the meeting, as the Holy Ghost gave them utterance. Some of the holy women spoke as I had never heard mortal tongue speak before. Many ministers and people referred to this wondrous revealing of God's presence as like a Pentecostal baptism.

Nothing that I have ever felt or witnessed came as near to a palpable, visible manifestation of God's presence to my senses as this of which I have been writing, and I shall ever feel hereafter beyond all I had ever felt before, that God is not very far from every one of us, for in Him we live and move, and have our being.

For the Guide.

REVIVAL OF HOLINESS—SHALL IT CONTINUE?

REV. R. V. LAWRENCE.

The long-desired revival of holiness in the M. E. Church has come, as was manifest at the National Camp-meeting at Manheim. Thousands of people and hundreds of ministers wending their way from all parts of the Union, in the midst of about the hottest weather ever known in this country, to Manheim, and remaining there ten days despite the dust and heat, means something.

It means that there is a revolt from the *gilded formalism* so long called religion in so many quarters, and a yearning for the higher life promised in the word of God. Those devoted to the idea of holiness, helped of God, have not labored in vain. But shall this movement continue, and widen, and extend? It should, and it may. God has put complete success within our reach. We must use the *ordinary* and a few *extraordinary* means to this end.

It seems to me that God favors the hold-

ing of *full salvation conventions* in halls in a half dozen of the chief cities of the Union. To these let there be a general gathering of ministers and people already ardent in the cause. Let these meetings continue two or three days, diversified with preaching, prayer, and experience meetings, etc. In a word, Manheim Camp-meeting compressed into a hall.

Then let a general meeting, having the same object, be held, if possible, in every P. E.'s district. Call the friends of holiness together. If they are few in any given vicinity, send for help.

If a number of such meetings could be held while the weather is pleasant, a momentum would be imparted to revival movements for the winter months, such as was never felt before.

While we are loving, gentle, and conservative, let us be bold, venturesome, and aggressive for God. "The earth helped the woman." Let railroads, steamboats, magnetic wires, great halls, be used by the people of God for the transportation and diffusion of the great central truth, that "the blood of Jesus Christ, His Son, cleanseth us from all sin."

Will New York, Philadelphia, or Baltimore lead off in this great movement?

KEYPORT, N. J.

For the Guide.

HEDDING CAMP MEETING.

REV. R. S. STUBBS.

To our dear friends of Jesus who read the Guide to Holiness, I write a few words from New Hampshire. Our camp meeting at Epping, known as "Hedding Camp Meeting," has just come to a close. The first service was held in one of the tents, at which all the Societies on the ground were represented. The meeting was large, and was conducted by Rev. L. L. Eastman, assisted by Rev. James Pike, the Presiding Elder of the Dover District, and President of the Camp Meeting. The greatest liberty prevailed, the adorable Spirit of God was graciously and powerfully present, and all felt

"Lo! God is here, let us adore."

Melting power seemed to pervade the assem-

bly. "Holiness to the Lord" was the theme, and yielding up all and receiving all was the prevailing sentiment. No one will forget that meeting. It was the council chamber where God's champions assembled at the bidding of Jehovah to equip themselves with the weapons of the Almighty. The battle cry was *entire consecration to God*, and, as the people of God went forth from the upper room at Jerusalem at the Pentecost, so these brethren and sisters went forth, to gather fruit unto eternal life.

The bias of the week's labors was given at that meeting. God's chosen ones were in perfect accord, they were of one heart and mind. Every sermon, and every prayer, and every exhortation, and every song seemed to glow with the blessed baptism of that halloved hour.

On Wednesday evening, the Chestnut Street Church, from Nashua, N. H., invited a portion of the sacramental hosts of the Lord to go and dedicate their beautiful new tent. Rev. G. W. H. Clarke, Presiding Elder of the Claremont District, led the meeting, assisted by several of the former pastors of that church and others of the dear ministers of the N. H. Conference. This was another meeting of deep interest, and, to the praise of God, let it be announced, not only were there several persons seeking salvation, but about thirty persons rose and presented themselves as seekers of the blessing of perfect love! The love of God, like waves of glory, filled many hearts, and the shouts as of a King was heard in the camp. It was glorious. By one consent, many shouted Hallelujah! The Lord God Omnipotent reigneth! During the week, at the altar and in the tents, many precious penitents sought and found Jesus. On Friday afternoon about thirty souls were forward seeking pardon, and a large number were made happy in the experience of a Saviour's love. Earnestly did the church labor, fervently did they pray, and a divine unction was felt in an unusual degree. From first to last the great power of God was present to heal. Glory to His name!

At the Love Feast, also, Holiness, Perfect Love, Full Salvation, were expressions of frequent occurrence. I herewith send you a

few testimonies which I heard fall from the lips of God's chosen witnesses:

"Christ is formed in me the hope of glory."
 "Jesus saves me now." "I feel that He saves me now." "I love God with all my heart, and bless him for a full salvation."
 "I shall stand up for the old apostolic doctrine of the direct witness of the blessing of perfect love." "The blood of Christ cleanseth me from all sin," This was stated by our dear, young Bro. McLaughlin, the son of one of our deceased ministers. He is about 15 years of age.

Our esteemed and venerable sister, John Baldwin, of Berea, Ohio, testified thus:—"The Sun of Righteousness arises on my soul with healing in His wings."

These are a few of the precious utterances that fell upon our ears—like heavenly manna to our souls. By the verdict of all, this meeting is the best every way, especially in a spiritual point of view and in regard to conversions, the best that has ever been held in this grove—and why? Ah, my dear reader, that first prayer meeting answers the question, it was a meeting for entire sanctification, of complete consecration, yea, of pentecostal power. To God be all the glory. He ever has and He ever will bless those who consecrate themselves entirely to Him, and then faithfully and humbly testify that *the blood of Christ cleanseth from all sin—now, NOW, NOW!*

For the Guide.

REVIVAL IN WHEELING.

REV. F. BALL.

Dr. and Mrs. Palmer having accepted an invitation from the writer of this article, to visit the Zane Street Charge, reached the city on Saturday, the 29th of August. On Sabbath morning the church was filled. The services were conducted by Dr. P. Mrs. Palmer presented the doctrine of HOLINESS in such a plain, logical and scriptural way, as to carry conviction to the hearts of scores, that without this distinct work they could not see God.

These Evangelists seem to labor constantly for immediate results. One of their mottoes is, "*present faith brings present blessings.*" The truth of which was demonstrated repeatedly during their visit.

As the services were continued every afternoon and evening during the week, there was a great increase of general interest, and of converting and sanctifying power. The vast congregations seemed to hang, spell-bound, upon the word, with that solemn attention which indicated a deep conviction that the interests of eternity were depending.

The opinion was expressed to me by some of the Fourth Street members, that up to Friday night of the first week's labors, a hundred souls had been converted, and fifty sanctified. I think, however, this estimate was rather large.

On Saturday the services were transferred to Fourth Street, where they were continued another week. The meetings during the second week were not marked by any *special increase* of power, yet there was no loss of the ground already gained. The weather was very rainy, yet the fine, large audience room was filled every evening; and on every occasion souls were converted and others sanctified.

The closing service was held in the Zane St. Church, on Sunday evening, the 13th of September. The church was filled to its utmost capacity, and a good congregation left for want of room. At least seven hundred souls heard the farewell message of these chosen servants of God. When, upon invitation, between forty and fifty knelt about the altar, seeking religion or full salvation; many of whom both sought and *found*. The services closed at a late hour, and no doubt hundreds would have lingered and worshipped till midnight or the dawn of the morning.

At the earnest solicitations of friends, by special request, Dr. and Mrs. P. took their stand in front of the altar, while the hundreds present passed before them, shaking hands amid smiles and tears, bidding them a loving farewell till they meet beyond the river. These honored servants of Christ and the church have won hundreds of hearts to themselves and to Jesus during their labors among us.

They were strangely detained here beyond our expectations. The weather was such as to preclude their hope of accomplishing any thing at a camp meeting where their services had been promised. It is clear to my mind that the Lord laid His hand upon them and

held them where they were *most needed*. They made their arrangements to leave, finally, on Saturday, the 13th, but just about train time the Lord sent over the vicinity and city such a *torrent of rain* as to settle the matter for the day. So we had them with us the third Sabbath, instead of one—as they had first expected.

The Presiding Elder of the District, Bro. Clark; Bro. Martin, of North St.; Bro. Lyda, of Chapline St.; Bro. Mullenix, Bro. Webb, and Bro. White, with many of their members from the city charges, attended the services and shared largely in the happy and blessed results. One happy effect of the services was to increase the good feeling and sympathy between the churches. And now, that these friends have left, there is to be a forward movement along the whole line upon the enemy, and we believe the captain of our salvation will continue to lead us in the conflict, and will crown us with victory.

The work of Holiness has been a *speciality* yet sinners have been repeatedly and solemnly warned, and all have had a portion in season, so that all are left without excuse.

Rev. C. D. Battelle, of Zanesville, Ohio, Bros. Hingeley, Wolf, Morton, Rhodes, Castle and Gledhill, of the Pittsburg Conference; and Bros. Hughs, R. A. Arthur, B. Ison, S. W. Davis, Bro. Farmer, and others of our Conference, were also with us. Several of these dear brethren have received the gift of power, and are urging upon their people the scriptural doctrine of "Holiness to the Lord."

In another letter I will endeavor to give the definite results of the meeting, and also some incidents of much interest.

WHEELING, W. Va., 1868.

For the Guide.

INCIDENT

AT THE SYRACUSE CAMP MEETING.

F. A. POST.

The voice of earnest supplication had been heard through a part of the night, and continued until late in the morning. Ascertaining the location of the tent, we bent our anxious steps thitherward. The precious, pleading one seemed unconscious to all around, and was just entering the rest of

faith. She had been living in the enjoyment of the pardoning love of God, but was seeking and earnestly praying for purity of heart. The dark clouds were parting, to give way to the pure light of life, she exclaimed—"There sits frowning Justice, but Jesus is pleading *for me*—kneeling before the Father. Now the drops of blood begin to fall, they faster fall, now they unite, a stream is flowing, it washes me. Flow on, waves of glory. *O, what joys cluster around that bleeding side.* If thou art well pleased with me, give me one soul, just one—my husband. But I am not worthy, I'll not dictate. Sometimes I've thought it hard to do one errand for Jesus. But He has been pleading twenty-six years for me. Yes, *pleading twenty-six years for me.* I will lie beneath thy footstool, where I can catch constantly the flowing blood; for I cannot trust myself one moment." It was the richest scene we ever witnessed. The pleading one had evidently lost sight of earth, and was evidently enjoying in some measure the glories of the celestial world. We involuntarily exclaimed in the language of the poet,

"Heaven comes down, our souls to greet,
While glory crowns the mercy-seat."

For the Guide.

REVIVAL OF HOLINESS.

Rev. E. Pierce writes: Permit me to say that the work of Holiness is moving on in Virginia with a glorious impetus. I have recently (August and September), tended camp-meetings in Augusta, Floyd, and Rock-bridge counties, (in what is known as the Valley,) and both among preachers and members there has been a deep, awakened, practical interest in the experience of heart purity as a present, definite, conscious, glorious work. O how my heart glows and thrills as I write, dwelling, in the retrospect, on events, experiences, victories in the past few weeks. In the present disorganized state of our communities, politically and religiously, it is delightful to see the all but universal inquiry, within the pale of the M. E. Church, for the old paths. I trust this inquiry may become general in all the churches. O, friends of holiness, everywhere! Forget not in your prayers the work south of the Potomac.

Here, as believers in Jesus, we need the panoply of power to foil our legion foes, we should be indued with might from on high. Thanks be to God, the blessing of perfect love is sought among us with an eagerness and triumphing faith that have their satisfactory conclusion.

Let me say that where "The Guide" is introduced the best results follow. I am with you in prayer and effort for ONE HUNDRED THOUSAND SUBSCRIBERS, the canvass to embrace our whole country.

BOTETOURT CO., VA.

For the Guide.

WORTHY OF NOTE.

At the closing service of the Lebanon Circuit Camp meeting, says the Rev. I. N. M'Abbee, an incident occurred worthy of notice. The last speaker appealed to the children generally, to know what memento any one desired to take away with them that they might remember that meeting. One young lady answered in a subdued, but tremulous voice, "A PURE HEART!" This answer started a tear in many an eye, and lifted many a heart in prayer to God for its fulfillment.

PRAY FOR INDIA.

A letter from Rev. R. Hoskins, dated April 10, a devoted missionary, who, with his estimable wife, is laboring at Bijnour, India, says, "Our object is to build up Christ's kingdom. * * * The native Christians as a body seem very weak, and when I come in contact with them, I am often reminded of the record in Acts 19. They do not know experimentally what the Holy Ghost is. I feel certain that not one of my helpers, local preachers, or exhorters have as yet witnessed the baptism of the Holy Ghost. Among the whole number of Christians in Bijnour District, I cannot point out more than half-a-dozen who I think have been thoroughly converted. * * *

"How my soul longs for the baptism of fire. Brother T., who has taken Brother P.'s place as Presiding Elder, is burthened with the same burning desire. Can it be that God has set us longing for that which is unattainable? O, that the Church in America could know our need! We need more men, more money, but

above all we need the mighty energizing power of the Holy Ghost!

"It seems to me that the time has come to build up the glorious habitation whose foundation has been so long preparing. * * * That consuming fire which flamed around the heads of the first disciples, is just as necessary now. * * *

"We get along quite well in the language. Lottie is able to make herself understood with very little difficulty, and I find myself frequently launching out beyond my depth. Every evening our little Church meets for Bible reading and prayer, and I always seek to impress something noteworthy upon their minds. I had determined to speak in the market-place to-night, but the rain forbade the attempt. I anticipate no special difficulty in using the language, but words are but as the wind, unless God gives them power."

"Will not every lover of holiness on reading these lines kneel [just now] before the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, and unite in the prayer that the baptism of fire may fall on all the disciple in India, and result speedily in the conviction of thousands and tens of thousands in that far off land."—Ed.

Correspondence.

For the Guide.

A PEACEFUL SABBATH.

CARRIE.

Sing Sing Camp-meeting had closed. The sound of many voices had ceased, quiet once more reigned through nature's domains, as on Sunday, August 18th, 1868, we looked out from our tent-door to say, "Good morning," to those grand old trees that had shaded us so many times while listening to the word of God, and for whom we feel the most profound regard.

A few Christians tarried over this Sabbath day to enjoy the quiet. The ten days of working for Jesus [and is it not sweet to work for Jesus?] had wearied us somewhat in body, and the silence and sanctified atmosphere of the place seemed to anticipate for us the refreshment needed, and we think we realized as consciously as we ever did in our city Church home that "God was in His holy temple."

At nine o'clock we had a Bible class circle,

led by our dear Brother Bottome, subject, "The holy Spirit." It was a most profitable two hours. At one o'clock we called the children of a few families together, and had a children's meeting. Jesus came; and children of a larger growth felt it to be very beneficial. We *felt* the meaning of Christ's own words, "Except ye become as little children, etc." Oh, for the child Spirit. At seven o'clock we had a prayer-meeting—a large one—many of the villagers coming in—and God was manifest by His Spirit. The meeting was led by our esteemed pastor, Brother Platt. Thus closed one of the most peaceful days we ever knew. Our minds and hearts were kept in perfect peace.

The outward quiet hardly symbolized the inner, though the *outward* was rare; no sound to break the Sabbath stillness; still in our hearts we knew the peace that passes all understanding had come; we realized consciously that Christ was crowned "Lord of all," no need for us to wait, until we come where the myriad harper's sing, to sing, "And crown Him Lord of all." No, no; we crown Jesus here; He is our Lord and Master, Jesus.

Many thoughts have been ours since returning from that peaceful place. How sad it is for us to know so many of our friends are seeking rest and refreshment in the crowded hotels of the fashionable resorting places. Is there rest there? Is it profitable to soul and health? Can the soul grow there? We fear not; rather are we afraid that the soul life still remaining, is put to sleep in narrower rooms in the conscience, than the bodies are compelled to occupy in these so-called fashionable homes. Oh, for sanctified vacations! God help the Methodist Church in her summer rambles to see that she comes nearer her God!

"Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee."

For the Guide.

FROM THE SOUTH.

REV. A. B. SMITH.

Feeling assured that the readers of "the Guide" are interested in the progress of holiness in the South, I am happy to say that wherever I have traveled thus far, I find a

deep and growing interest. Many are being awakened upon the subject. Within the last few weeks, while traveling and preaching holiness, I have seen the power of God displayed in a wonderful manner. On one occasion many were convicted for the blessing, and five received the witness, that Jesus' blood cleanseth from all unrighteousness. At this appointment I obtained ten subscribers for "the Guide."

Let holiness be preached and practiced, "the Guide" circulated among the people, and harmony, love, and peace will be the happy result. Pray for us, that the ark may continue to move, and holiness stamped on every heart in this beautiful land.

For the Guide.

BEGINNING OF YEARS.

A. M. B.

I send you four new subscribers, and five dollars. I feel that I cannot do without the monthly visits of "the Guide." It has been a guide, indeed, to me, a sweet comforter, when no one else was near to speak a word of Christian counsel. O, that I could place it in every family in the Union. One year we have journeyed pleasantly together, and it has been the beginning of years in my spiritual life.

One year ago I was weighed down with many doubts and fears, was convinced of the better way, but could not give up all fully. I felt it my duty to attend the Tuesday Meetings held here on holiness, but was tempted and tried beyond measure, at last I felt I must either give them up or seek full salvation in earnest. I went to God in earnest prayer for direction. I prayed to be guided by His holy word, and was willing to abide by its direction. I opened my Bible. The first passage that met my eyes was 2. Cor. 9, 12, "For the administration of this service not only supplieth the want of the saints, but is abundant also by many thanksgiving unto God." This settled the matter forever in my mind. I was determined to know this love that casteth out all fear. The 18th of July, at Thursday evening prayer meeting, I was enabled to rely on Jesus as my present Saviour. I could now experience that peace that flows as a river. For

months there was not one doubt or fear. I could count all joy, that I might win Christ. The 28th of the same month my little daughter was brought into the fold of Christ.

Other duties now arose. I must erect the family altar, (my husband was unconverted) this was a cross, indeed, that it seemed I could not take up, but the gentle monitor was ever saying, this is your duty, you cannot retain the blessing unless you discharge every duty. I could refuse no longer. I commenced in weakness, through many trials and temptations, I persevered, all praise be to God for strength in time of need. All my trouble now was my husband. At times I was so burthened with his case as to be miserable, but God led me to see that I was holding him too closely. I was enabled, by the help of the Spirit, to lay his salvation on the altar, and be entirely subject to the will of God, and have no idols before him. This brought power and liberty that I had not known before. I was relieved of a burthen that was weighing me to the earth. My faith was tried on every side, but I was enabled to keep all on the altar. At last light dawned, God spoke peace to his soul, and I was made to rejoice in God, my Saviour. I will praise Him forever for what He has done for unworthy me this year. I know all things are possible with God, and I will trust in Him.

For the Guide.

SWEETEST FLOWER GIVEN TO JESUS.

ELIZA WATERHOUSE.

Precious "Guide," as my year of 1868 has expired, I take the opportunity of renewing it for 1869. It has truly been consoling to my lonely heart in my affliction that I have been called to pass through for the three past years of my life, as the Sister said in the last "Guide," the "Sweetest Flower Given to Jesus," it applied to my own heart three years, last May, my only, lovely daughter of twenty summers was taken from earth to heaven. I never saw any one that had such a view of heaven and heavenly things as she had. During her sickness she said to me, "There were angels in her room, and asked us if we could not see them."

Some one asked her if she was not afraid to die. Why, no, she said, that God was go-

ing to take her into His arms. Her conversion was like those that I have read in "the Guide." Florence Foster and others. She said that she saw people in heaven that she knew that had gone before, and asked others if they could not see them.

These afflictions may be to bring my heart nearer to the Saviour if received in a right way. I have been endeavoring, by God's assisting grace, for the last three years of my life to live near the Saviour, that when I leave this world of sorrow and affliction I may be permitted to dwell with those loved ones that have gone before, and reign with our heavenly Father.

KINDERHOOK, Michigan.

For the Guide.

ENDUED WITH POWER.

Oh, how I praise the Lord that He led me to Manheim, and to the experience of perfect love and entire liberty! Eternity will not be long enough to praise Him for what I have already realized. Providence, yea, the Spirit, led me all the way to that camp and back, gave me full salvation, a host of dear brethren and sisters, whose acquaintance I made, and for which I will praise God all my life, and gave me the means to purchase books on the one absorbing subject, in order to study it in all its minute details.

On Sunday morning I attempted preaching for the first time since "endued with power from on high." My text was, "My soul shall make her boast in the Lord; the humble shall hear thereof, and be glad." I never preached so before, or rather I never let the Spirit have His way so completely. The presence of God was very manifest in wondering tearful faces. Some sinners fled out of the house. The baptism came in such force as to prevent my continuing the sermon to the end expected. We all went down on our knees to praise God. In the evening, notwithstanding my feebleness, I walked into the country two miles, preached from the words, "Have faith in God," and great was the power of the word. Amazement and wonder were depicted in faces, and tears were seen flowing silently.

Last night, at a prayer meeting, the power came greater still, and there was one conversion, one restored or blessed, and, bless the

Lord, two sanctified, one of them a class leader. O, hallelujah! Our meeting is increasing in interest and power, and we all feel that the Lord is going to do great things for us. Oh, it is so easy to preach now since the Lord does it all.

VIRGINIA, 1868.

WHO WILL INVEST.

An unknown friend in answer to the call in the July number of "the Guide," sends us \$2.50, with the request, that we send the magazine to two persons who are not now receiving its monthly visits, and adds, may God grant that it may be the means of doing great good.

The Tuesday Meeting.

Meetings for the promotion of holiness, are held at the residence of Dr. Palmer,

23 SAINT MARK'S PLACE,

near the Bible House, at 2½ o'clock every Tuesday afternoon.

THE WORD OF GOD SWEET.

Rev. Brother McA. was glad to be here for it was very refreshing. He was glad to witness the power of God at Manheim and Sing Sing. Last Sabbath seven persons were converted at his church, and others were seeking, and he had concluded the Lord reigneth everywhere. He loved to take a text every Monday, to dwell upon through the week, not as a subject from which to preach, but to think over, and they had no idea what a blessing it proved to him. The text he had chosen for that week was, "Blessed are they that do hunger and thirst after righteousness, for they shall be filled." He had kept at that until he was hungry, and he had concluded that it was the want of the Church to-day to have a *hunger of the soul*, whoever gets that gets blessed. Plinny tells us of a beautiful little bird, smaller than a humming bird, which was sent to him from the interior of Africa. When it died he opened it, and found its construction so simple that it could not have eaten any seed, and it was told him that it could not be found upon the earth; there was a tradition when it was hungry it went up into the air, and gathered its food, and when it was thirsty it rested on the edge of a cloud, and sipped thence to the

satiety of its delicate nature. That was the way with his soul, it soared above the earth, and was satisfied with the things of the sky. He had no quarrel with God or with any of His ways, but was in perfect liberty. He was satisfied with His religion, for it was good to have an appetite, and then to have it satisfied. He was thankful that God was His portion.

SPECIAL PRAYER ANSWERED.

Sister W. said there had never been any question in her heart with regard to the love of Jesus to her. When in her earliest teaching she heard that Christ died to save the world, her heart was touched with the greatness of that love. But to her heart the problem came, "Do I love Jesus as I should?" Yet Jesus furnished the test, "If ye love me, keep my commandments." But she had not been entirely willing to walk in the narrow way. She praised God for one assurance, that whenever she had taken the word of the Lord, and plead its promises she had found Him faithful and true, and knew that He magnified His word "above all His name." A robber entered her house, and took papers that were valuable to her orphans, and with others, she took this matter to the Lord, pleading His care for the orphan. A week passed, and nothing was heard, but her faith was not shaken. A second week passed prayerfully, but still no tidings, and she told the Lord the word meant something, and would meet that case. A third week passed, and word was sent to her that the papers had been picked up by a friend on the very night when they had been pleading specially with God. She knew what it was to trust Him, and to find sustaining grace when taking up the cross, even though a rugged one, and in the furnace, and down in the flood, she knew it, and had found its power everywhere. He had been with her, and during the past month had been revealing Himself more fully than ever before, because she had trusted Him.

UNTWINING FROM EARTHLY THINGS.

Sister B. could tell her experience best by a little illustration. Before going to the country she planted some vines, so they might grow opposite the chapel of which her husband was pastor. When she returned she found they had grown very much, but should never forget how they looked. The nature of the vine is to twine, and not growing to that

which had been fixed for them, they had found some weeds, and had turned about them, and growing beyond them had turned about some tall grass, and then had fallen down, and growing on, were turning back on themselves. She said to her son, "Willie, this will never do," and so began to untwine them. She believed consecration was untwining from the false and base things of earth, and she rejoiced that the Lord's gentle hand had untwined her, and that she had nothing to do but to grow up on the strong tree of life. She knew what it is to be rich in having nothing; poor, yet possessing all things; poor, yet making many rich. She should never make many rich, but by being poor. It was perfect freedom; it was everlasting wealth; and she enjoyed it as much in her labor at home as in meetings. She thought if souls would only get untwined fully from earthly objects, it would prove easy to believe. To every will some test was given, and it may seem to be some small thing. Perhaps there was something you don't think quite right, then give God "the benefit of the doubt," and you will gain perfect liberty.

GLORY BEGUN BELOW.

Rev. Brother S., a minister of the Dutch Reformed Church, had been thinking of the inquiry made here, "Do you love God as you ought?" That was very easily settled in his mind, for he loved Him as well as he could with his present ability and with all his heart. Lately he had had an apprehension of the divine presence as never before. On Monday he met a beloved friend, to whom he said he had been exceedingly happy. "Then," said he, "you haven't slept?" "Yes," I answered, "I have slept soundly; but I both went to rest and awoke as in the presence of the Almighty, I walked and rode as in the presence of the great King." He was made very rich, and wanted nothing at all. Having the Lord Jesus Christ, He had all things. glory be to His precious name! He did not like to speak of ecstasy much, but he felt the power of God from the top of the head to the sole of his foot, and it was glory begun below. He expected the same thing in heaven, only more of it, a greater degree, and more capacity to enjoy, but his cup run over. He arose at 2:30 A. M., went off to a distance, and with great difficulty was present with them, and was able to speak of a few facts in the new

creation. Of nothing that they saw in nature or in art could there be a more powerful impression made on their minds, than the reality of religion had made on his mind. He thought there was a reason for his being so intensely happy. He entered upon this higher life away from them, and after he had told the brethren of the change, the first inquiry that was pressed upon him was, "Will you go out and preach this?" "Yes! Keep this back; no, no, no! Let me sink beneath the waves, but the word of God shall not be bound. Lord, open my mouth, and I will speak for Thee."

AN EVER-INCREASING INTEREST.

Mrs. Bishop H. said when she entered that meeting her soul was thrilled with the thought, "We are a company of redeemed sinners." Then she thought there were so many witnesses, perhaps she had better not say anything; but then some one who knew her might suppose she had lost her interest in the great blessing of sanctification, but she desired to say she had never lost her interest since God gave her purity of heart, but it had strengthened with years, and with privilege, and with the discipline she had received. It was twenty-five years since she had felt continually that she had known of the advantage of counting all things loss for the excellency of Christ Jesus, her Lord, and during that time had realized that Christ was just as able to save us wholly as to save us partially, and just as willing, nay, more willing, because it was more to His glory. In hearing the testimonies of the hour, she had been instructed, reprov'd, and humbled, and felt like a vessel becalmed; but the praises of Jesus to which she had listened, had filled the sails again, and her prayer was that all her actions, thoughts, and words might be sanctified, and that Christ should claim her as His servant, and possess her fully; she had reason to rejoice that in "the regions beyond," in her far-off home, this work was spreading, and the people were viewing Christ as a present Saviour, and churches of other denominations could testify that the blood of Christ cleanseth from all sin. It seemed a wonderful day, and there was sublimity in it. She could not tell of all the mercies of God to her. He had taught her by His providences, that, perhaps, had been

a little remarkable in her case, but when she thought of these things, she knew not where to begin, or of which to speak, but the hope arose in her mind that she would meet those friends bye and bye, and vie with the angels in telling of Jesus, and she could say,

"When I see Thee as Thou art,
I will praise Thee as I ought."

NEARLY HALF A CENTURY FULLY SAVED.

Sister J., of Trenton, was one of Christ's little ones, and she felt very little just then. Instead of making herself conspicuous, she felt like getting down at the feet of these lovers of Jesus. Yet she felt she ought to say a few words for Jesus, but not for herself, for she had not a word to say of herself. The language of her heart was, "Jesus, only glorify Thyself, who hast saved me; yea, saved me for over forty-seven years." It was forty-eight years ago when, a little girl, she gave her heart to Jesus, and from that moment she longed to be just as much like Jesus as she could be. It was the fervent desire of her soul that she might have all the grace that it was her privilege to enjoy and she never rested until she knew that Jesus had perfect possession of her heart. That was when she was a little over eleven years of age, and then she had a clear evidence that her heart was sanctified to the Lord. From that time to the present she had not withdrawn the sacrifice for a single moment. She had at times a great sense of unworthiness and weakness; and with an increasing view of her utter impotence, she yet had a blessed realization that Jesus was made of God unto her wisdom, righteousness, sanctification, and redemption. Though she felt all the time like hiding her own face in the dust, she wanted to exalt Jesus. Seeing the face of her precious Sister H. revived, blessed recollections of that Sister's visit to Mount H. twenty years ago, when, through her instrumentality, much good was accomplished, for which she praised the Lord.

DEGREES IN HOLINESS.

Rev. Brother Caughey said, He was sure it was good for him to be there. He had come back pretty well worn out, but was living in and loving the work of purity and holiness to the Lord. He thought it a pity that their testimonies should be shut up there. He should like to have had some of them in

many distant parts of the earth where he had been laboring. It might be that God would send some off to testify of him. God sent him north and south, and hundreds and thousands of miles away to testify of Him. It was nearly a year since he had attended that meeting, and he had seen hundreds saved through the blood of the Lamb. The first time he heard Dr. and Sister Palmer speak was in the Greene Street Methodist Church, of New York. He was then feeling after God, and wanted to preach about sanctification, but would not have liked any one to have asked him whether he enjoyed it himself. At that time he heard Sister Palmer speak clearly upon it. She was then essaying to go forth, and he was also, and they little knew what was before them. In that meeting "Uncle Jimmy Horton" had been giving in his testimony. Brother Ferguson said, "Some might mistake Brother H., and construe his testimony, as declaring the cleansing and filling of the heart were simultaneously performed, but that it was God's method to first empty, then fill." That opened Brother C.'s eye, and from all he had seen on both sides of the Atlantic, he was persuaded many cast away their confidence because they were not immediately filled with the Spirit. After a year of hard work he could say he was fully saved, and that the blood of Christ cleansed from all sin.

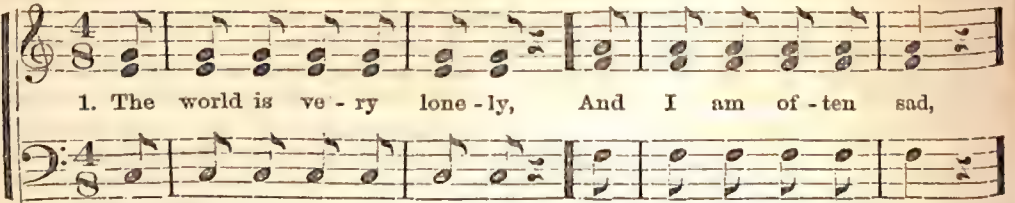
Book Notices.

FORTY-THIRD CATALOGUE OF ONEIDA CONFERENCE SEMINARY, 1868, with Circular for 1869. Cazenovia, N. Y.

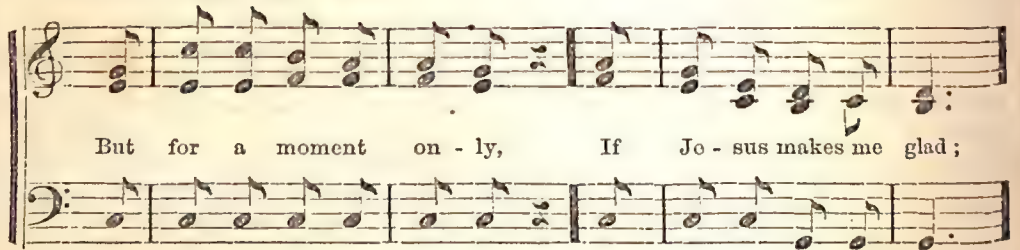
We take sincere pleasure in commending this truly praiseworthy and time honored Seminary to the notice of our readers. As an *Educational Institution* it has a high and well-merited reputation. The course of instruction pursued, and the culture imparted are exhibited in hundreds of graduates, who, at once, honor and are honored by the Seminary. It maintains a *high standard of scholarship*. The prominence given to the *Religious Influence* in the School has ever been a noteworthy characteristic from its commencement, and is, doubtless, one of the leading causes of its prosperity. It is the policy of the Trustees to make the advantages of the Seminary possible to all who are seeking a valuable education. For this purpose the price of board and tuition are remarkably low. It will be found in fact that *all expenses* here are less than the cost of board in some similar schools. We take pleasure in making this announcement, believing that we serve thereby the interest of the religious public.

ENOUGH FOR ME.

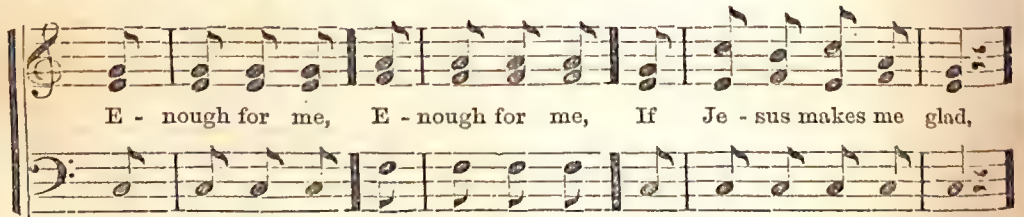
Words and Music by Rev. DWIGHT WILLIAMS.



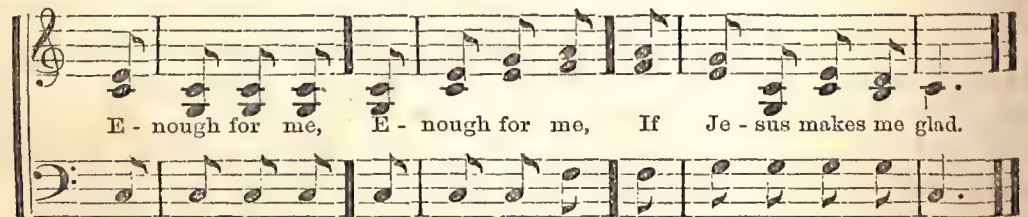
1. The world is ve - ry lone - ly, And I am of - ten sad,



But for a moment on - ly, If Je - sus makes me glad ;



E - nough for me, E - nough for me, If Je - sus makes me glad,



E - nough for me, E - nough for me, If Je - sus makes me glad.

2. I have few earthly treasures,
My way is often rough,
But Jesus gives me treasures,
And that is joy enough ;
Enough for me,
Enough for me,
Though all the way is rough.

3. I'd rather have my Saviour,
Than all the world beside,
I court not royal favor,
With Jesus by my side ;

Enough for me,
Enough for me,
Though all else be denied.

4. Though humble be my story,
And little be my fame,
With a sweet home in glory,
I fear no cross or shame ;
Enough for me,
Enough for me,
If Jesus know my name.

Guide to Holiness.

DECEMBER, 1868.

For the Guide.

HOW I OBTAINED THE BLESSING OF SANCTIFICATION.

REV. F. BAILL.

On Wednesday, the 15th of July, I arrived upon the National Camp Ground, near Manheim, Lancaster Co., Pa. I had gone to this place for the express, and avowed purpose of obtaining this great blessing.

I had previously been seeking it, in a general way, without much expectation of receiving. I had not gone into the work heartily, seeking *now*, and expecting to find *now*. I had kept out on the skirmish line instead of going right into the fight for victory at once.

While on the way, hastening to the ground as fast as the cars could whirl me along, finding myself thus committed, my mind became so exercised that I dreaded to reach the sacred place. Having arrived and obtained accommodations, I was sick enough to go to bed; and should have done so, had I been at home. After dinner, I learned that Dr. and Mrs. P. was holding service in a large tent belonging to my host, Brother Vanmetre, of Philadelphia. I resolved to go and hear, form my opinions, and get ready to begin the work in a day or two. I took a seat just inside the tent, but soon found myself drawn, involuntarily, towards the speaker, till I could get no nearer, without appearing to be rude. In a most logical, scriptural, and very plain way, Mrs. P. was presenting the doctrine of holiness. The difficulties in my mind gave way. I became intensely interested and exercised; my mind, conscience, and heart assented to

every proposition and suggestion; then the query arose in my mind, why wait? why not now? And instead of waiting to get ready to begin, I was on my knees giving all to God.

I improved all the time, and embraced every opportunity. The next day, while Mrs. P. was speaking of robbing God, and of bringing *all the tithes* into the store house, Matt. iii., 8, I was led to kneel before God in the preacher's stand, and search for the tithes. I found much to bring in that I had not regarded before as of any consequence. This work was continued in my heart till the next day, with no opportunity lost. Then other things were brought to light. I took a few faithful friends with me into the woods; among whom was my dear Brother Hoover, of Hamline Chapel, Washington City. Under a spreading chestnut tree we talked, sung, and prayed. God was there, and I felt that I was gaining ground. I returned to the camp, and to the altar, where, by the grace of God, I finished the work of consecration. And I was as sure that consecration was complete as I was sure of my existence. This, then, being a fixed fact, I fled to the promises. O, how numerous and precious they are. It did not require many of these to constitute anchorage for my faith. Such as the following occurred to my mind, and were pressed upon me by Sister Inskip, viz., "Come now. and let us reason together, saith the Lord, though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow; though they be red like crimson, they shall be as wool." Isaiah i., 18. "If we confess our sins, He is

faithful and just to forgive us our sins, and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness."

I. John i., 9. By these and similar promises I was thrown at once and entirely upon *faith in God*. Then came these words, "Without faith it is impossible to please Him, for he that cometh to God must believe that He is, and that He is a rewarder of them that diligently seek Him." Heb. xi., 6. Here I found myself absorbed in this most solemn reverie: "I have approached a point where to doubt, will be displeasing to God, and undo all I have done. I no more dare doubt the promise of God than doubt His existence. I stand where faith is a necessity. My position is a fearful one. I must now believe or disbelieve. In my consecration I have complied with the condition required, and now here is the cup of salvation. I must accept now or reject now. Here I pause and tremble; I dare not recede." My reason and my whole intellect came to the support of my faith in God's word. I knew it must be just as He has said. I have complied with the conditions, and am now entitled through Christ to the promised blessing. In the exercise of naked faith, divested of all feeling, I now say, with all my heart, *I take the cup of salvation*, and call upon the name of the Lord, and now understandingly, my whole intellectual and moral nature responds,

"'Tis done, the great transaction 's done,
I am my Lord's, and He is mine,
** Now rest, my long-divided heart,
Fix'd on this blissful centre, rest;
Nor ever from Thy Lord depart,
With Him of every good possess'd."

Then I found myself trusting in God with unshaken confidence, and sweetly and calmly *resting in Jesus*. I am wholly the Lord's. *It cannot be otherwise*. I looked towards heaven, and asked God to seal the covenant. It occurred to me that God had done all He had promised, and so far His part was fulfilled, and I must not require Him to go *in advance of me*. In the strength of grace, knowing it was promised, I said in my inmost soul,

"High heaven, that hears the solemn vow,
That vow renewed shall daily hear,
Till in life's latest hour I bow,
And bless in death a bond so dear."

During this transaction with God I was entirely free from *emotion*. I rejoice in this, because Satan can never say, "You were excited, and did not know what you were about." For it was really the most intelligent and business-like transaction of my whole life.

For the feeling and the emotion I saw I must wait God's time. This was a part of his business, and I was willing to receive it at such time, and in such measure as He might see fit to bestow it. And really I cared but little about that. If God should see fit to give this as one of the attendants, or as a result of the work that had been done all right. But emotion is not the assurance of faith, and I was as conscious that the *great transaction was done*, as I was that I had an intellectual and moral nature, or that I existed. This was enough.

Since that time my joy has often been full, and my cup has run over. And this is the grace wherein I now stand, and rejoice with joy that is often unspeakable and full of glory. Yet, it is not my joy that keeps me, it is only by faith I stand. By faith my soul is anchored in God. By this I am kept "steadfast and unmovable," glory be to God!

WHEELING, Va.

For the Guide.

FRUIT OF THE SPIRIT IS PEACE.

REV. W. H. POOLE, Canada.

"The angel song, that happy night,
When spirits stooped to mortal ken,
Warbled from lips and lyres of light,
Was peace on earth, good will to men."

Peace and love are said to be the cherubim that united their spread wings over the mercy-seat, as they gazed intently into the meaning of the sprinkled blood and its purchased blessings.

In a former article, on joy, I said that love, joy, and peace are a glorious trio in the human heart. Of the three, peace comes first in order, and never comes alone. Being always in such good company, it partakes more or less of the nature of the other two graces, so that much that has been said on love

and joy is equally true and appropriate when speaking of the nature of peace.

The word "*peace*," in Latin, *pax*, in Italian, *pace*, in French, *paix*, Anglo-Saxon, *paiz*, may come either from *pactio*, an agreement or compact, which produces peace, or it may be derived from the Greek, *παύω*, to cease, because in peace there is a cessation of all violent action and commotion.

It means a state of freedom from agitation, commotion, or disturbance, tranquillity, quiet, calm, rest. These terms, though often used as synonymous, have a different meaning. "Peace" means a cessation of trouble or freedom from disturbing elements. Quiet, from the Latin *quietas*, probably from the Greek *ἡσυχία*, to lie down, as that posture denotes a surrender, a giving up, and best promotes quiet; it is opposed to disturbance.

Tranquility is opposed to agitation. "Calm" is the state of being after a storm. "Rest" means a cessation of weariness, or of labor, or motion. To the weary and heavy laden God offers rest. A good man enjoys tranquillity in himself, peace with others, quiet in his family, and calm after a storm.

We speak of national peace, when "no longer from its brazen portals the blast of war's great organ shakes the skies."

We speak of social peace, that source and soul of life, beneath whose calm, inspiring influence arts, science, and religion prospers.

We speak of ecclesiastical peace when in the Church of God,

"Sweet peace is ever found
In her eternal home on holy ground."

But the peace that is the fruit of the Spirit is a "peace with God," arising from a sense of our reconciliation to God,

"Is a pardon written with his blood,
The favor and the peace of God."

IS A DIVINE PEACE.

It comes from "the God of peace," purchased "by the Prince of peace," and communicated by the Spirit of peace. "He it is that speaketh peace to His people." "He maketh peace." "He

blesses His people with peace." "He came to send peace." "Peace from God the Father." "Peace of God rule in your hearts." "Peace I leave with you, my peace I give." The kingdom of God is righteousness, *peace*, and joy in the Holy Ghost.

This peace is not the natural product of the human heart; it is not ours in our carnal state. The central idea of the sinner is self, and by a law of his unrenewed nature, his self-ism makes war on God, and on all goodness. The internal and life-giving force of his nature is sinful, and all his thoughts, words, and actions are impure as the fountain from whence they flow. In this state he cannot have peace; there is an uneasiness and disquiet of soul, an unrest of spirit. The man opposes himself, opposes truth, and virtue, and holiness. How true it is, "He is like the troubled sea, which cannot rest." "There is no peace, saith my God, to the wicked. And the way of peace have they not known." They fully endorse the creed of the Epicurean, Ede, Bibe, Lude, and they offer their soul the richest and most luxuriant of earth, but their immortal nature scorns a portion so miserably poor.

But, apart from the natural enmity to God, there are the elements of strife and contention in the human heart. The intellect claims the ascendancy over the passions, and the understanding and the conscience aspire to govern the carnal mind and the unruly will. Evil passions, sinful propensities, and vicious appetites, too, make war upon each other, as each viperous feeling seeks indulgence at the expense of the other, and presses its claim until all the forces of the soul are marshalled and called into exercise, and fill the horizon of the mind with storm and tempest, driving the man almost to despair and death.

Blinded by sin, and indurated by unbelief, he may often cry, peace, peace; but it is a false peace, a calm that only forebodes the near approach of the ruinous earthquake or the pitiless storm; it is a stolid indifference, a carnal security, a sort of numbness of the soul, like the

coma after fever, or the use of opiates. It is not the balmy sleep of nature's sweet restorer, but the paralysis of consciousness, the death stupor of one who has the fatal leprosy.

Where there is sin there will be fear, for they were twin-born into our world, and all the alchemy of hell cannot separate fear from sin. It is true,

"That God hath yoked to guilt
Her pale tormenter—misery."

Guilt is the source and fountain of sorrow; it is the avenging fiend that follows us with whips and stings, and wherever it exists there is distraction, disquiet, discomfort, and if guilt be not removed, there is remorse and everlasting woe.

To remove that fear and guilt by removing their cause is the office of the Spirit, and the fruit of the Spirit is peace. The first blessing our first parents lost by sin was peace, and peace is the first blessing received in answer to the penitent believing prayer. The Holy Spirit illuminates the mind, applies the word, draws the affections, subdues the will, prompts the prayer, encourages the heart, makes sin more and more hateful, makes holiness more and more desirable, helps our infirmities, increases our faith, and brings the happy tidings of "a pardon, written with His blood, the favor and the peace of God." "The Spirit itself beareth witness with our spirit, that we are the children of God." The peace enjoyed by the believer is the result of the testimony of that spirit, none but Jesus can say to that tempest-tossed spirit, "peace be still." When He speaks there is a calm—the warring passions are lulled to quiet, a heavenly peace fills the soul; there is rest from all the disturbing elements of sin and fear, of pride and anger; every fugitive desire and feeling is arrested; God becomes the grand centre of all his thoughts, to whom they ever turn instinctively as the needle to the pole; the tide and current of their entire being is reversed; the polarity of the soul is changed, and now

"It finds in him the way of peace,
Peace unspeakable, unknown."

St. Augustine, in one of his beautiful meditations, says, "O, God, Thou madest man for Thyself, and our hearts are restless till they find repose in Thee." A greater than he has said, "In the world ye shall have tribulation, but in me ye shall have peace." The world has no such boon to bestow. It is all divine, "May the God of peace Himself give you peace, always, by all means."

IS GREAT.

Among our blessings this peace is of greatest importance. Peace is joy in sweet and happy repose, but if our peace be disturbed, then our joy, and our love, and all our graces suffer. Peace is the queen of all our graces, "governing and protecting by her mild sway all our passions and affections." Paul says, "Let the peace of God *rule* in your hearts." And again, "And the peace of God *shall keep* your hearts and minds through Jesus Christ." The word *φρουρησει* means to guard, watch, garrison, keep, protect, as one keeps a citadel or palace, so this peace shall keep our hearts, the seat of all our affections, passions, hopes, and fears. Let her sway be fully owned, and sacredly kept, and abiding happiness shall be thy portion. Then, "like a beautiful city at rest, calmly sleeping upon the waters, such will be the Christian's peace." As Salem or Jerusalem among the cities of Judah, so is peace among the graces of the Christian. As the calm sunset of a summer's Sabbath among the surrounding landscapes, so is *peace* among the fruits of the Spirit. The Psalmist said; "Great peace have they who love Thy law." But he did not attempt to describe it. The eloquent Paul says, it is a "peace which passeth all understanding." Neither David nor Paul could measure its altitude, nor sound its depths. Our sainted fathers used to say, as deep emotion swelled their bosoms, "It is better felt than told,"—it transcends all measurements and all utterance.

IS PERFECT.

It is remarkable how fastidious some

good and wise men are in regard to the application of this word "*perfect*." They use it themselves when speaking of the perfection in nature and of art, as when applied to the "perfect child," "perfect man," "perfect animal," perfect plant, perfect flower, perfect fruit, perfect machine, perfect artist, and they show no squeamishness in quoting Scripture language, speaking of "perfect weights, perfect measures, perfect lots, perfect gold, perfect ways, perfect hatred, perfect day, perfect beauty, perfect understanding, perfect knowledge, perfect soundness, perfect will, perfect in weakness, perfect law, perfect gift, perfect work," and a thousand other things spoken of as "perfect." But the moment we quote the word of God in its application to Christian character, and Christian privilege, and speak of "*perfect love*" or "*perfect peace*," or apply the term to any of the fruits of the Spirit, they are surprised, alarmed, and offended, and begin to cavil at the meaning of the term "perfect." I need not say to the readers of "the Guide" that the word "perfect" in its application to Christians has not the same import that it has when applied to God, to angels, to Adam in Eden, or to Noah, or Job, or the perfect man of the Psalmist, because every class of beings has its own peculiar perfection, and we do not predicate the perfection of one class of beings to another class of beings, nor do we predicate the perfection of a class of beings under certain circumstances to the same beings under another and a materially different class of circumstances. The perfection of God and of angels is not spoken of in reference to man. The perfection of man in his pristine state is one kind. The perfection of good men under the patriarchal dispensation is another. The perfection under the Jewish dispensation is another. The perfection under the Christian dispensation is another, and the perfection of men in their glorified state will be quite another, each differing from the other, and yet each perfect; so much on the term here used.

Our peace is "*perfect*," simply because

it is "the peace of God." Our love "*perfect*," because it is "the love of God" shed abroad in the heart. "Thou wilt keep him in *perfect peace* whose mind is stayed on Thee."

IS ABIDING.

It is not a fitful happiness that, like the morning dew, soon disappears. It is not an experience that comes and goes as the seasons change. It is abiding, is constant, is permanent. The prophet gives us the right idea, Isaiah xlviii, 18, "O, that thou hadst hearkened to my commandments! then had thy peace been as a river, and thy righteousness as the waves of the sea." A river for beauty, and fertility, and perpetuity, always there, rolling on and on, widening and deepening as it rolls, becoming more powerful and influential as it makes its way to the ocean of eternal blessedness. The mountain freshet and summer rill and rivulet pass away and evaporate in desert air, but the river, beautiful emblem of Gospel peace, holds on its way despite all opposition.

The peace of which, O Lord,
Thou art the gracious giver,
In one grand, tidal current
Sweeps onward like a river;
A river of deep waters,
Unfailing is their source;
No noontide sun can drink them,
No power can stay their course;
They flow in solemn stillness,
Yet with resistless force;
And long as Zion standeth,
God's everlasting mountain,
So long shall gush that river
Exulting from its fountain.

It is a great mercy to have the Gospel of peace, but it is far greater to have the peace of the Gospel.

To be Continued.

For the Guide.

LIVING AND DYING.

EMMA.

It is a beautiful thing to live. Earth with its emerald floor, its ceiling of blue, liquid streams, blooming flowers of various tints, singing birds with "music everywhere," and smiling sunshine, lend to life an enchantment despite the fact

that the grass will die, dark clouds will gather, streams cease to flow, flowers to bloom, birds to sing, and the sun to shine. I have always loved life with more than a common love, owing probably to the fact that the cup which has been placed to my lips by the munificent Hand has had so much of the sweet, and so little of the bitter in its mixture.

I knew there were scenes far brighter and more ungenial to the soul in that land "beyond the tide." I knew that no sin, neither sickness nor sorrow ever reached that land, that within its gates, the white horse, with its pale rider, never was found, that there, there were no sad farewells. And more than this, I knew it was where my Redeemer had gone, where He was preparing a mansion for me, and wills that I shall there behold His glory.

But I had always thought of the dark passage through which we must pass to reach that land of pure delight. The thought of bidding this beautiful earth farewell, and the friends we love so much, and of yielding ourselves to the cold embrace of death, to be cut off from all the rich store of human sympathies, and enter the dark valley *alone*. 'Twas this that so affrighted my poor soul. But truly He is kind with whom we have to do.

While holding sweet communion with Him recently, when my soul was wrapt in holy contemplation, and seemed to be floating in an atmosphere of love, the Divine presence pervading all within and without, I was addressed, as I thought at the time, by a voice, which said, "You have always been afraid to die. Now death to the pure in heart is like this. You see it is not dark, but all light, not gloomy, but joyous; it is not bidding adieu, but a glorious introduction to immortal bliss. You are not alone, behold how manifest is the presence of God." I heard no more. But I did seem to be above earth, away off in the light of heaven, and yet this beautiful earth was not hid from my view. That was a precious moment. I cannot describe it. But its impression, I trust, will last through life, and that in death I shall realize it in all its sublimity.

While I still think it is a beautiful thing to live, I think it is glorious to die. But it was not shown me that death would be thus to all, nor to all Christians, but to the *pure in heart*. May the Lord, who is plenteous in mercy, enable us all who have not as yet been washed, thoroughly cleansed from all sin by the blood, the precious blood of Christ, to make speedy application and withdraw not from the fount of cleansing, nor cease our importunity, until we feel that we are pure within. "Made meet to be partakers of the inheritance of the saints in light."

RAVEN ROCK, N. J.

For the Guide.

HE IS MY PORTION.

S. KING.

"The Lord is my portion, saith my soul, therefore will I hope in Him."

The Lord Jehovah reigns,

My prophet, priest, and king,
And He in mercy deigns

To own my offering.

My helpless soul on Christ relies
His love consumes the sacrifice.

Who, who is like the Lord,

In wisdom, love, and power,
His holy blessed word,

Has kept me to this hour.

His precious blood has made me whole:
He is my portion, saith my soul.

I rest beneath the shade

Of His almighty wing,

He screens my naked head,

My soul in triumph sings,

While storms of sorrow o'er me roll,
He is my portion, saith my soul.

What am I, Lord, to Thee,

That Thou dost thus reveal

Thy precious name to me,

And all my sorrows heal.

Less than the least of all I am,

Yet for my portion Thee I claim.

I hope to see His face

When all my convicts o'er,

And celebrate His praise

On Canaan's peaceful shore,

And join the blood-washed throng above
To sing my Saviour's dying love.

There I shall all possess
That Christ has bought for me
And be forever blessed,
From pain and sorrow free,
Enjoy his smiles, while ages roll,
He is my portion, saith my soul.
MOENT HOLLY, N. J.

For the Guide.

ALL THE LORD'S.

MARY M. II.

In seasons past it has proven a rich pleasure to trace in the pages of "The Guide" the mercy and love of our blessed Jesus; although I did not in my own soul realize the intensity of those words, "Ye are complete in him." Yet the Spirit has since "led me in a path I knew not;" and though I have reason for great self-abasement I feel I am "trusting in the Strong for strength" and resting under the "shadow of his wing," with such feeling I shall attempt to raise a feeble monument of praise to Christ, as joyfully and humbly as the widow cast in her mite.

When not quite thirteen years of age the Lord was pleased to put the "cup of repentance" in my hand, and the sternly closed door of my heart was opened, that Christ might come in and reign King; I have distinct remembrances of Divine awakenings previous to this time; and although they did not lead to a saving change of heart, they formed a part of that mysterious chain of influences under guidance of the Holy Spirit that gave much light in seeing the sinfulness of my state; yet the Spirit strove mightily, and I was awakened from sin's delusive sleep, and daily sought the mercies of a crucified Saviour, while I cried—

"Lord, I despair myself to heal!
I see my sins, but cannot feel,"

Jesus, by his sweet relenting grace, softened the obduracy of my heart, and in its stead a calm peace was given; a great radical change certainly visited me!

At that time, I seldom heard of the great Sanctifying Grace of God—only as

I supposed to be attained at death—for months I enjoyed much peace in Jesus, but temptations came, with no power over inbred sin. I too often yielded: O, how many sheaves I might have gathered for Christ, and studded the "crown of my rejoicing" with eternal gems! I praise my precious Saviour, I was not severed as an unfruitful branch from the heavenly vine, before I was permitted to go up into the "holy hill of the Lord!" No mortal eloquence can ever raise a tribute worthy of such infinite grace and mercy.

Five weeks ago this evening, my soul felt the efficacy of that blood which "cleanseth from all sin;" Months before I was brought to see the dangerous ground I occupied in those words, "Woe to them that are at ease in Zion." If a voice from Heaven had sounded them in my ears, the prostration of my soul could not have been more effectual; and with it came the thought—at ease in Zion; while a dying world yet crucifies its Saviour? How I felt the need of that Divine grace which would give power over the world and inbred sin; yet I never doubted the evidence of my first acceptance with Christ; but how like the "withered fig tree" I was bearing no fruit. I "pondered these things in my heart," went to the meeting feeling a *whole* dedication must be made; body, soul, and spirit must be consecrated to him, who purchased each "with his own precious blood." Many were already rejoicing in Jesus as a "perfect Saviour"—it appeared I had such exalted ideas of the perfection it required of me, I was humbled in the dust in view of my deficiency.

Tuesday morning, a faithful minister of the Lord conversed with me on the necessity of bringing my all to Christ at once a "living sacrifice;" and as each petition, winged with faith and love, ascended before the mercy seat, as a cloud of sweet incense, I felt deep desire springing from the heart, that the Fountain Head might then be opened and "all my guilt be washed away;" then I could feel the depth of those words written by Downey that, "To expect to reach

heaven without *living holy*, is to expect to move the Alps by the strength of a man's voice." We know there were *many* gates to ancient Thebes, but there is but *one* gate to the *Eternal City*! I felt I could breathe my very soul out at the feet of Jesus. Satan tempted most defiantly in arranging before my mind how earnestly others were engaged in seeking this precious boon; they were what they professed, but what weak logic it did prove, for Christ was very near and I prayed for strength to bring my *whole* heart to Christ. Could I have wept "perpetual tears" my whole being could not have been more wrecked on account of sin.

The consecration was almost complete, pride, reputation, and selfish ambition were on the altar a willing sacrifice, now, that *my will* might be *Christ's will*! As Jacob wrestled all night until a new name was given him, so I determined through grace to continue in prayer until my heart should be wholly renewed; but bless His holy Name I felt that there was but *one* step more and I should be on the Rock; a new hold by faith kept me at the foot of the cross, and my waiting soul under its droppings. A dear minister, who had been praying with me, commenced singing,

"Come, thy Fount of every blessing,"

my whole soul invoked the presence of Christ, and "praise the mount" I was fixed upon it; "mount of perfect love!" I yield my will to thine, all that I am or ever can be I pledge supremely to thy service!

"My all to Christ I've given,
My talents, time, and voice,
Myself, my reputation,
The lone way is my choice."

And as mortal lips announced the will, angel choirs bore the echo to a land of praise where all were waiting with new strung harps to sound the "deed as done." I was "dumb before the Lord," losing self in the glory of Christ. Faith gave to fairest hopes exultant wings! O, eternity's too short to utter all his praise! The peace of my soul is like to a river fast becoming shoreless. My mind reverts to when the record of that day so memo-

rably sweet was fixed, where five weeks since in a veiled sepulchre the world was laid with no note of sorrow, but a psalm of glory to the Lamb. O, may I breathe no longer than I breathe my soul in praise to Him who is my soul's bright "morning star!" Yet in the fields of prospect Christ has given, temptations float; for the "servant is not above his master," but there is "Victory through the blood of the Lamb;" how soul inspiring to meet the Deity at every glance in "nature's glass;" I desire to partake more freely of the "tree of life" here where no "flaming sword" prevents an entrance.

Each day I feel more the necessity of the prayer, "nearer my God to thee," in using the ruins of sin as stepping stones for holy ambition. I feel it my highest duty and noblest accomplishment, by a "holy walk and conversation," to win souls for Christ; the vineyard of the Lord is waiting workers and why not *mark the world* for Christ? Through all duties one voice whispers consolation and while my heart bears the impress of the Divine image, no doubt can penetrate, for there burns the flame of "holy love."

I feel the necessity of constant faith and prayer; of living each moment, by momentary grace and faith. Every day the future expands into grander proportions, and from one peak others tower more grandly and frown more terribly; yet the sunlight of Christ's love mellowed all into a golden radiance, giving strength to grapple all needful truth and hold the Faith that will keep me a faithful witness of the truth, that "the blood of Jesus Christ, his son, cleanseth me from all sin," and finally to join the blessed company of glorified spirits, "who have washed their robes and made them white in the blood of the Lamb," "who cast their crowns at His feet, and ascribe glory, dominion, and praise, to Him who hath loved them and given Himself for them."

WHEELING, West Va.

A holy Church would soon make a world.

BISHOP JANES.

For the Guide.

SCRIPTURE ILLUSTRATIONS.

REV. W. H. POOLE.

ROOM IN HEAVEN.

Rev. 21, 16, "And the city lieth foursquare, and the length is as large as the breadth; and he measured the city with the reed, twelve thousand furlongs. The length and the breadth and the height of it are equal."

There are some who never think of heaven. In their mind a thought of the better country would starve for very loneliness. Others think of it occasionally, when the voice of sweet music steals upon their ear, or Providence or the preacher lifts them above earth. But when they do think of it, how poor and meagre their thoughts: to them it is a narrow circumscribed spot in the universe, a small place just large enough for their Church, but too small to admit within its pearly enclosure, even the good beyond their communion. Such were not the views entertained by John when, on the lonely Isle, he saw, in grand panoramic view, the heavenly city.

John was in the Spirit on the mountain of holy contemplation, and he had a delightful conversation with one of the royal surveyors of the heavenly country. He says, ver. 15, "And he that talked with me had a golden reed to measure the city, and the gates thereof, and the walls thereof." The idea he gives us, is, that there was solidity, firmness, durability, and strength, all combined with indescribable beauty, surpassing grandeur and infinite glory.

The city, as he saw it, was in the form of a magnificent cube, of vast dimensions. The surveyor had the golden reed, and he measured the city in the presence of his visitor. It was 12,000 furlongs (stadia) long, and 12,000 furlongs broad, and 12,000 furlongs high. The length, and the breadth, and the height of it are equal.

Here is absolute uniformity, a thing long talked of and prayed for, but something not to be realized on this side the heavenly home.

In this cubic form the new Jerusalem

recalled somewhat the form of the famed old Jerusalem, on its escarpment above the valley of the Kedron.

In this view of the great city we are quite in harmony with the rabbinical books. I need not occupy room with quotations.

In almost every other theory proposed great violence is done to the Greek text. In this interpretation the sense is natural and the grammatical construction respected.

We take the passage as it reads, "12,000 furlongs," which, when reduced to feet and cubed, is 948,938,000,000,000,000,000 cubic feet. The half of which we reserve for the throne of glory and the heavenly court. Half of the remainder I reserve for the angel's thrones, dominions, principalities, and powers. Half of the remainder I reserve for celestial gardens of heavenly fruits and flowers. Half of the remainder for shady bowers and lovely parks. Half of the remainder for the golden streets and walks, and the remainder, or one thirty-second of the whole, I divide into rooms of (20) twenty feet square, and ten feet high, of rooms we have 7,413,578,125,000,000,000,000.

Then I suppose that this world was populated as at present with say 900,000,000 of human beings, and that there generations passed away every hundred years, that is allowing $33\frac{1}{3}$ years for each generation, and that at the close of the seventh thousandth year, the trumpeter of heaven would proclaim that "time would be no longer," and that earth's population would all be brought home to the city of God.

I also suppose that in the universe of our Father there are (800,000) eight hundred thousand world's like ours existing under the same circumstances, and for the same term of years as ours; each having the same number of inhabitants as our own, and each inhabitant obedient to the universal "come."

Take all these multitudes of human or created beings, and the heavenly home the angel measured for John and for us, dear reader, would afford (49) forty-nine such rooms as are measured above for each inhabitant of all the 800,000

worlds, and leave more than four millions of cubit feet yet unsurveyed. "And yet there is room." Oh, how true it is that in "my father's house there are many mansions."

For the Guide.

ANGELS IN THE WAY.

H. L. F.

To find a reference in my reading this morning, I turned to Genesis xxxii. and the first wonderful verse seemed to me so full of richness and goodness—of encouragement and cheer to the Christian, that I rested and feasted upon it a long time. "And Jacob went on his way, and the angels of God met him." He went—walked—on his way—not his own way, only in that it was God's way for him, and while obeying the command of God—or the leadings of the Spirit; such a wonderful blessing was vouchsafed to him, as meeting the angels of God. They might have come to him, it is true, had he remained in his place, but he saw them sooner for going "on his way," not one, but many; and he knew them, for he said, "This is God's host."

We all know that beautiful history—his fear of Esau—his anxiety to find favor with him—his tenderness in providing for the safety of his family. And who can read unmoved that remarkable prayer, verses 9, 12, where he takes God's own words and promises, and lays them before Him as though he could not be denied; "the Lord which saidst unto me, return unto thy country, and to thy kindred, and I will deal well with thee," and, "Thou saidst I will surely do thee good."

To every Christian, if they will but *go* on their way—go forward in the path of duty whatever it may involve; a sacrifice of our own ease and pleasure for the good of another—a call to a word of exhortation or prayer—an appeal to some impenitent when we know not how it may be received; to stand by the couch of suffering which we are powerless to relieve; to see another struggling under a burden we cannot lighten; in

any and all the daily and hourly experiences of the Christian's life, if we will but go on in God's strength we shall surely meet the angels. But the trouble is, we do not know them when we meet them.

Dost thou believe frail, suffering one, that there is ever an angel at thy side in that long-continued pain and trial which God has laid upon thee?—in that new made grave, where lies that which was dearer to thee than thine own life?—in that estranged friendship more bitter than death?—in privation and in poverty? Ah! our eyes are holden that we cannot see them; and our weak hearts refuse their tender ministries. In our weakness and sense of want we pray to be filled with all His fullness—to be made like Christ, and yet we shrink from the trial and suffering that He designs shall make us so; we do not know our prayers in their answer; but in our anguish cry, "Did I ask this of Thee?" O, how sweet to trust Him fully—to know that we shall meet "God's host"—that He has given them charge concerning us, to keep us in *all* our way—in humility and gratitude to plead those precious promises, which are, "Yea and Amen in Christ Jesus," "I will never leave thee or forsake thee," "The eternal God is thy refuge, and underneath thee are the everlasting arms," "Commit thy way unto the Lord, trust also in Him, and He shall bring it to pass."

O, then, with the eye of faith fixed on God, and His work and His way—though to our dim, mortal vision there is only trial and darkness and sorrow around and before us; we shall walk with the angels in His light, as children of the light and of the day, and by His light we shall walk through darkness.

"The angel of the Lord encampeth round about them that fear Him, and delivereth them."

Grace tried is better than grace, and more than grace; it is glory in its infancy. Who knows the truth of grace without trial? And how soon would faith freeze without a cross! Bear your cross, therefore, with joy.

For the Guide.

OVERCOMING FAITH.

A. T. ALLIS.

My first lesson in the doctrine of holiness—aside from the Bible—was from reading "Faith and its Effects," though it was about ten years after when I learned it by experience. And then the heaven-appointed agency by which I was shown the way, was "The Beauty of Holiness."

I had for some time been consecrating myself as fully as I was able to God, but knew so little of the way of holiness I was not clear whether I was sanctified or not.

And this ignorance is not so strange when it is remembered that I had never—to my recollection—heard but one sermon on the subject, and that was so theoretical, evidently by a minister who did not enjoy it.

I was consciously growing in grace, but this only led me to yearn more intently to bear a more perfect likeness of our Divine Master.

Though I knew I loved Him—loved His service, and enjoyed communion with Him. Yet I felt deeply some undefined want or lack.

In this state of mind I called upon our pastor, and while there saw a number of the "Beauty of Holiness." I took it up; looked it through carelessly, and laid it down, when his excellent wife told me to take it home and read it. I did so. And I think it was the *first article* which enabled me to see clearly my position, and to rest upon the ever-faithful promise, that "the altar sanctifieth the gift." It was a recital of experience, and the writer said he made up his mind that he would rest upon the naked word of God with or without spiritual manifestation. Instantly my heart responded, "So will I." In a moment I felt such an inward rest as I had never known before, yet without emotion. Then commenced a fearful struggle with unbelief. It seemed as though the wicked one had marshalled all his forces to turn me from my purpose to "trust in God's naked word."

It was with great effort that I still clung to the promise. Then I felt it my duty to confess what I had done and believed. When opportunity occurred I did so, and had scarcely finished, when a sister (for it was our class meeting) begun shouting, "Glory, glory!" while tears rolled down her cheeks.

Still I was without emotion, save the strong prompting of the Spirit, which so filled my soul that I could hardly wait for the opportunity to confess it. Weeks passed—weeks of conflict, but the fight of faith grew less severe. Faith gained gradually; till finally (perhaps three months after I believed) I was enabled to rest without struggling.

Since then "the Guide" has been a welcome and precious guest, and I have done what little I could to increase its circulation, feeling that thereby I was doing God service.

STEPHEN'S MILLS, N. Y.

For the Guide.

SPEED THY WAY CHRISTIAN.

MRS. H. M. BRADLEY.

Speed thy way Christian,
God's eye is on thee,
Run with a fearless heart
Angels surround thee.
Through the dim mazes
Of hidden futurity,
Pass on unscathed
'Mid sinful impurity.
Ever remember
What e'er betides thee,
The hand of Jehovah
In love gently guides thee.

Upward gaze Christian,
There is thy mansion,
Doth not thy spirit swell
With joyful expansion?
Then waken thy harp
From earth-strains of sadness,
And draw from its strings
A chorus of gladness.
And thy song shall be heard
Beyond heaven's portals,
Waking a holy joy
'Mong kindred Immortals.

Heavenward soar Christian,
 Let thy rapt vision
 Throw off this mortal coil
 Roam the Elysian
 Gaze on thy Jesus' face,
 Radiant its glowing,
 Drink from the crystal fount
 In life drops flowing.
 Catch the angelic strain
 Rapture enhancing.
 Hear heaven's arches ring
 With its entrancing.
 This, is thy dwelling place,
 When earth forsakes thee,
 Jesus extends his arms,
 And heaven takes thee.

—♦—♦—♦—
 For the Guide.

LET US GO UP.

MARY D. JAMES.

At a recent meeting a minister spoke of the blessedness of communion with God, and of the privilege of Christians to be in a relation to Jesus as near and enduring as that of the beloved disciple, who leaned upon the bosom of the Saviour. He spoke of Pisgah, and Tabor, and Hermon as the sacred mountains where the Most High met and communed with His ancient servants, and remarked that we were privileged to ascend to the summit of a spiritual Pisgah, or Tabor, or Hermon, where we might meet and talk with God.

Another minister remarked that he had just received a letter from his daughter, dated from the top of one of the loftiest peaks of the Alps, ten thousand feet above the level of the sea. She felt that she was elevated to the third heavens almost. But how tedious, difficult, and hazardous the ascent!

The Christian may ascend the spiritual mount much more speedily, and with the greatest ease. All the children of God here present may go up this morning—he said—and commune with God, and be refreshed from His glorious presence.

In the contemplation of this subject I was led to think of the point to which we must come in order to ascend the

holy mount, and gain the elevation in Christian experience where we may find firm footing, and like David be able to say, "He hath set my feet upon a rock, and established my goings." Yes, we may indeed go up the mountain, and dwell in the land of Beulah.

Not to abide there only a little while, and then come down again to grovelling pursuits, but to *go on to still higher elevations, from peak to loftier peak*, ascending daily higher and higher until we shall step into the world of glory, and dwell forever with the Lord.

O, to gain the elevation where earthly things dwindle away until we can scarcely see them, and where things eternal and divine fill the entire vision of the soul, and God becomes our *all in all*. When we can say,

"Thou art the sea of love,
 Where all my pleasures roll;
 The circle where my passions move,
 And centre of my soul."

That eminence where Taylor, and Payson, and Fletcher stood, when the pure breezes from Zion's heights were wafting to them celestial odors, and the pearly gates were open to their view. No wonder that the beatific vision caused the seraphic Fletcher to exclaim, "O, for a gust of praise to fill the whole earth!" and the exultant Payson to utter, "O, for a whole soul for every separate emotion, and a whole tongue to express that emotion!"

To gain such an experience there is a *starting point*, to which the soul must come; it is the point of *entire consecration*. Not a vague desire to be a better Christian—to live nearer to God—to be made happy, and to be ready to die. Not merely aspirations for more of the life of God, and a purpose formed to grow in grace. But an *unreserved, complete surrender of the whole being to God, for time and for eternity*. This being done, *the Almighty One is pledged to be our helper, and at once His hand is extended to aid us in our spiritual ascent: then our progress is certain, our success is sure*. Until we reach the point of entire consecration there is no certain, reliable promise of help—and there are ten

thousand hindrances, and snares, and pitfalls—in fact there is *no safety*—for *Satan and all his agents exerts their power there*. But that point once passed—once through the gate of consecration then we are in “*the way that is cast up for the ransomed of the Lord to walk in,*” and it is said of that way, that “*no lion shall be there, nor any ravenous beast shall go up thereon:*” indicating the *perfect security of those who walk in that way*, “and it shall be called the way of holiness.”

Having reached this high point of elevation above the world, its attraction ceases, and the attractive power is all in the opposite direction, drawing the spirit heavenward. Then beholding, as in a glass, the glory of the Lord, we are changed into the same image from glory to glory, even as by the Spirit of the Lord.

Were the Church composed of such members as would be the *true representatives of Jesus*, in whom His loveliness might be seen by all beholders, how gloriously would be fulfilled the blessed words of inspiration out of *Zion the perfection of beauty God hath shined*.”

How long would it then be before the world would be converted?

FROM “BELIEVER'S HAND BOOK.” *

REV. E. DAVIES.

THE EVIDENCE OF ENTIRE SANCTIFICATION.

Dear reader, it is supposed that you have just begun to live in the Canaan of perfect love.

“A land of corn, and wine, and oil,
Favored with God's peculiar smile,
With every blessing blest.”

For your confirmation in this exalted state now, and in years to come, we will seek to find out, and fully and simply express the evidence that pertain thereto. How may you know now, and at all times, that you enjoy this blessing of holiness? This is a question that you will often want to answer

1. It will naturally be supposed that as the Spirit of God witnesses to our re-

* For sale at 14 Bible House, N. Y.

generation, so it will to our entire sanctification, and so it is. I shall never forget the sweet and heavenly impression or testimony of the Holy Spirit to my heart. The night that I found the blessing it was like “a Spirit voice to the Spirit ear.” I could not hear the sound with my bodily ear, but I could, nevertheless, hear in my soul the sweet voice of the Spirit testifying that “my prayers were answered, and the blessing of a clean heart was mine.” Praise God! I feel it now. It is the office of the Spirit to testify our state to us—whatever that state is. And this Spirit is fully qualified for His work, for he searcheth all things, yea, the deep things of God. Again: “The anointing that ye have received of Him, abideth in you, and ye need not that any man teach you, but as the same anointing teacheth you, and is truth and no lie. How fitting this is that the same Spirit that does the work should testify of the same to the soul in which it was wrought. “There is a Spirit voice to the Spirit ear, and the communication is intelligible.”

2. There is a blessed sense in which this blessing bears its own witness. When the soul is filled with God, there will be such a sacred devotion—a holy, hallowed sympathy and godly sincerity, such meekness and humility; such fervor of Spirit; such blessed union of all the powers of the soul and body with God, that we shall be fully assured the work is done. “The confessions of thought and antagonisms of feeling have all subsided into a heavenly harmony.” There will be a sweet sinking into God. Such a sense of security while we “abide under the shadow of the Almighty,” we have no fear of harm while we dwell in “the secret place of the Most High,”

He who rules the universe, rules in our hearts, and we know His kingdom stands secure. He will keep that which we have committed to Him. When all this change has taken place in our experience we have the testimony of our own Spirit that the blessing is ours. We know it; we feel it. It has become a glorious fact in our history that cannot be denied. And our consecration has

become a settled experience or state, so that we reckon ourselves as dead indeed to sin, and dedicated wholly to God from hour to hour, and the Holy Spirit continues the gracious work within. Still we must be on our guard, for we are not out of danger. "Moral freedom will still be an essential element in our nature; but should the tempter gain the mastery, and self rise up again by the consent or negligence of the soul, then this entire consecration is forfeited, and its evidence would depart, and we must fly at once to the blood

"That makes the wounded whole."

3. As a matter of course, in this state there is a heavenly consciousness of purity; not merely that sin is gone, but that God's purity fills the soul! as the soul bathes in the ocean of love; as it lies humbled at the foot of the Cross; as it meekly kisses the rod with which it is afflicted; as it stands firm against the shock of temptation; as it recognizes the presence and indwelling power of the Holy Spirit it feels that it lives in purity.

4. In this heavenly state of grace there is a blessed feeling of love—of perfect love that casts out all (slavish) fear. Love fills the heart, pervades the understanding, regulates the will, and rules and fills the whole soul. Love is the main spring of every action, beaming out of the eyes, and sweetly guarding the whole life.

5. Humility fills the soul of the entirely sanctified. Self is crucified, and sets up no claims, and seeks no honors, but those that come from God, and are in harmony with Him. This humility will show itself in everything; in the transaction of business; in its deportment in the family; in the class meetings, and in the prayer room. It will be seen in the very aspect of the countenance. It will be heard in the tones of the voice.

6. I need scarcely say there will be a heavenly happiness. The soul is now in direct communication with the fountain of all happiness. Its fellowship is with the Father and with His Son, Jesus Christ. This holy bliss may sometime rise to an exultant shout; and sometimes it

may sink to heaviness through manifold temptation. The soul can now rejoice evermore, for in the worst circumstances there is always cause for gratitude. There may be a heavenly calm and a holy joy in the midst of much grief and sorrow of heart. Wesley tells of a woman who was in the extremity of pain, rotting away with the King's evil, full of sores from head to foot, with several of her bones appearing through her skin; yet so complete was her resignation, and so firm her faith in God, that she was constantly praising Him with tears of joy for dealing so mercifully with her.

7. Another evidence of full salvation is a large effusion of the spirit of prayer, by which the soul may pray without ceasing. So that a prayer may always be uppermost in the soul, ready to be presented. But you may not only pray always, but also pray in faith, for if you do the will of God, you will have near access to Him. "Beloved if our heart condemn us not, then have we confidence toward God, and whatsoever we ask we receive of Him, because we keep His commandments, and do those things that are pleasing in His sight."

For the Guide.

EFFECT OF A VISIT FROM JESUS.

EXPERIENCE OF A. F.

I have long been in possession of justifying faith, (alas sometimes followed my Saviour afar off.) Long a reader and admirer of "the Guide," and recently of Mrs. Palmer's works, which gave new impetus to my desire of perfect love.

On the perusal the second time of "Faith and its Effects," I lingered long over the *last* chapter, dreading to come to its close a second time without the blessing. Repeatedly I laid it down, struggled, and again and again returned to the promise, "I will receive you," and seemed to feel if this effort failed, and I had to close the chapter without it, I must despair of ever receiving the blessing. At this juncture a happy thought was presented.

I imagined a visit from the Saviour in the flesh. I felt desirous of making the

visit agreeable as any one would to a welcome friend. I imagined a long conversation, and enjoyed great freedom. The promise above mentioned naturally occurred here. I was perplexed. Face to face with my Saviour—my invited guest. Could I doubt and offend Him? I dared not; and felt encouraged to believe, and strength came to confess, and I said, "I do believe." Immediately a glow of approbation, faith, and love appeared to pass through my system, and I at once felt, and said, "It is accomplished; I am His, and He is mine." What a minute before appeared so unattainable, now appeared easy and natural.

There was not the least excitement or emotion, other than would naturally occur on hearing any good news, and all was accomplished in a fraction of the time it has taken to relate it.

I caught a glimpse of God's ways, and that was sufficient for my faith. It appeared to be an affair of faith on my part—a contest between two parties, of which I was one. I had not the least wish that feeling should be enlisted in the affair, and felt perfectly satisfied to live by faith alone. I remained with an abiding trust in the Saviour, and a strong desire to do all the good I could, and a willingness to proclaim it from the house-tops, if necessary.

I may observe, I am not of an excitable, but rather of a matter-of-fact disposition; am sure I cannot be mistaken, and am willing to rest all upon it.

The intellect has long been perfectly convicted, and was conscious of good faith on my part, and was only waiting for the impress of the Spirit. I mention those facts for the encouragement of others.

WEST INDIES.

For the Guide.

CALL THINGS BY THEIR RIGHT NAMES.

REV. T. J. ABBOTT.

The use of scriptural and definite terms in relating Christian experience cannot be too highly commended. Christians lose much by being indefinite and manifest a want of confidence in the subject about which they are talking. In

no phase of Christian experience is this more clearly seen than in Christian holiness, or perfect love. Unbelief is put to its strongest research to discern titles that pare down and modify this glorious subject, so plainly taught in the Bible and so zealously maintained by our fathers. Call it "more religion," a deeper work of grace—a second blessing whispers unbelief to every trembling professor. While God said to Abraham, and I think as a representative man, "I am the Almighty God, walk before me and be thou perfect." In both the old and new Testaments the positive command is "*Be ye Holy.*"

At a certain camp meeting this fall a brother that professedly believed in Christian perfection, said to me "we are going to have meeting for something more than conversion." At the same meeting a D. D. wished to give notice of a meeting on holiness, but instead of saying this, he said, "There will be a meeting to pray for a deeper work of grace." All this was very well, I suppose, though the congregations were probably in doubt in relation to the nature of these meetings, and both of these brethren manifested a very marked want of confidence in Christian perfection.

The fact is Christian purity is the marked characteristic in Christianity; take this out and what is then left? And if Methodists have a distinctive characteristic in their faith, it is "perfect love;" take this away and we in faith become like other sects. Now the question is, are we ashamed to fight under this old Methodist banner, flung to the breeze by our fathers, with this inscription, "*Holiness to the Lord!*"

We frequently hear it said, "it does not matter about the name, it is the thing we want." What thing; O, something, we want to be blest. Yes, and if you were as indefinite in business as in religion you would expect to fail. Now all this seems very liberal, and it is this liberalism that is a curse to the Church. I contend that it does matter about the name. God is to be honored as well as obeyed, and if He has put holiness into the Bible as a distinct blessing to be

experienced and enjoyed by us, if he requires us "to be holy," "to be perfect," "to be blameless," "to be pure," then let us accept these inspired titles in expressing the experience we are permitted to enjoy.

For the Guide.

SUNNY CHRISTIANS.

CARRIE.

Sunny Christians are very much needed. We are not cheerful enough in domestic life, in our social circles. There is great power in a happy life, that goes through the labor of the day, singing as it goes; we don't sing enough *out* of prayer meetings and *without* a hymn-book! There is power in a sunny face, and a brightening eye. Oh! for an increase of sunny Christians! Allow me to give a little of my experience, asking all who may read it, to praise God for His abundant blessing.

One morning this fall we started out to our daily labor, (teaching school for Jesus), we were glad to go, it's so nice, so blessed to tell the story of Jesus' love to little children. We went with a merry, happy heart—Jesus lives within, and our heart is ever singing, "singing for Jesus." Meeting a friend, he inquired why we were so animated and glad, we replied in a song, "working for Jesus, working for Jesus, trying to serve him wherever we go." He did not understand, he said, how we *could* be so happy in going to a school room. Alas! he did not know "the *joy* of knowing Jesus"—the great song that our soul sings to-day, who have *come* to Jesus, and been made glad. Hallelujah for a Jesus' love! We went on; arriving at our school room, we found it cold. The children were gathering, and we earnestly desiring to have the room more comfortable, looked about to devise some means. We soon discovered that some rays of sunlight had found their way in, and we immediately commenced seating the children wherever the ray rested. How happy we were, placing little children in the sunshine, they ought to be in the sunlight. God bless the children!

But while we were occupied in this way, the Holy Spirit suggested a prayer that we might be able to help more than little children into the sunlight of perfect love. O! to be able to walk in the light, so surely that many attracted by its brilliancy, by the warm beams, may emerge from the cold shadowy existence of an imperfect consecration—a half dedication—to a sublime and wholesale offering of all they have to God.

God help the Methodist Church, aye the entire body of Christians, to come out, putting on her beautiful garments—garments washed and made white by Cavalry's Lamb, rise to that altitude of Christian possibility, that will enable her to take so very soon, this beautiful world for Jesus. The suggestion has remained with us, and in a fresh dedication we asked for greater qualifications for His service, such as we have never received.

There must be a knowledge of Jesus (and we take Christ for our wisdom) before we can tell others successfully of him. We must know the master has come, and hast called, received, pardoned, sanctified us, before we can arise and say "the Master has come and calleth for thee." We must walk in the light if we would lead others. O! to work successfully—to serve well—"having done all to stand." Let us then *go forward*, let us press nearer the suffering side of Jesus, that some time we may stand in His glorified Presence.

Amen! and Amen!!

BROOKLYN, Oct. 5th, 1868.

For the Guide.

HOW I ENTERED THE WAY.

MRS. E. J. HIGLEY.

A number of years I have been a reader of "the Guide," and it has been the means, in the hand of God, in leading me to a higher Christian life. From the first I loved the Spirit, and the doctrine it teaches. The Holy Spirit led me to strive to make the consecration required, in order to enter upon a life of entire holiness.

For a number of months I held my gift, bound to the altar, but through

lack of faith did not receive the clear witness of my acceptance, but it came at last, when I least expected it, clear as the noon-day sun, I can never doubt it more than I can my own existence.

We were having revival meetings in the place where I was living. I was striving to do with my might what my hands found to do, to advance the interests of the cause of Christ. I had returned from evening service—the family had retired. Alone with my God, I was pleading that the work might go on, and souls be converted.

I was stopped in my pleadings for others, and the Spirit said, then and there was a great blessing for me, and the witness of the Spirit came, assuring me of my full acceptance, and I was filled to overflowing with the rich fullness of Christ, joy unspeakable and full of glory.

It is now nearly two years since that eventful period—the richest years of all my Christian experience; though I gave my heart to God when a child—am 37 years of age. What delight I now find in the service of God; my whole heart is in it. I love the Cross, and am striving to bear it faithfully, and God blesses me greatly in it. My heart is filled to overflowing with His love. I have had severe trials in the two years past; but oh! how I have felt the sustaining power of God through them, and I see His hand in all His dealings with me.

For the Guide.

CONSECRATION AND FAITH.

REV. J. H. STOCKTON.

These are two of the most important and essential preliminary steps in order to obtain entire sanctification, and are difficult to explain to the seeker. Not that there is any difficulty about faith, or believing what God says, "If we believe Him to be the Being He is represented in the Holy Scriptures, infinitely wise, benevolent, and Almighty." Wise to understand what we need; benevolent and able to bestow all He has promised, and what He declares, is His will to give us. "This is the will of God, even

your sanctification." We would say to the seeker, if there is the least doubt upon this point, get it settled immediately. You may do it before you utter another word of prayer. If you have clearly settled that matter, we will consider the most difficult thing immediately preceeding, and also accompanying your *faith*, viz., entire consecration.

It is not our purpose to enter into the details of an individual consecrating himself to God. But come at once to the most difficult point of consecration, and which covers the whole ground. Jesus said to the young man, in the Gospel, who desired to be a true disciple, "If thou wilt be perfect, go sell that thou hast, and give to the poor, and thou shalt have treasure in heaven."

He who reads the heart, saw that this young man's remaining sin was his worldly possessions, and he could not be saved from it, but by literally parting with them. To him, therefore, he gave this particular direction, which he never designed for a general rule to all His followers in order to be holy in heart. Here some have erred, and gone too far. But for this young man in the Gospel this was necessary in order to his obtaining perfect love. The preceeding context shows him to have been a good young man before. But for him, literally to sell all, was an absolute duty. But for many others to do this would be an absolute wrong. God does not require every man to distribute all his goods to others, and thus become one of the number of the poor relieved by his own possessions, and yet entire consecration requires a readiness and willingness not only to sacrifice our possessions, but our lives at the command of God. And God has called some to just such tests in all ages.

When the young man heard what Jesus required, "he went away sorrowful." He was unwilling to have salvation at so great a price, "for he had great possessions." And the Saviour saw that he valued them more than he did eternal life.

Here is the difficulty in the way of some in the present day of making a

complete consecration, not that they have great possessions. But whatever it is, great or small, that is not given up to God's requirements, will forever prove a barrier to the exercise of appropriating *faith* for entire sanctification.

There is very little sacrificing done for God and His cause, except among the poor and the middle class. When the wealthy in the present day, give for any benevolent object, they merely give a little of their surplus, "The rich cast in of their abundance." But the poor widow "cast in all that she had, even all her living."

We called upon a brother, the other day, to give a little aid to a small and feeble Church to assist them in rebuilding their house of worship. He said he had nothing to give, and yet he had just built a house for himself and family to dwell in, costing about \$80,000. "He had no surplus." He would not even give us \$5.00. Perhaps he eased his conscience by quoting to himself this passage, "But if any provide not for his own house, he hath denied the faith, and is worse than an infidel." Or that other excuse, "Charity begins at home." We doubt very much whether such a person can be a Christian in the lowest sense, who would thus disqualify himself from giving \$5.00 to the Lord's house, by building such an extravagant one for himself.

But I may not push this point too far, as we have some very extravagant churches in our denomination, which we cannot fully justify. Then said Jesus unto His disciples, "Verily, I say unto you, that a rich man shall hardly enter into the kingdom of heaven, either the kingdom of grace or of glory, or be induced to love the Gospel, with its blessings, so as to embrace it at the hazard of losing worldly property, together with a good name, or so to use that property in the manner the Law of the Gospel requires." Our Lord adds, "It is easier for a camel to go through the eye of a needle, than for a rich man to enter into the kingdom of heaven." "The disciples were astonished at His words," as they replied, "Who then can be saved?"

These words of Jesus are applicable to rich men in all ages. The reason is, that riches have a dangerous influence upon piety in two respects. First, in the acquisition of them—not to mention the many frauds, and other sins, that men commit to obtain riches—they occasion an endless variety of cares and anxieties, which draw the affections away from God. The second is, they are often offensive to piety in their possession, because, if they are hoarded up, they never fail to beget covetousness, which is "the root of all evil," and if they are enjoyed, they become strong temptations to luxury, lust, pride, and idleness. But besides these, riches are a dangerous snare in other respects. It is difficult for an unsanctified heart to possess them, and not inordinately trust in them, which ought to be only in the living God.

It is not easy to possess riches, and make a right use of them, even that use which God wills all to make in whose hands He hath placed them. It is difficult for such to believe that they are but stewards, and must certainly give an account of their use according to the advantages and opportunities of doing good, above those who have them not.

The most difficult thing of all is to possess them, and not think more of SELF on account of them, as they certainly have a tendency to give their possessor an air of consequence, which they otherwise would not assume, and cause men to look up to them with almost reverential respect.

Here we discern the most difficult of all enemies to overcome in obtaining full salvation or a clean heart, etc., viz., SELF. O! if we could from the heart say with Paul, "I am crucified with Christ," nevertheless I live, yet not I, but Christ liveth in me, and the life which I now live *in the flesh*, (yes, *in the flesh*), I live by the *faith of the Son of God*, who loved me, and gave Himself for me." Oh, if we could but

"Give up ourselves through Jesus' power,
His name to glorify,
And promise in this sacred hour,
For God to live and die."

If we live spiritually we must die—

die to the world—die to the indulgencies of the flesh—"for if we live after the flesh we shall die—we must die to *self*—die to *sin*." "Reckon yourselves dead indeed unto sin, but alive unto God, etc." Die to this *great I*, in which old Mr. *Carnality* resides. Let this *I* be now crucified, and carnality will die with him.

Then we would no longer frustrate the grace of God, but we would live,—live in Christ a life of *faith*. Then to *believe* would be as easy as to breathe the fresh air of heaven, and our hearts would be cleansed from all sin, and filled with pure love to God and all mankind.

CRANBERRY, N. J.

Loved One's Gone Before.

For the Guide.

WITNESS OF SEVENTY YEARS.

MRS. C. MUNSON.

MRS. ELIZA J. HIGLEY.

Last February, a dear mother, dearer to me than my own life, passed away in triumph to her home in the skies. She had long been a reader and lover of "the Guide."

A day or two before she died she exclaimed, "Holiness to the Lord! that's it, that's it!" Soon, in great ecstasy, she exclaimed, "Salvation! salvation is here free and full. Glory to God! glory to God in the highest. Jesus saves fully. Oh, what a Saviour! Tell to sinners, to all the world around what a dear Saviour I have found."

As I sang,

"There is power in Jesus blood
To wash away my sins,"

She exclaimed, "Yes, glory." Also the

"Lion of Judah will break every chain,
And give us the victory again and again."

In an ecstasy of delight she exclaimed, "Yes, break every chain—it's all victory, VICTORY."

As dear friends gathered in her room, and sang, "Going home to die no more." Her hands were extended and thrown upward in exultant delight, "Yes, going, going home," she exclaimed. Thus died one who for seventy years had been in God's service, converted at the age of fourteen, eighty-four

when she died. She felt a deep interest in the cause of Christ in the little Church to which she belonged. Almost her last words were, "God will raise up a host here." May her words be prophetic.

For the Guide.

ON THE DEATH OF MRS. ADELAIDE SMITH.

Who passed from earth October 3d, 1868.

M. E. C.

Hark! sweet strains of heavenly music
Echo through the vaulted skies,
One more ransomed soul in glory
Swell the anthems as they rise.

Leaving all she loved with Jesus,
That He'd fail, she had no fear,
Yet we miss her, and her spirit
Oft we feel still lingers near.

Not a storless crown awaits her,
As she from her labors rests,
Many souls she won for Jesus,
Now are numbered with the blest.

Crown, and harp, and robe were ready,
When she reached the pearly gates,
Perfected while here through sufferings,
In the better land she waits.

Waits to greet her lonely dear ones,
Objects of her earthly love—
Waits till life's short race is ended;
Waits to greet them all above.

Editorial.

PRIVATE MISSIONARY CIRCLE.

Wonderful will be the revelations of eternity. Little did those who of their abundance were casting so largely into the Lord's treasury imagine that the poor widow who presented her two tiny mites cast in more than they all. Yet Omniscience, whose eye rested on the aggregate of sacrifice on the part of the poor woman, and with one glance saw what the ultimate reckoning would be when viewed in the light of that world where we are to live forever, said, "She hath cast in more than they all." Thus in regard to personal labor and sacrifice for the cause of God, how many endowed with

the talent of wealth, personal influence with time at their own disposal, etc., will to their dismay know the truth of the Saviour's words, "The first shall be last, and the last first." This train of thought was induced by reading the subjoined paragraph:

"Some of the poorest of the poor native Christians in Herpoot, Eastern Turkey, last winter formed a little private missionary circle, unknown to any one but themselves, and Him, whose Holy Spirit put it into their hearts. They meet every week in a stable, where one of them is employed, to pray together, and make plans for spreading the glad tidings on the following Sabbath, and to bring together their weekly savings for the same purpose. They sent thirty New Testaments by the "native helpers" to the villages on the Goosh plain, and they have chosen as the field of their personal labors three or four neglected villages to the north of the city, where some of them go by turns every Sabbath, to read the Bible, and talk and pray with the ignorant people. As they go, they always stop and pray by the wayside, at intervals of their journey. They have encountered, and patiently overcome much opposition, they avoid all dispute, knowing nothing but Christ, and Him crucified; if they are beaten and persecuted they receive it with all meekness. One of them is blind, and another nearly so. Match them, if you can, American Christians!"

MODERN PERSECUTION.

Several months since, while on a visit to Canada, we met at the house of a friend, Lord Cecil, who, at the time, was holding some post of honor in the British Army. Lord Cecil, though of noble birth, was not ashamed to be engaged openly in the service of the King of kings.

Well do we remember as we were enjoying precious converse at the dinner-table about things appertaining to the kingdom, how this noble Christian young man hastened away from the house of his opulent friend to take charge of a Bible-class, composed of a number of persons in humble circumstances, who were effectually looking to Him for Christian counsel and instruction in the Holy Word.

And we see by the secular papers, that this young Christian nobleman is now honored by Christ, by being permitted to "enjoy the glorious shame, the scandal of the cross." The *Christian Times* says:

"An order has lately emanated from the authorities at the Horse Guards, forbidding certain officers in Canada to hold religious meetings, on the plea that there might be attempts at proselytism, and the religious beliefs of the men under their command tam-

pered with. Lord Adelbert Cecil, of the Rifle Brigade, and a few of his brother officers, have been in the habit of holding at Montreal, and subsequently at Ottawa, religious meetings and Bible-classes, and by their earnest and Christian conduct have been the means of doing much good. The order of the Horse Guards for checking this religious zeal of those pious officers has called forth loud expressions of disapprobation in the better portion of the Canadian press. It appears to the Horse Guards authorities that it is inconsistent in a man to be both a practical Christian and a British officer! There is no evidence that these young officers engaged in religious controversy, and stirred up the animosities of professors of other creeds. They simply preached the Gospel message, and earnestly and affectionately invited sinners to the Saviour, and this in a small hall where the general public attended. As the *Ottawa News* remarks, 'The meetings were not held for the benefit of the soldiers specially, and, as a matter of fact, but few of them went near them.' The consequence of this apparently uncalled-for interference on the part of the Horse Guards has been that Lord Cecil and three other officers have resigned their commissions. Christian men will think they have done right. If the question lay, as it did, between keeping their mouths shut on the subject of Christ's love to sinners, and retaining their status as English officers, who could doubt the issue? They must, like the Apostles Peter and John, hearken unto God rather than unto men."

One of the officers, referring to this persecution, writes, that the opposition is turning out to the furtherance of the Gospel. The Lord is working, we have got some first fruit, but we look for a great work after all this persecution and trial. The Lord is working in several places in Canada. At Quebec several scores have been brought to Jesus under the preaching of a young evangelist of the name of Hooke. About twenty have been gathered in at Ottawa, and a regular revival has broken out on the Ottawa River.

OUR WORK FOR JESUS.

WILTON, CONN.

Since preparing our last issue for the press we have found time, amid labors abundant, to spend a Sabbath in Wilton, Conn., in the charge of Rev. W. A. Munson. Being exceedingly stormy, the congregation was not large.

Here the devoted minister stands forth, possessed of that other Spirit, which the Captain of Israel's hosts gave to His servant Caleb, amid outward discouragements, heroically exclaiming, **** "I expect victory. Every evening since you were here I have

met with some of my members. The principal subject of conversation has been sanctification. On Sabbath the Lord was with us. Three of the brethren came to the altar, seeking the blessing of holiness. Last evening in prayer meeting another came out with a resolution to attain purity of heart. I expect one after another will continue to do so. I am resolved to lead out my forces to victory. But I have a Vicksburg to storm. Pray for me!" The Lord give our brother a speedy and most glorious revival. To this prayer let every lover of Zion say, Amen.

SOUTHPORT, CONN.

Our next Sabbath abroad was spent with the charge of our dear brother, Rev. D. Nash, at Southport, Conn., who for many years past has, with unfurled banner, stood forth, proclaiming, "Holiness to the Lord." Here we took three services on the Sabbath and two on Monday. The Lord was graciously present with His people. The Autumn campaign thus commenced is at this writing still going on. A letter from the beloved pastor, received last evening, says:

"The good work which commenced when you were here is still going on, praised be the Lord. The day you left, my heart was burdened with soul-travail, but I became much comforted by the application of two lines from Wesley,

*'Fix on His work thy steadfast eye,
So shall Thy work be done.'*

"I held meetings in the Church every evening that week, excepting Saturday. The interest increased, and souls were saved. On Sunday 18th, the 'Lord was, indeed, in His holy temple.' Was much assisted by the Spirit in speaking unto the people.

"The word seemed to be with power. In the evening several mourners were at the altar. Held meetings nearly every evening last week also. On Friday evening the altar was surrounded with seekers. Some for pardon, others for purity. The brethren truly took hold on God. It was a time of power.

"This week we have made arrangement for a four-day's meeting, afternoons and evenings. Have engaged help from the brethren adjacent. Our programme is as follows: **

"Pray for us, that our 'Lebanon may be turned into a fruitful field.' Thus far, I believe, the work has been real and deep. Christian parents have rejoiced over their children being made partakers of Christ. We are thankful that the Lord directed you to Connecticut. Your visit was owned and sanctioned by the Great Head of the Church, and to Him be all the glory."

CENTRE SANDWICH, N. H.

Ten days were spent in blessed service at Centre Sandwich, N. H., with the charge of the indefatigable laborer, Rev. T. Cilley. A letter written to a minister during our stay with the beloved friends there, will, to the praise of the Triune Deity, give a glance at the character of the Lord's doings:

"Our heavenly Joshua is working most graciously with his people here. The Rev. Mr. C., an earnest working servant of our Lord, has for the last eighteen months been weeping between the porch and the altar, endeavoring to bring up his scattered forces on higher ground, so that equipped in panoply divine, they might through Christ be emboldened to claim the region for Him whose right it is to reign. The lovely Adelaide Newton, of the Church of Scotland, writing to a friend, says, 'Surely fighting in Canaan is far beyond journeying through the wilderness, and I should think few Christians comparatively come to that reality of conflict.' To this point the minister of this dear people has for months been endeavoring to direct the attention of his people, though few seemed disposed to follow the captain of this division of Christ's sacramental host to meet and subdue our Lord's enemies. But though at first we were tempted with the thought that we had mistaken our call, we do not doubt but the Captain of our salvation sent us here in answer to the prayers and unyielding faith of the beloved pastor of this people.

During the first two or three services our faith was put to the test. But we knew that the Captain of Israel's hosts never lost a battle, and none ever trusted in Him, and was confounded. Alleluia to His name! He has since given us a glorious victory. Afternoon and evening meetings are held daily, and the people are coming from a region of eight and ten miles around. Several wit-

nesses have been raised up to testify of the power of Jesus to purify the heart, and energize soul and body for the more than angel service of bringing their friends to the world's Redeemer. Last night about thirty were forward as seekers. The evening previous about twenty.

"Nearly all who have come forward as penitents have been raised up to testify that the Son of man hath power on earth to forgive sins. My letter, which I expected to have sent yesterday, has been delayed. And here let me add to the praise of Almighty grace that last night we witnessed an inspiring sight. Eight or nine pews nearest the pulpit were filled in a few minutes on the invitation being given to seekers. Those who had found Jesus since Sabbath came flocking forward with the seekers as doves to the windows. What hath God wrought since last Sabbath!"

Revival Miscellany.

WHEELING, WEST VA.

CONTINUATION OF THE WORK.

It will rejoice the lovers of Zion to hear that the revival in Wheeling, West Virginia, is still delightfully progressing. A letter in our last issue from Rev. F. Ball, says, "In another letter I will endeavor to give more definite results, etc." A letter just received informs us that the revival flame has spread to each of the several charges, the results as thus far gathered are as follows:

"Two weeks ago, *i. e.*, October 12, the following report was made in our Preacher's Meeting, viz.:

"'The Island Charge,' I. W. Webb, pastor, 13 conversions, and five experienced the blessing of holiness.

"'South Wheeling,' M. V. B. White, pastor, 22 conversions and accessions to the Church, and 3 professed the blessing of holiness.

"'Chapline Street,' A. T. Lyda, pastor, 15 conversions and accessions, and 10 experienced the blessing of holiness.

"'North St.,' G. Martin, pastor, 30 conversions, 31 accessions, 3 received the blessing of holiness.

"'Fourth St.,' Wm. Mullenix, pastor, 90

conversions, 61 accessions, and 48 obtained the blessing of holiness.

"'Zane St.,' F. Ball, pastor, from 50 to 75 conversions, 53 experienced the blessing of holiness, and 62 have joined the Church.

"Is not this a great and glorious work? I have slightly changed the figures for Zane Street since the report of October 12th, and, no doubt, the other pastors could now furnish a much fuller report of the great work going on in our midst.

"It was impossible for me to be definite as to the number of conversions at Zane Street, being absent two days and nights, during your visit here, and often the crowd was so great that I could not tell to what charge those professing religion belonged. And many were blessed who I am satisfied do not reside in the city.

Total conversions,.....	245
Joined the Church,.....	191
Obtained the blessing of holiness.....	123

For the Guide.

THE WATER STREET MEETINGS.

REV. J. W. HORNE.

I have never doubted, from the first visit I made to these meetings, that they were accepted of the Spirit of God. I am not prepared to affirm or deny that the original movement was wholly under the "wisdom which was from above," or that mistakes of judgment have occurred in conducting the same. There have been many difficulties met with, and but few persons able or willing to take responsible, directing or controlling action, while the few that have assumed responsibility, have acted, I doubt not, to the best of their ability, for the glory of God and the salvation of their fellow-creatures.

Some of my reasons for saying, that I have believed these meetings accepted of the Providence and the Spirit of God, are the following:

1. When ever present, and sometimes in an especial manner, I have been conscious of the Holy Spirit's influences, through the exercises of the meetings, and I think I am accustomed to recognize and distinguish this influence from all others.

2. I have seen, at one time or another, some of the most devoted and confessed of the workers in the vineyard of the Lord enjoying

and earnestly assisting in these meetings, and of such, I have yet to find one who was not of the opinion above expressed.

3. Conversions, to my knowledge, have taken place in the midst of the meetings, while many persons, especially young men, and more recently, at the night-meetings, young women of sin and shame have been so affected by what they saw and felt, that they have abandoned the haunts of vice, gone to the meetings of prayer in the churches or at the Howard Mission; sought and found the Lord, and entered into places and upon courses of reformation, which, I trust, under God's blessing, will be thorough and permanent.

Quite a number of authenticated cases, with well attested facts, could be given, if time and space would permit.

To my mind some of the facts connected with the progress of these meetings, have revealed a sad and an unexpected amount of unbelief in the Christian Church, and an un readiness to co-operate for the rescue of the fallen and defiled—where there was some chance of having things said against us “falsely,” for Christ's sake, and I confess myself to have been made to feel, that the millennium is not so near as I had sometimes fondly hoped.

The meetings, I am happy to say, are still continued, with increasing practical success. A place has been leased—not far from Allen's house, and is held entirely exclusively for daily meetings, at noon and at night.

The clergy have, pretty much, from one cause or another, fallen away, and the services are now chiefly in the hands of some of the humble, devoted, city missionaries, male and female, under the general supervision of a philanthropic and highly esteemed layman, who has been faithful and persevering so far throughout.

Many inebriates have signed the pledge, and from twenty to thirty of the daughters of shame have been removed from the neighborhood to places of moral recovery.

More places of this kind are absolutely needed, as also the prayers and the personal help, particularly at the night-meetings, of those who have heart, and faith, and power with God to prevail.

REVIVAL IN INDIA.

In our last we published a letter from Rev. R. Hoskins, now laboring at Bijnour, India, in which he expressed great longings in behalf of himself, and fellow-laborers, and native Christians, for such a baptism of holy fire as fell on the early Christians in the upper room at Jerusalem. Soon after the reception of that letter in New York, (perhaps in May or June last) the spirit of intercession was poured out upon a number of suppliants, not only in their closets, but particularly at the meeting convened 23 St. Mark's Place.

It is due to the praise of God, that through the thanksgiving of many praise may redound to His name, that the subjoined letter should sooner have found a place in our columns. A letter, bearing date July 16, from Rev. R. Hoskins, says:

“A peculiar movement is in progress among the lower castes of this district, which indicates great changes impending. What will result, of course I cannot foretell, but the present appearances are exceedingly encouraging.

“A few weeks ago I established a school, and preaching in a village of Sweepers. Soon Hindoo and Mohammedan hatred was aroused, and every measure was tried to break up the work, but all to no effect. But some of the people were undeceived, and, consequently, a Panchayat (Convention) was called, embracing representatives from other towns, and after considerable consultation the following conclusions were reached:

- “1. All Hindustan is to be Christianized.
- “2. The lower class are to take the lead in this grand movement.
- “3. Schools and preaching are altogether necessary.

“4. We all will be present, and do all that is required.

“This work would rejoice the heart of an angel. To have every soul in the village present at the preaching, every man, woman, and child, and not a single objector, all receiving the word as from God's hand! Such a field is not often found in India. They are called Christians in derision, but they are proud of the title.

“Now, from other villages to which the news has gone, I daily receive requests for

similar services. They say, "Come and make us Christians." But right from their own midst I shall be able to select teachers and preachers who seem called and fitted for their work. Of course some months of instruction will be necessary, but I think best not to open more work than I can thoroughly care for. Brother Scott writes, "If you want a teacher among this caste, I can send you a reliable man from among them." In the school at this place there are two young men just entering into the busy cares of life, who are especially gifted, having learned to read in three weeks simple words, memorized the Lord's Prayer, several hymns, a good part of the Catechism, and the Apostles' Creed. If these are truly born again, as I hope; they shortly will become most efficient helpers. A hundred souls, residing five miles distant, send out the cry, "Come over and help us." Another village, ten miles from this place, says, "Come and tell us of this great salvation: *why should the two hundred souls of this village be left to perish?*" Again, twenty miles away, at Nagibabud, the largest city in this district, *three hundred souls are waiting to hear the good tidings.* At Nagina I have stationed an Exhorter among them, and my Christian head master has just taken the initiative steps for opening a work in Mahullah.

Here in Bijnour my head master and second Master, both Christians of no mean attainments, are entering upon a similar work after the regular school hours. I am looking for God's blessing. Why should not the seed sown in tears return to the sower with a mighty increase? But I know that for my sake alone, or because of my exertions, the showers of grace have not fallen; prevailing prayer has ascended from burning hearts in New York, and lo! the answer has come."

In a letter to Dr. Butler, August 1, Brother Hoskins says, since the following was written:

"The Mehters have held a grand convention, and discussed the matter of education and Christianity. The whole Zillah was represented, including about 8,000 souls. After long consultation one of their chief men rose, and said, 'Those that will take the name of Jesus Christ, remove all idolatry, and listen to the teacher, bow the face to the ground.' In a moment every head touched the earth;

not a single exception! Here is a grand opening! O, for wisdom to direct affairs aright! 8,000 souls open to the truth! What a field."

Correspondence.

For the Guide.

ADVANTAGES OF PREACHING HOLINESS.

REV. D. B. WRIGHT.

I cannot close without telling you what a glorious work the Lord is doing for my Church.

When I came here last Conference there was not a "Guide" taken; and as to this doctrine of holiness none knew anything about it experimentally, and the most of them had not so much as heard there was such a thing.

I commenced distributing my old numbers of the "Guide" and preaching on the subject as God gave me utterance, and he has honored and blessed this glorious doctrine, by begetting in the hearts of my people, a great hungering and thirsting for holiness, and one after another has stepped into this perfect liberty, until some 18 or 20 now profess it, and the rest of the Church are at the altar seeking it. Some of my members at camp meeting heard Bro. S. W. Brown remark that "before he got this blessing he lived in grumblers street, but after obtaining it, he moved out of grumblers street and moved into thanksgiving street." So my members call it moving out of grumblers street, and in their testimonies they say they have moved into thanksgiving street, and by the grace of God they mean to stay there.

Some of my Sunday school children were at the altar pleading for Holiness. I sympathized with them, fearing whether they could get a sufficient idea of the blessing to know what they were seeking, until I saw them obtain it, and clearly testify to it experimentally.

Another fact worthy of note is, that all along sinners have become convicted and are constantly coming forward and receiving pardon, until between 60 and 70 have obtained the light of conversion; they go immediately on seeking the second blessing, and some of them within two or three months of their conversion have been powerfully sanctified by the spirit.

O! praise the Lord for what He is doing for me and for my Church. The language of my heart continually, is that of the Psalmist, "Bless the Lord, O my soul; and all that is within me bless His holy name. Bless the Lord, O my soul, and forget not all his benefits."

THE INVESTMENT.

A dear Christian Sister, Mrs. W. H. B., of Elizabeth, N. J., says, "I send you the first ten of \$100 to increase the circulation of 'the Guide,' with names, subjoined, to friends in Elizabeth, N. J." These friends will receive the visits of "the Guide," as the result of the kindness of, perhaps, to them unknown friend.

ANOTHER.

A Brother from Erie, Penn., sends \$10 for the gratuitous distribution of "the Guide to Holiness," and adds, "praying that it may be blessed of the Lord. I have been profited in reading the work, although I have not as yet received this great blessing, I find myself at the foot, or partly ascended the hill, called consecration, and here I have had, O, what struggles, prayers, and tears—I want to feel that I can do such a duty to-morrow, and such an one next week, even if it should be unpopular."

Dear brother can you not afford to pay the cost, and dare to be singular or unpopular if needs be for Him who made Himself of no reputation for you. If you have any reputation worth possessing does it not already belong to Jesus, and in surrendering reputation or any thing else worth having, you only say, "Of thine own have I given Thee." Surely you will now say,

"Nothing but sin have I to give,
Nothing but love shall I receive."

But remember you do not give up all till you renounce your unbelief. Will you not do that this moment? Do you not hear His voice sounding out from the written word just now, I WILL RECEIVE YOU! Surely it is the High and Holy One speaking to you, *will you believe it?* If you have, indeed, ascended the hill of consecration, you are already on promised ground. O, my brother, appropriate the promise NOW!

Ed.

AND YET ANOTHER.

A precious lover of heart purity and fellow laborer with us in spreading the savor of this grace, writing from Po'keepsie, says, "I am now taking 'the Guide,' and find much profit and satisfaction in reading the different experiences there recorded. It is always *new*,—always *rich*—always *instructive*. In reading the Editorial, in the July number, 'Who will Invest?' it was suggested,

"CAN YOU NOT DO SOMETHING HERE?"

That shall honor your Redeemer? So I have collected something already for this object, and sent by Brother B., \$22. I am getting more, and shall hope to put it in your hands soon. * * *

Since commencing this note the November number of "the Guide" comes to me, as full of encouragement as ever. On the first leaf I find a call on subscribers to make an effort to increase the number of subscribers to 100,000. I have already made out a list of my friends in the Presbyterian Church, some of whom I hope will take it. * * *

Brother B. has labored some with us of late, and has done us much good. I, for one, feel that I owe much to him under God, for instruction in the way of perfect love. He led me along, when at that stage of my experience, I seemed (to use a homely expression) to have got into a rut. And then when I had made profession of the blessing of holiness, he exhorted me to "*hold fast the profession of my FAITH (not FEELING.)*" He told me of the little pebble (soiled by the roadside), but kept clean and pure in the running brook. What a beautiful and significant comparison to the heart, made white and kept clean in the ever flowing blood of the dear Redeemer! O, what a glorious privilege is ours,—to be emptied, cleansed, and filled with the Holy Ghost,—to give up our uncleanness to Christ, and take in return His purity,—to give up our will, and take in return the will of Christ,—to know no will but His,—to bring all we have and are, and lay it upon the altar, as the Lord's,—*keeping the sacrifice there*,—inquiring of the Lord day by day, "What wilt Thou have me to do?" How this relieves us of any solicitudes, or responsibilities about results!

For the Guide.

DRINKING DAILY FROM THE WELL.

Out here in western New York my steps have been directed by an over-ruling Providence to aid nature in restoring to healthful activity, energies prostrated by the ruthless hand of disease, and while surrounded by tender, loving friends, to administer to the wants of my body, how my soul has been strengthened to labor in its *weak* way to advance my Master's kingdom.

Having been permitted to enjoy the sweet consolations of the "Rest of Faith" for nearly two years, drinking daily from the wells of full salvation, though passing under the afflicting "rod" of Him who "doeth all things well." And being in full sympathy with the precious doctrine advocated in "the Guide to Holiness," which I have been permitted to receive regularly since January, 1868, through the agency of an unknown friend, and which I must acknowledge as coming in

DIRECT ANSWER TO PRAYER,

and has been of great value to me, a "babe in Christ." I am desirous of extending its circulation, believing that to be the surest way of promoting the greatest good to the greatest number.

My feeble efforts have been blessed thus far, with one subscription to commence with the July number, and the promise of others to commence with January, 1869.

A VOICE FROM THE SOUTH.

Rev. George W. Smith, of Crittenden, Ky., under date of Oct. 27th, writes, "Your excellent "Guide" is desired on the Williamstown Circuit, Kentucky Conference, M. E. Church, South. It ought to be in every Methodist family in Kentucky.

"The doctrine of holiness is slowly but surely gaining ground in this region. Our Conference in September, at Frankfort, was decidedly more religious than any Conference I ever attended. The love-feast was rich with religious experience and spiritual enjoyment. Instantaneous sanctification (which has not been favored much, was openly professed by Rev. R. Deering, of the Louisville Conference, South. I also humbly bore my testimony to this precious doctrine.

"God is moving upon the Church. One or two of our ministers, if I mistake not, obtained this blessing last Conference year, and their hearts, were warm within them, rejoicing 'in the fullness of the Gospel of peace.'"

For the Guide.

SPREAD THE TIDINGS.

REV. G. HUGHES.

The first impulse of the shepherds after they had heard the announcement of the birth of Jesus, and looked upon the incarnate Saviour was to "spread the tidings." "They made known abroad the saying which was told them concerning this child." And well they might. It was the world's great Benefactor who had appeared, the world's mighty Redeemer.

I have felt prompted at this time to breathe this word into the ear of the friends of holiness, "Spread the tidings!" "Many shall run to and fro, and knowledge shall be increased." The Church needs light, light upon the great subject, Holiness. Darkness has rested upon our Zion in this regard, and thick darkness has covered the face of the people. It must be dissipated. The veil must be uplifted. The clear light must shine everywhere. Many a pulpit in our land is shrouded in darkness. The ray of divine illumination should be brought to bear upon it.

Every one who has tasted the rich joys of holiness should be an earnest witness, a bearer of the good tidings far and wide. How? No better way can be devised than to circulate "the Guide." It is a potential instrumentality for good. The great element of its strength is experience. Argumentation may be resisted, but who can fail to confess the power of simple, heart-felt experience? It burns its way to the inmost soul. "The Guide" is full of it, and it should have a wide circulation. The proposal to swell the subscription list on January, 1869, to 100,000 is grand—it is practicable—it should be done.

In this connection this thought has been suggested: LET EACH SUBSCRIBER TO "THE GUIDE" SEE THAT THE PASTOR OF THE CHURCH with which they may be connected, is furnished with a copy the coming year. If able to do so, subscribe for him. If not, get some friend of the cause to do so, or several to join, if need be. What a mighty in-

fluence might be exerted in favor of the blessed cause. if 10,000 ministers not now reading "the Guide," might, by this means, be induced to do so. Ministers, who are now subscribers, if possible, place it in the hands of other ministers. Young ministers especially should be thus remembered.

I noticed, some time ago, that a worthy layman, possessed of means, proposed to give several hundred dollars to furnish a copy of a certain religious periodical, in which he felt a special interest, to every member of the annual Conference.

Any wealthy friend of holiness who would do this for "the Guide," would, I believe, confer measureless advantages upon such a body of Christ's ministers. I propose to send at least one copy of "the Guide" next year to some brother minister. I hope hundreds or thousands of other ministers will do likewise. And I appeal to private members to do this as far as possible. But let every present subscriber to "the Guide" at once become a canvasser.

Remember, an average of two new subscribers from each old subscriber will "spread the tidings" by the circulation of 100,000 copies monthly, or 1,200,000 voices during the year! Men and women of Israel, help!

The Tuesday Meeting.

Meetings for the promotion of holiness, are held at the residence of Dr. Palmer,

23 SAINT MARK'S PLACE,

near the Bible House, at 2½ o'clock every Tuesday afternoon.

UNNECESSARY STRUGGLING.

A Baptist Bro. said "Angels now are hovering round us; unperceived they mix the throng." He knew Jesus wanted our hearts, and we had nothing more to give him. 30 years ago he was one of the most unlikely of persons to have been converted, but through the instrumentality of a very pious and devoted young woman, whom he afterwards married, he was brought under awakening power, a short time before her death. The third day after his conversion he was greatly athirst after holiness. He tried to consecrate himself fully, but there was a great deal of struggling, and after about four years—it might

have been done in a moment—he believed unto full salvation. He was on the way to church and this passage sounded in his ears "Blessed are they that do hunger and thirst after righteousness, for they shall be filled." He believed Jesus said it, and was there made pure in heart, but kept looking for a larger measure of the Spirit, when baptism after baptism came upon him and he shouted "glory to God I have got it." Then he felt he would not have turned his hand to have lived one moment. The Devil soon met him and said "it would be terrible to speak of that blessing as he might loose it." But he recognised it as a temptation, and said "Get thee behind me Satan." He could then say that the righteousness of Christ completely covered him and removed all fear of death..

A sister was very thankful she was present that day, for her heart had been strengthened by the testimonies. She felt she was in the furnace, but the "form of the fourth" was with her, for which she praised the Lord. When she was 30 years of age she was converted and had been a great sinner, and then she felt God was no respecter of persons. There were some who said, "you may get this blessing of sanctification but I can't." She thanked God that with regard to this grace He was no respecter of persons. When she sought this blessing she felt that the will must be very thoroughly subdued and that it must be reconciled to God's plans, she felt this, as she sought for pardon of sin, and when she came to the point, so that she could throw wide open the door, then Jesus came in. It was in an Eighth Avenue car. She had been feeling she should die if she was not saved. Satan said "what if you should shout right here," and she answered "never mind," and the shutter flew open and the sash went up, and Jesus came in. Six months after she sought for full salvation and if she had not believed Jesus could save to the uttermost she would not have come to him for justification. When the invitation was given for seekers to go forward she arose promptly, and as soon as she knelt at the altar all of self went down, and as a sister whispered "Believe in the Lord Jesus," she did believe, and He came in again. He was there to save then. Open the door and throw wide open the window and let Jesus come in.

Rev. Bro. S. had preached as a candidate in some places and had said to them "If you have me you must allow the truth to be preached as it is in Christ Jesus." On last Sabbath he enjoyed preaching very much. He knew that many people understood the ground that he trode upon, but last Sabbath he had some excellent but strong Presbyterians to preach to, and he rolled it out; O how you can roll this truth of full salvation out! Many years after he had entered the ministry he would frequently feel after preaching, so meanly about his effort, that if there had been a little hole, in it he could have hid himself. But it was never so now. He felt now he had a story to tell that never made his face to blush or blanch. And so he rolled it out to them on that Scripture. "He hath made us meet to be partakers of the inheritance of the saints in light," and it seemed as if the waves of glory have been rolling over him ever since. The thought had entered his mind that perhaps this happiness was given because God would take him home to Heaven soon, but then another thought came "Why Soul, thou hast been preaching the word of the Most High, and hence this glory." He had received such baptisms from the Lord that he was like one high up on the Catskill Mountains, where the sky was all clear, and yet could see the storm and hear the thunder roll beneath him.

ESPECIALLY WITH CHRIST.

Sister W., said she had been enabled to abide in Christ one whole day, and when a brother spoke of taking our little misunderstandings to God, because he would understand the whole, she thought of some dear friends who had questioned some of the exercises of her mind, but she carried these thoughts to the Lord, who fully understood them. But that day, of which she spoke, was wonderful because I seemed to be so one with him that when she spoke Jesus spoke, and when she thought Jesus thought, and when once something was said which was not right, she instinctively raised her hand because she did not wish Jesus to hear that. She had desired of her blessed Master that she might have this constant sense of oneness with him, but she did not have it the next morning, but in its place the consciousness was left of a great peace.

Book Notices.

The following books and pamphlets have been received, of which more extended notice will be hereafter given.

LILIAN; or, WOMAN'S ENDURANCE. A narrative connected with the Early History of Canada and the American Revolution. By CHARLES SHRIMPTON. New York, Tibbals & Co., 37 Park Row.

FIFTY YEARS IN THE ITINERANT MINISTRY. By Rev. S. LANDON, of New York East Conference of the M. E. Church. Delivered in Brooklyn in May, 1868, and ordered to be published by said Conference. Tibbals & Co. Price, 25 cents.

THE PARABLES OF OUR LORD EXPLAINED AND APPLIED. By Rev. FRANCIS BORDILLON, M. A. New York, Carlton & Lanahan, Tract Society of the M. E. Church, 200 Mulberry Street.

INFANCY AND MANHOOD OF CHRISTIAN LIFE. By Rev. WM. TAYLOR, of the California Conference. London, S. W. Partridge. New York, Carlton & Lanahan, 200 Mulberry Street.

RECONCILIATION; or, HOW TO BE SAVED. By Rev. WM. TAYLOR. London, S. W. Partridge. New York, Carlton & Lanahan, 200 Mulberry Street.

TOBACCO AND ITS EFFECTS. A Prize Essay, showing that the use of tobacco is a physical, mental, and moral evil. By HENRY GIBBONS, M.D.

In noticing this excellent pamphlet of forty-eight pages, we would love to attract the thousands who are injuring not only body and mind by the use of tobacco, but the soul's interest for time and eternity. The light of the upper world will reveal, that tens of thousands of men among the various Christian denominations, who profess to have commenced their heavenward race have been retarded in their progress by indulgence in the use of this filthy noxious weed. The *Methodist Quarterly* speaks of this as a "timely tract upon a subject, that demands the earnest attention of the Church. It takes a medical man first to deal efficiently with this subject by showing how tobacco destroys body, mind, and soul. Next, let the ministry take it up, and first convert all ministers from this 'filthiness' of the flesh and spirit, and then they may hope to reach the people."

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL JOURNAL for Teachers and Young People, Rev. L. H. Vincent, Editor. Published by Carlton & Lanahan.

This is a beautiful improvement on the old series. It is got up in a form for binding, with a handsome cover, and at the close of the year will make a book to grace the library. It has a host of excellent contributors, and by the blessing of God cannot fail to be a success. It has our best wishes for an extensive circulation, which it richly merits.

THE LITTLE CORPORAL for 1869 is enlarged and improved, by the addition of a beautifully engraved cover, and giving more matter than before, without raising the price. This is a very entertaining publication for the young, and also for older people, who have young hearts. It has a circulation of about 100,000, and is deservedly the most popular periodical in the land for the class of persons for whom it is designed.

ESTATES DISPOSED OF.

Wills Proven Before Surrogate Conway This Morning.

The will of John Mosher, late of Bethlehem, was admitted to probate by Surrogate Conway to-day. It bequeaths to his executors, John W. and Hugh J. Mosher, \$10,000 in government bonds or other securities, the interest and income of which to be applied for the benefit of his wife Edith and son James W., the same to be continued to the full term of the natural life of the survivor of them, then to be equally divided among his four children, John W., Ten Eyck T. and Hugh J. Mosher and Cornelia A. Rowe; to his son, Hugh J., the homestead farm of 60 acres in Bethlehem, subject to the residence of his widow during her lifetime; to his son, Ten Eyck T. Mosher, \$4,000; to his daughter, Cornelia A. Rowe, \$4,000; to his sons, John W. and Hugh J., each \$1,000; the remainder of the estate to be equally divided among his four children. The will was made December 18, 1883. The estate is valued at from \$50,000 to \$60,000.

WILL OF HENRY WALDRON.

Property Worth Over \$22,000 Distributed Among Relatives.

The will of Henry Waldron, who died in the town of Coeymans on March 22, 1899, was admitted to probate before Surrogate Pitts this morning. An estate valued at \$5,500 real and \$16,800 personal property, is bequeathed as follows: To Elizabeth Ann Springsteed, Buffalo; Leah Coonley and Helena Morehouse, Bethlehem, sisters, and Barent F. Waldron, Coeymans, brother, legacy of \$1,250 each; to Cornelia A. Rowe, of South Bethlehem, niece, legacy of \$600; to Charles A. Spalding, Saugerties, nephew, legacy \$3,450; to Ten Eyck T. Mosher, Albany, nephew, legacy, \$2,050; to John W. Mosher, Hugh J. Mosher, of Bethlehem, nephews, legacies \$2,050 each; to James Mosher, Bethlehem, nephew, \$450; to Mary E. Chambers, Coeymans, \$900; to Charles T. Rowe and Harry W. Rowe of Bethlehem, each a legacy of \$37.50 and a devise of \$2,250; to Mary Jane Day of Coeymans, legacy \$800. In addition to the above, Mary E. Chambers gets a home on the Sager farm and \$300 a year during her life.

Letters testamentary were issued to Solomon C. Rowe and Andrew Vanderzee.

